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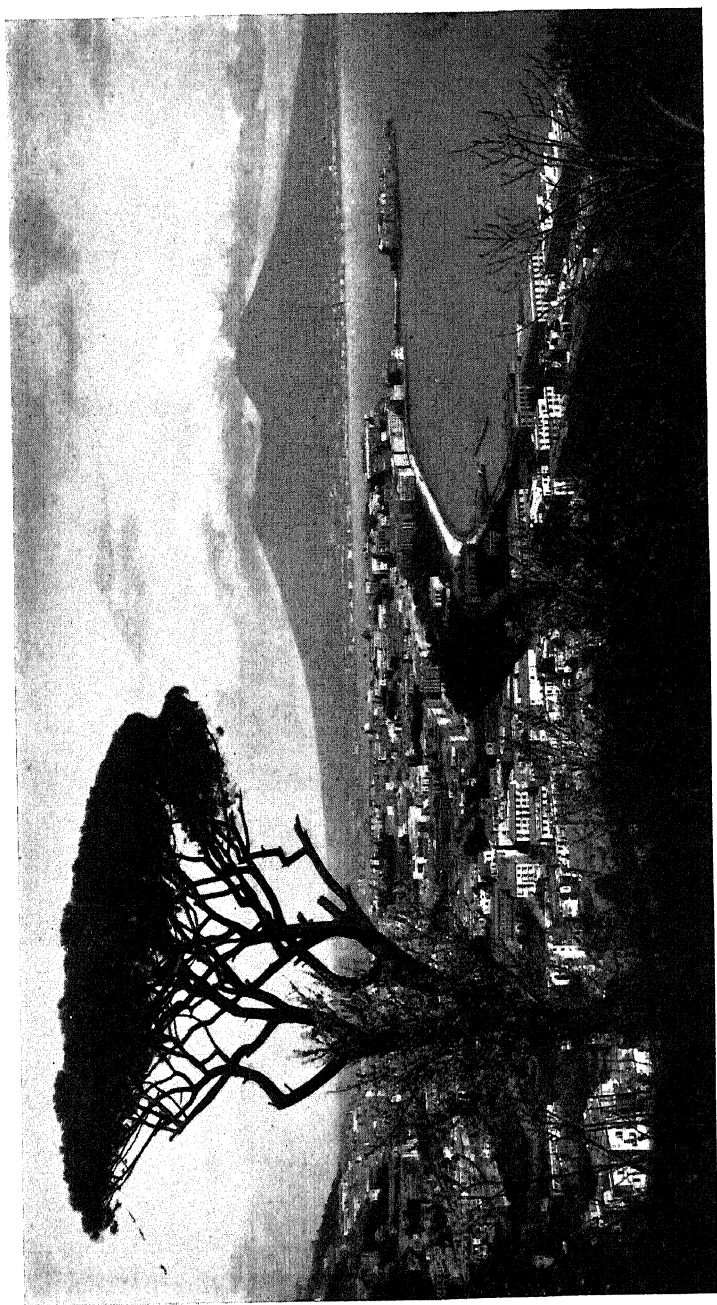


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**NAPLES THROUGH THE
CENTURIES**



NAPLES FROM THE VILLA PATRIZI

NAPLES THROUGH THE CENTURIES

BY
LACY COLLISON-MORLEY

WITH 23 ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

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TO
ELEANOR ROCCA

I

LUNA NOVA

La luna nova ncopp' a lu mare
 stenne na fascia d'argiento fino ;
 dint' a la varca nu marenare
 quase s'addorme c' 'a rezza nzino . . .
 Nun durmi, scetete, oi marenà,
 votta sta rezza, penza a vucà !

Dorme e suspira sto marenare,
 se sta sunnanno la nnammurata . . .
 Zitto e cuieto se sta lu mare,
 pure la luna se nc'è ncantata . . .
 Luna d'argiento, lass' 'o sunnà,
 vaselo nfronte, nun 'o scetà . . .

Comme a stu suonno de marenare
 To duorme, Napule, viat' a tte !
 Duorme, ma nzuonno lacreme amare
 to chiagne, Napule ! . . . Scétete, sce' ! . . .
 Puozze na vota resuscità ! . . .
 Scétete, scétete, Napule, Na' ! . . .

SALVATORE DI GIACOMO.

The new moon throwing a band of fine silver across the sea ;
 A sailor all but asleep in his boat with the net upon his breast ;
 Sleep not, rouse thee, sailor, ho !
 Cast thy net ; bend to the oar !

The sailor sleeps and sighs, dreaming of the lass of his heart ;
 Calm and still is the sea ; even the moon is under the spell ;
 Silver moon, let him sleep on ;
 Kiss him on the brow ; wake him not.

Thou too, Naples, art sleeping like this sailor, blest that thou canst !
 Thou sleepest, but in thy sleep thou weepest bitter tears, Naples . . .
 Wake, O wake !
 Couldst thou but rouse thee once again to life !
 Wake, O wake, Naples, wake ! . . .

PREFACE

THAT invaluable topographer, Celano, was led to write what is still the classical guide-book to Naples because he heard two foreigners in the Duomo saying that there was nothing to see there but the sea and the sky. As there was then no Pompeii and no Museum, the average tourist would probably make much the same remark to-day. One can hardly expect a traveller fresh from Florence or Rome to grow enthusiastic about the monuments of Naples, for neither her art nor her architecture, hardly even her history, is of the same importance, and he may well be glad of the excuse to throw aside his guide-book and give himself up to enjoying the beauty of the incomparable Bay and the interest of the teeming life of the city. If he has only a day or so to spare, he could not do better. But for those who have a little more time on their hands and can devote a week or two to her, Naples herself will prove a subject of boundless interest. It is true that most of her monuments in their present form belong to the Barocco period and are not of the first rank. Indeed, nature has done so much for the Neapolitan, that he seems to have given up all idea of trying to do much for himself. But as landmarks in her history they are extraordinarily interesting, and it is only when seen in this light that we can hope to understand their true significance. This book, which does not pretend to be a substitute for Baedeker or Augustus Hare, is an attempt to give some idea of what the Siren city has stood for at different periods during her long life. The material is scattered, for there is no standard work on Naples, but there is, of course, far more than can possibly find its way into these pages.

My best thanks are due first and foremost to Senator Benedetto Croce for ungrudging kindness and help in Naples itself, as well as for the debt which every one who attempts to write about the city must owe to his work ; to Signor

Salvatore di Giacomo and my friends, Signor and Signora Rocca, for more kind help ; and to Fratelli Alinari and Mr. Raymond S. Stites for permission to make use of their photographs.

Small portions of this book have already appeared as articles in "The Times" and "Naples under the Viceroy" in "The Times Literary Supplement".

L. C.M.

October, 1924

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NAPLES THROUGH THE CENTURIES

CHAPTER I

ANCIENT NAPLES

HOW should one approach Naples? Probably ninety per cent. of those who go thither never give the matter a thought. They travel by car or by rail, including the honeymoon couple without which it is impossible to imagine the Naples train leaving Rome. Yet it is a question well worth considering. The railway journey has its points, and when the new direct route by Gaeta and Terracina, following the old Appian Way, is open, these will be multiplied; but this is really an approach to the Bay by way of Naples, whereas the ideal way is to come to Naples by the Bay—that is to say, by sea. This is how most Americans and Australians and many travellers to the Far East first see it; how the early Greek settlers saw it.

But to my mind there is a yet better way, and that is merely to change trains there, to scurry along between Vesuvius and the glories of the Bay shimmering in the afternoon sunlight, and then take the wonderful drive from Castellamare to Sorrento and rest awhile, drinking in all the beauty of the view, that stretches from the Punta di Campanella, where Charles V hung the bell to give warning of the coming of the Barbary corsairs, past Ischia, Posilipo and Poggioreale to the noble lines of Vesuvius. By day Naples will hardly exist for you, except when there is a “scirocco chiaro” and the town stands out with uncanny distinctness; but at night the long streak of light that marks it under the stars will slowly impress itself upon you, shedding over the city a glamour which the most sordid aspects of the reality can never dispel, and gradually filling you with an irresistible longing for the opposite shore.

Then one morning you will rise early and hurry down to your coffee in the garden, and before you are ready you will hear "Signò, 'a varc' è prunt'" in the dialect of the boy who is idly watching over the wall, warning you that the boat is waiting. You trot down the zigzag *calata*, that may date from Roman days. The man pulls out of the creek and the village comes into sight beyond the cliff, the brightly coloured Eastern-looking houses standing out sharply against it. Off the shore the fishermen are hauling in their nets, singing in their high tenor voices as they throw out the fish, for the catch has been a good one. In the night you will probably have been waked by their blowing their conch-shells, like the Tritons of old, or beating their oars on the water to frighten the fish. Before the War it was possible to get to Naples for a penny or two on one of the great lateen-rigged cargo-boats, the *barche*, if you were willing to lend a hand with the ropes. But times have changed. There is hardly a sailing-boat on the Bay that has not its motor. There is even "'a varca motò'", a regular motor-boat that will take anybody or anything for a smaller fee than the steamer, though the quarters are a little cramped.

But however you go, the way is the same—past the busy villages of the Sorrento peninsula and the mighty headland of Scutola, in to Vice Equense, and then straight across the Bay, studded with sails at this early hour all bound in the same direction, probably with a school of porpoises plunging somewhere near. One remembers how in the poet Tansillo's lines to the Great Viceroy they came right on to the shore to listen to the music on summer evenings. In spring the air may be cooled by a sudden shower scudding over the sea, "trupe' 'e ceras'"—cherry storms, as they call them here. The passengers begin to break up into groups, talking and gesticulating as only a Neapolitan with full leisure can do.

Gradually the towns under Vesuvius, with the wisp of smoke above it shifting slightly in the breeze, grow clearer and clearer—Resina and Portici, Torre del Greco and Torre Annunziata. Vesuvius himself slips away to the right, losing something of the magnificence with which he has hitherto dominated the picture. Then at last Naples seems to be throwing out the Castel dell'Ovo to challenge you, while above her stands the Castel S. Elmo, for the heights of Capodimonte disappear from view as you draw in close.

You begin to collect yourself and your goods, like the rest of the passengers, including the barefooted old lady who is finishing a few mouthfuls of bread as she takes her boots from her bundle in order to "far figura" in town for the day.

As you steam in to the Immaculatella, with the towers of the Castel Nuovo to the left, you almost involuntarily look out for that little purple topsail at the mast-head which the ships from Alexandria in Egypt alone were allowed to carry after passing Capri in Seneca's day, when Puteoli was the chief port of Italy, the centre of the Eastern trade of Rome. Was it not an Alexandrian ship, the "Castor", which brought St. Paul thither on May 3, A.D. 59? A fact such as this means so much more than the not very numerous remains of antiquity in Naples herself, or even than the vast structures that stand for ancient Baiæ, where Shelley said that he never disembarked without being disappointed, though from the boat the effect was delightful. The Nilense region of the city, of which the Via Mazzocannone, on the site of the old Greek wall, was the centre, took its name from the recumbent statue of the Nile with the sphinx under his elbow and the crocodile's head under his feet, which was erected by the merchants of Alexandria, who were much favoured by Nero. And there stands the statue to this day, the "Corpo di Napoli", as it is called, in the Largo named after it, by the small portion of the old Greek street which is still called Strada di Nilo, facing the church of S. Angelo a Nilo.

Hard by, where is now S. Giovanni Maggiore, was the tomb of the Siren Parthenope, the tutelary goddess of Naples. Close to the sea it stood once, for right into the early Middle Ages the foreshore was under water. Here her body was washed up when, like her two sisters, she plunged into the waves in despair that her spell was broken, since Ulysses had heard the magic song and sailed safely away from their rocky islands (I Galli) in the Bay of Salerno, beyond the Punta di Campanella, over against Capri. Naples is still Parthenope to the poets, and her head appeared on the beautiful coins in the Greek days. More than one of her children has proudly called himself the son of the Siren.

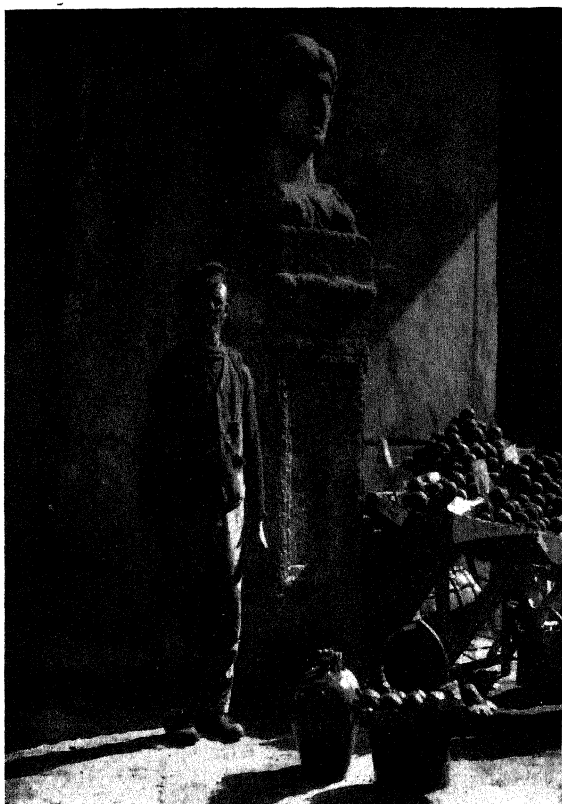
"The Greeks were great masters in building cities, choosing the best places in the world," wrote the topographer

Capaccio ; and who that has ever set eyes on this enchanted Bay will dispute his word ? “ Yes, sir, for fifty years I have come out on to this terrace every morning to look at the Bay,” said an old monk up at Camaldoli to Renato Fucini. “ And every morning I gaze till my heart aches, as though I had never seen it before.” Every one who spends any time down here will understand this sadness. It is the direct result of the very gorgeousness of it all—a pagan melancholy that has its origin in the consciousness of the fleetingness of things, the more intense the more beautiful they are, a melancholy altogether of the senses. It is the melancholy of Horace, and above all of the Greek Anthology, and is still perhaps the most characteristic, the deepest note of the poets of Naples—of Marino, for instance, or, in a different way, of Salvatore di Giacomo.

S. Gennaro may be the patron saint of Naples, but the Greeks, with their unerring instinct, set a Siren to preside over this city. And Parthenope still lives in the hearts of her people. The Siren, with two fishes’ tails, has her place among the countless charms against the Evil Eye. The great head of her statue, now sadly battered, stands on a pedestal in the neighbourhood of S. Eligio, with a fruit-stall at its base, just off the Piazza del Mercato, and to this day it is “ ‘a Cap’ e’ Napule ”, the head of Naples, in the dialect. The position in which it was originally found shows that it stood at the end of the arena in the Amphitheatre.

On the left lies what is, after all, the true heart of Naples, the Castel dell’ Ovo, on the little island now connected with the mainland by a causeway. It is the tip of the tongue of the Pizzofalcone (the Falcon’s Beak), or Monte Echia, the rocky ridge that splits the modern city into two. The Megaris of the Greeks and of Pliny, the Megalia of Statius, its name proves it to be of Phœnician origin, the site of the factory the Tyrian trader established on this magnificent Bay, the first good harbour he met as he sailed up the Tyrrhene.

Later it formed the heart of Lucullus’s famed villa, which had no rival, even here, in beauty and luxury, and which spread over the opposite shore beyond the Chiatamone, the Platimonium, up on to the Pizzofalcone itself. The remains of the famous fishponds where he taught tame *murenæ* to eat out of his hand, were long pointed out. Here Cicero and Brutus met after the murder of Cæsar. Later it became



" 'A CAP' E NAPULE " AND ACQUAILOLO

the *Castrum Lucullanum*, a change of name that seems to symbolize the passing of the *Pax Romana*, and here Odoacer sent Romulus Augustulus, the last of the Roman emperors, into exile in 476.

Now it is known as the *Castel dell' Ovo*, the Castle of the Egg, from the shape of the island, as Fynes Morison saw, dating in its present form from the great Spanish viceroy, Don Pedro de Toledo. But popular belief knows better and has woven round it one of the most interesting legends of the Middle Ages, which has been investigated by Comparetti. It originated in the close connexion of Virgil with Naples. The castle was not called *dell' Ovo* till the fourteenth century, when the Virgil legend was firmly established. Virgil was known to have lived here on a considerable estate given him by Augustus, to have written much of the *Georgics* here, to have died here and to have been buried here at his own request. The so-called tomb on Posilipo, near *Fuorigrotta*, which was recently made a national monument, is only a columbarium. The original, which was still apparently almost intact in the sixth century, has long since disappeared into the sea, according to the view generally held, in one of the many changes that have transformed the coast. However, this pious fiction serves as a tangible symbol of Virgil's love for Naples, and the columbarium is in the region of Posilipo, where he had an estate. Posilipo, by the way, is said to owe its name to Pollio's villa there, *πανσίλῳπον* ("ending pain"), a supreme tribute to the climate and the beauty of the site, and the spelling Posilippo preserves the old Greek quantity, just as the more usual Posilipo does the accent.

Virgil's tomb rapidly became one of the chief attractions of the city, while Virgil himself hardly less rapidly grew into a figure of legend. Naples and Calabria were even said to have been given him in fief by Augustus. But he was soon credited with other attributes which were more highly prized. He is the mighty magician. Even to Boccaccio he is "*splendidissimo astrologo*". And he took Naples under his special protection. He it was who built the walls, and, to ensure their remaining intact, placed a perfect model of the city in a bottle, which was found to be cracked when Belisarius took it; and cracked it has remained ever since. Later tradition made it an egg inside a bottle upon which he built the *Castel dell' Ovo*.

Virgil is still very much alive in Naples. The farthest point of the Posilipo cliff is the Scoglio di Virgilio. Many are the marvels ascribed to him. There was the bronze horse which, while it remained whole, prevented any horse in Naples from breaking its back. Till 1322 there was a huge bronze horse outside the cathedral round which the Neapolitans used to lead sick animals, when the Bishop had it removed to put an end to the superstition. The bronze horse's head in the Museum, which is now known to be by Donatello, was long thought to be part of it. Then there was the bronze fly that kept Naples free from flies, the magic of which has, alas! been dispelled for many centuries. What would the city not give to have it restored to its place over one of the gates? There was also a butcher's block which kept meat fresh for six weeks. Like many saints elsewhere, Virgil also freed Naples from snakes. He is even said to have bored the old Posilipo "grotta" in a single night.

Most important of all, he put up a bronze statue of an archer with an arrow in rest on his bow pointing directly at Vesuvius, which prevented all eruptions. Had this talisman remained, S. Gennaro would hardly have won his present fame, and his statue on the Ponte Maddalena would have been a superfluity. But one day a peasant, who did not understand its import, fired the arrow, which struck the edge of the crater. A violent eruption followed and the spell was broken. The cumulative evidence for all these marvels as collected by Comparetti is astonishing. Not till the high Renaissance did they ebb back to the people, whence they came. Petrarch himself got into trouble with the papal court on account of his devotion to Virgil, so much greater was the fame of the magician than that of the poet, even in the fourteenth century.

THE GREEKS

But, after all, the cities on the Bay have a long history of their own. Cumæ is not only the earliest of them, but the oldest Greek colony in Italy, dating, apparently, from about 1050 B.C., while the galleries cut in the rock under the acropolis are known to be pre-Hellenic. It was founded by the Chalkidians, and Apollo himself is said to have sent a dove before them to guide them. They quickly dominated

the neighbouring tribes and brought the islands under their sway, including Pithacusæ or Inarine—did ever island have fairer-sounding names?—the modern Ischia. In 524 B.C. the Etruscans, assisted by a great host of natives, endeavoured to take it, but were utterly defeated by the superior fighting powers of the Greeks, small though their forces were. The rise to power of the popular hero, Aristodemus, is associated with this battle, and so long as he reigned Cumæ stood supreme. But the nobles murdered him, and were then obliged to call in Hiero of Syracuse to help them against the Etruscans, whose sea-power he broke in the battle of Cumæ in 474.

A Syracusan garrison then occupied Ischia. Thus early in the history of Naples was the strength of its castle understood, frowning down from the great rock cut off from the mainland by a narrow channel, like St. Michael's Mount, though it is now joined to the shore by a causeway upon which the fishermen spread their nets to dry in sunny weather. Before the invention of gunpowder it must have been wellnigh impregnable.

The torch passed from Cumæ to the hands of her younger daughter when she was captured by the Samnites in 420. To Rome she gave little but the books of the Cumæan Sybil. In the days of the early Empire she had become a quiet country town, the "janua Baiarum" of Juvenal, the gate of fashionable Baïæ. It was at Cumæ that Petronius opened his veins in the days of Nero, and it is the scene of not a little of the Satyricon. Here Trimalchio, that prince of profiteers, gave his famous dinner. Somehow, one feels that he should have lived at Pompeii, where indeed he owned property, as we learn from the reading of the daily report of his vast estates, the number of slaves born to him and the like; but as he had owned it for less than a year it had not yet found its way into the accounts.

Neapolis is said to have been founded about 600 B.C., the Rhodians joining the Cumæans in the venture. Neapolis she may be to the historian, but to every one who has learnt to love her she will always be the Siren city: "tenet nunc Parthenope", runs Virgil's epitaph. We read of a Palæopolis in Livy alone. Its existence is denied by Beloch, but most historians see no reason to doubt it, placing it on Pizzofalcone. It may have been the native settlement absorbed by the Phœnicians. In any case, there was a

temple of Aphrodite Euploia (Aphrodite, the giver of fair voyages) standing conspicuously on the cliff, as in so many Greek cities by the sea, between Megalia and Nisida, and probably on Echia, as Pizzofalcone is also called, in the days of Statius.

Parthenope shook off the yoke of Cumæ after the death of Aristodemus, and hither the Ischians fled when their homes were destroyed by a great eruption. Some Athenians are said to have thrown in their lot with the colony, while the refugees from Cumæ sought shelter here. By 400 she was mistress of the Bay and the islands, the recognized commercial and intellectual capital of Campania. Her beautiful coins were imitated and her weights and measures set the standard. Then came the inevitable struggle with Rome. The Roman consul laid vigorous siege to her, but Parthenope was able to command the sea and ravage the Latin coasts at will. Only after two years did the treachery of a noble throw open the gates and Rome gained possession of the Queen of the South in 326 B.C.

Different scholars hold different views about the limits of the Greek city, which was, as usual, in the form of a parallelogram. Capasso gives the line of the wall as Porta Constantinopoli, S. Pietro a Maiella, S. Domenico and Via Mezzocannone, and he is probably the greatest authority on the subject. It is pretty certain that the western wall of the Greek and Roman Neapolis ran along the Via Mezzocannone. Beyond it was the suburb which contained Philostratus's portico with its masterpieces of the greatest Greek painters, referred to also by Petronius, some say on the site of S. Maria la Nuova.

THE ROMANS

Rome was wise and treated Neapolis well, as she did all the Greek cities, so well that Parthenope was loath to accept Roman citizenship. She never wavered in her loyalty, even after Cannæ. But she brought down upon herself the vengeance of Sulla, and when she was betrayed to him, he sacked her mercilessly, though he was afterwards to die in his beautiful villa there, and he took away her fleet. Under the Empire she became a municipality and later a Roman colony.

But it was Puteoli (Pozzuoli) that was to become the greatest port of Italy, and the centre of Rome's Eastern

trade in the last century of the Republic and during the Empire. Its Greek name was Dicæarchia, and it was founded by Samian exiles fleeing from the tyrant Polycrates in 528 B.C. Then it was merely the port of Cumæ. Rome took it when she took Capua in 338. After the Punic Wars, when Hannibal failed to capture it, it was made a colony. Here St. Paul landed, while from the end of the mole Caligula built his bridge across the sea, for a soothsayer had told Tiberius, possibly to save the boy Caius from the Emperor's suspicions, that he would never be Emperor till he had driven a chariot over the Bay. The Romans discovered the value of the strong, durable *pozzolana*, the cement that resists sea-water so effectually, of which they built the mole. The Amphitheatre is among the finest Roman remains along the Bay, much larger and better preserved than that of Pompeii. Here St. Januarius (S. Gennaro) was thrown to the wild beasts, and here Tiridates, King of Armenia, bored to death with the most wonderful gladiatorial show Nero could give him, borrowed a javelin from one of his suite and transfixed two bulls at one cast with it from his seat. The Romans also cut the famous "grotta" under the Posilipo cliff to connect Naples with Pozzuoli, the "crypta Neapolitana" of Seneca's letter. This is now closed. A newer and larger one has been constructed, which is again being widened, while there is a separate tunnel for the trams.

Pozzuoli, with the Armstrong works, is not lacking in life to-day. One of the largest Neapolitan stores has actually defiled a fine rock close in to the shore with advertisements. The deep bay is among the best fishing grounds near Naples, especially for sardines. The sails of the fishing fleet dapple the rich blue of the sea from morning to night, and there are numbers of lobster-pots along the shores, while a *martingana*, a big lateen-rigged trading boat, will be loading logs from a donkey-cart at the quay. Outside the Government yard at Baia a couple of old ironclads are waiting to be broken up, and beyond is the castle with its splendid view and the Capo di Miseno.

Between Baia and Pozzuoli is the region from which Virgil took so much of the imagery for the sixth book of the *Æneid*, and the Lake of Avernus is shown to-day. Its whole geography was changed by the great volcanic upheaval that produced the Monte Nuovo in a few hours on September 30, 1638. At Pozzuoli is the so-called Serapeum,

the circular temple from which sixteen columns of *giallo antico* have been taken to the theatre in the Bourbon palace at Caserta. Between the heights of eleven and nineteen feet the existing columns are bored by shellfish. The usual explanation is that the temple was for many years under water owing to an eruption, but that another upheaval drove back the sea again.

Strange are the vagaries of the dialect. The last time I was here my guide endeavoured to impress me with the purity of his Italian by ending every possible word with *o*—Signoro, Napolo, even Piscino Mirabilo. To-day my driver tries to achieve the same effect with *i*—Monti Nuovi, Laghi Lucrini, and the like ; or do they think that they are making things easier for the foolish foreigner ? Yet in the castle of Baia was a man who is a well of the purest Tuscan, inherited from his father. And then there is the old simplicity. A hawker tried to sell me coral and tortoiseshell at lunch, and on my refusing he proposed that I should buy his shop ; the price would be nothing for an Englishman, and he would devote the rest of his life to making my fortune.

But though Rome conquered these cities, Parthenope was never part of the Latin world. Where Greek civilization had once set its seal, that of Rome dropped powerless. Naples belonged to the Greek East, not the Latin West, and as time went on she became the centre of Greek civilization and culture in Italy. Her orators and her painters, of whom Lalla was the greatest, were famous. The young Marcellus was educated in Naples, where he died. And there is much that is Greek in the Neapolitan of to-day—his extraordinary quickness in imitating and learning (especially languages), his natural aptitude for art, and above all for music, and the clearness of his reasoning powers on abstract subjects. Of the many foreign conquerors who have influenced her long history, Greek, Roman, Goth, Lombard, Norman, French and Spaniard, it is the Greek and the Spaniard who have left the most indelible traces, the first and the last.

The Bay of Naples, and above all Baia, with its hot springs, were the favourite playground of the wealthy Roman. Even now, after all the convulsions that have affected the coast, the remains there fully justify Horace's remark about his countrymen pushing out the shore with their villas. Nero did Naples the honour of choosing its theatre to make his début as a singer, so famous was it, and doubtless also

because Parthenope was the most truly Greek town in Italy. On one occasion he continued to sing undisturbed through an earthquake shock. It was at Baiæ that he tried to drown his mother in the cleverly contrived ship that was to fall to pieces when a bolt was drawn. He failed, as the machinery did not work properly, but a slave-girl who cried out that she was the Empress was beaten under-water by the oars of the rowers. Agrippina swam ashore, returning to the Lucrine villa at Bauli. Here the men sent to dispatch her found her on a couch with a single slave, who fled on their appearance. "Strike the womb that bore Nero," she exclaimed as they approached.

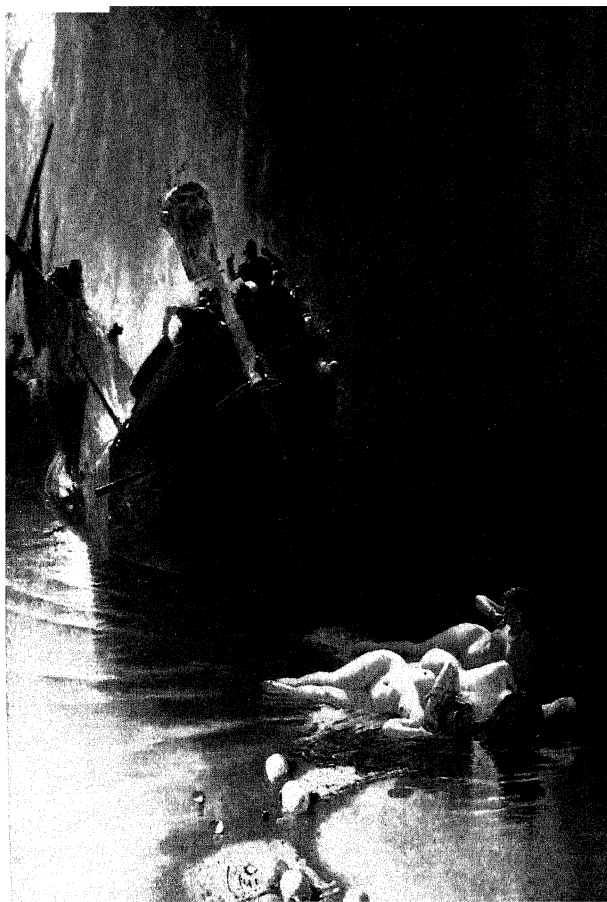
The historic eruption of Vesuvius which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii, and caused the death of the elder Pliny while he was observing it and helping the distressed at Castellamare di Stabia, occurred on August 24, 79, in the reign of Titus.

Of ancient remains there are very few in Naples itself. She has never been one of D'Annunzio's Cities of Silence, living peacefully and sleepily on her past. Her teeming life and growing population have continued to thrive unchecked through all the changes of her fortunes, thanks largely to her matchless harbour. The remains of older civilizations have been rapidly absorbed and transformed by the new, an occasional earthquake often helping to speed up the process.

Among the most interesting relics of the past are the arches of the Roman theatre, where Nero sang, in the Anticaglia, the topmost of the three parallel "decumanæ", or cross-streets, the other two being the Tribunali and the Strada S. Biagio or Forcella, which have remained streets since they were originally planned by the Greek colonists, just as the Via Mezzocannone, now completely modernized, is the sole survivor of the streets that ran from them down to the sea. They are still among the least changed of old Naples. The busy, narrow Tribunali, which leads from the Castel Capuano to the Piazza Dante, formerly the Largo del Mercatello (so-called from the market once held on the Piazza Santo Spirito), on the Toledo, through the Porta Alba, is for me the most fascinating of all the old thoroughfares of the town. The jostling traffic, through which a long funeral procession may be steadily and ruthlessly ploughing its way, for there are no pavements, and the

infinite variety of noise, from the agonized bray of the immemorial ass to the piercing horn of the latest Fiat, make it difficult, as well as dangerous, to dream oneself back into the past. But when we remember that one of the drivers, more likely the owner of the ass, may be descended from a Greek colonist or from his slave who trod it some twenty-five centuries ago, and then find ourselves passing Pontanus's characteristically Renaissance pagan temple or S. Lorenzo, where Boccaccio first met Fiammetta, or the one survivor of the Corinthian columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux, still in situ outside S. Paolo Maggiore, the Barocco church that superseded the basilica built by Duke Antimo early in the eighth century, it is difficult, indeed, not to let one's fancy roam.

Those who would study ancient Naples in detail should turn to Capasso's admirable "Napoli Greco-Romana".



LE SIRENE (E. DALBONO)

CHAPTER II

MEDIAEVAL NAPLES

WE know a good deal about Naples even during the so-called dark ages, a subject which Dr. Schipa has made peculiarly his own. The passing of Alaric, when the Huns sacked Capua and Nola in 410, can hardly have left her unscathed. Theodoric was obliged, like many of his successors, to remit taxation owing to an eruption of Vesuvius. The monastery in the *Castrum Lucculanum* now begins to come into prominence. A pious widow of Naples, *Barbaria*, built a mausoleum there for St. Severinus, whose body had been brought from *Noricum* by devoted disciples, and round it a regular monastic colony had settled by the end of the fourth century. The Abbot *Eugipius* gave it the *Basilian* rule, and it was to him that Naples owed her wealth in manuscripts at this time, for he set his monks to copy the works of the ancient classics, and, being a good scholar, he taught them how to do it. *Cassiodorus* praises him for his efforts, and *Gregory the Great* refers to the MSS. possessed by the monks of the *Monasterium Lucullanum*. Like the rest of the Western monks, these brothers afterwards adopted the *Benedictine* rule. There was often considerable intercourse between Naples and the great *Benedictine* monastery of *Monte Cassino*.

When *Belisarius*, sent by *Justinian* to avenge the murder of *Amalasuntha* by her worthless husband, *Theodotus*, appeared before the walls of Naples in 536 after marching through South Italy unopposed, she refused to open her gates to him, confident in the strength of her walls and her ample supply of food, though the people would gladly have been spared a siege. And he was on the point of abandoning the undertaking, when an *Isaurian* soldier discovered that the city might be entered by a dry aqueduct,

generally held to be the Ponti Rossi, below Capodimonte. A ruthless sack followed, which Belisarius is said to have stayed as soon as he could. There is a tradition that when he was rebuked by Pope Silverius for the massacre he was so conscience-stricken that he set about repopling Naples from the neighbouring districts, and even farther. He also rebuilt the walls with seven strong towers, so as to include the suburb beyond Via Mezzocannone.

Totila captured Naples in 543, when it was garrisoned by only a thousand men. Then twelve years later Narses inflicted a crushing defeat on the Goths under Teias on the Sarno, by Vesuvius. For two days the battle raged, vividly described by Procopius, and it was only the death of Teias that turned the scale. Narses further strengthened the walls. Stung by the Empress Sophia's sending him a golden distaff when she insisted upon his recall, he promised to spin her a thread that she should not easily unravel. He is said to have conspired with the Lombards, who were soon ravaging Neapolitan territory. But the Bishop of Naples roused the people, who, led by their Duke, Scolasticus, inflicted a severe defeat upon them.

Greeks were flocking more and more to Naples, both lay and ecclesiastical, and the city became once again bilingual. In the sixth century the Bishops had the supreme power and were more concerned with civil than with ecclesiastical matters. They openly resisted papal interference. Not till 661 did the Dukedom take its rise, and the Duke, or *Magister Militum*, for he was originally the commander of the troops, become the real ruler of the city now. The clergy were subordinate to his authority, and he even controlled the elections of the Bishops. His residence was on the site of the monastery of S. Marcellino, between the University and S. Severino e Sosio.

Splendid churches began to rise. The oldest ecclesiastical relic in Naples is the red-brick tower of S. Maria Maggiore, at the corner of the Tribunali and the Vico Fr. Giudice (Pietrasanta), which dates from the early sixth century, when the Bishop Pomponius built a magnificent basilica here, richly adorned with noble marble columns, silver candelabra and beautiful pictures. The base of the tower obviously consists of material from earlier structures. The modern church is by Fansaga, and belongs to the Seicento. The commonplace S. Giorgio Maggiore has also replaced

another splendid fifth-century basilica. To the seventh century belongs the Church of S. Restituta, the original cathedral, now little more than a chapel of the Duomo, the construction of which shortened it considerably. It is said to occupy the site of a temple of Apollo, whence the Corinthian columns in the nave probably come. The oldest part of S. Restituta is the Chapel of S. Giovanni in Fonte, once the Baptistery, but there is no truth in the tradition that it was built by Constantine. Frequent restorations have destroyed most of the significance of the mosaics, which are as old as the chapel. The Duomo occupies the site of the Stefania, which was burnt down and rebuilt by Duke Stephen in the eighth century. At this time the Vescovado, with its churches, and other buildings, occupied the whole area between the streets Donnaregina, del Duomo, Tribunali and Sedil Capuano. Even to-day the cathedral is sometimes called in dialect " 'o Viscuvato ".

It is time to say something of S. Gennaro (St. Januarius), the patron saint of Naples, to whom the Duomo is dedicated. He was Bishop of Beneventum and came to Naples to encourage the brethren during the persecution of Diocletian at the end of the third century. He was seized and taken to Nola and cast into a fiery furnace, from which he came out unharmed. He was next thrown to the wild beasts at Pozzuoli, in the amphitheatre, but instead of devouring him, they lay down at his feet. When the Governor, Timotheus, condemned him to death, he was struck blind, but cured at the urgent prayer of the saint, 5,000 persons being converted by the miracle. However, Timotheus was not mollified, and had Januarius beheaded forthwith near the Solfatara in 305. Here a pious woman collected two phials of his blood, which congealed. But it melted instantly on being placed in the hands of the Bishop of Naples when the body was brought thither with the phials in the days of Constantine. Hence, according to the legend, the origin of the miracle to-day. As early as the seventh century a new basilica was built for S. Gennaro between the Via Torcella and the Via S. Gregorio, because he saved the city in the eruption of 685.

S. Gennaro has given his name to the most important of the catacombs of Naples, which lie near the Ponte della Sanità, the viaduct of the Strada S. Teresa, the continuation of the Toledo. The Church of S. Gennaro has replaced

the little chapel there where the saint was first buried. These catacombs are finer and better constructed than any near Rome. The interesting early mural decorations bear an obvious affinity with those of Pompeii, and are often admirable.

The hill to the north has always been the burial-ground of Naples. Here was the terrible Campo Santo dei Poveri, closed in 1888, as well as the charming Protestant cemetery. Here, too, is the great modern cemetery. The bodies are placed for from eighteen to thirty-six months in the ground of the confraternity to which the deceased belonged, or in that of the family tomb, when they are almost mummified by the action of the volcanic soil. They are then removed to the niches in the chapels of the confraternities, or to the family vaults. It has been suggested that this was the method used by the early Christians in the catacombs, and that it has been handed down from them.

The debt of the best of the modern epitaphs to the true Latin classical tradition is striking. The redundancy of sentiment and language which sprawls so painfully over many of the tombs and which seems to be a special weakness of Italian disappears every now and then as if at the touch of a magic wand, and we come across specimens of that epigraphic neatness which is an unfailing source of delight to anyone who has been blessed with a classical education. There is the simple "*Per se e per i suoi*", for instance, which appears on many tombs, and is obviously Latin in origin.

*Esempio perenne
Agli inconsolabili figli,*

is another ; or this upon the grave of a husband and wife :

*Vissuti uniti
Acquistarono questo luogo
Affinchè non fossero separati
Neanche in morte.¹*

Pagan, too, surely, and eminently Neapolitan, is the rareness of any reference to a future life. We even find such a classical phrase as "*gelida tomba*", which suggests a pagan inability to conceive of life apart from the body.

¹ "Having lived united, they acquired this spot in order that they might not be divided even in death." One almost looks for two realistic Roman portrait busts such as one sees in the Museum.

And there before us is that magnificent view which is the heritage of every Neapolitan, where, on a baking hot day, we may see the great sweep of the Bay, dazzlingly bright in the blazing sun, Anacapri and the Apennines above Sorrento just appearing above the swathing mist, while Vesuvius, lazily puffing his cloud of curling white smoke, stands sentinel on the other side of the plain, keeping watch and ward over the dead as over the living. And as one drinks in the wonderful sensuous beauty of it all, so intense at times as to be almost painful, and remembers for how many centuries the old pagan religion held sway here, still preserved for us in the Pompeii Vesuvius himself destroyed, it would be indeed astonishing if no trace of it still lingered in the Christian cemetery.

Naples remained loyal to the Eastern Empire. The coins and seals of the Duke still bore Greek inscriptions. Neither Luitprand, the Lombard King, nor the powerful Lombard Duchy, were able to subdue her. She held her own in the midst of the Lombard Duchies of Benevento, Capua and Salerno. Nor did she waver even during the Iconoclast Crusade of the Emperor Leo the Isaurian in the eighth century, though the Neapolitans rallied to the defence of the Pope when Leo would have destroyed him. Duke Stephen, who was also Bishop, was the first to make the Dukedom hereditary at the end of the century, and the Duchy grew more and more independent. Greek now disappears from the coins.

The coming of the Saracens brought a new and important element into Southern Italian politics, and in 836 Duke Andrea actually allied himself with them against the Lombards, whom he exported profitably as slaves to his new friends. But in 846 they showed their true colours, sailing from Palermo right up the Tyrrhene and raiding the territories of their ally and the other states along it. They even seized the island of Ponza. So Naples, Amalfi, Gaeta and Salerno allied themselves against them. In 849 a Saracen fleet was defeated by the allies, led by Cæsius, son of the Duke of Naples, who had also successfully come to the rescue of Gaeta against them, at Ostia, and Rome was saved. Pope Leo IV employed the captives to press on the building of the Leonine walls. The battle is the subject of a fresco in Raphael's Stanze at the Vatican. But they were only checked, and we soon find them established even

in the castle of Misenum, using the old Roman harbour for their ships.

Towards the end of the ninth century, Duke Sergius II proved a traitor to the Christian cause and allied himself with the Infidel, helping him in every possible way. Bishop Athanasius, his uncle, boldly withstood him. It was he who had collected the hermits living in separate cells on the island of S. Salvatore, as Megaris was now called, into a monastery, where he took refuge from the persecutions of his uncle in 868, being ultimately rescued by the Emperor. The next Duke was also an ally of the Saracens. With Gregory IV, his successor, all was changed. The Saracens were the deadly enemies of Naples. The monastic settlement in the *Castrum Lucullanum* had suffered severely in the recent faction fights and the Saracen raids, and in 902, with the support of the Bishop, he completely destroyed it, for fear that they might establish themselves there. The body of St. Severinus and that of St. Sosius, which had been found at Misenum, were buried in the original church, the monastery of which has now become the home of the national archives.

All this time Naples was still a centre of considerable culture. Churches were built, tapestries woven and silver crosses and other ecclesiastical ornaments made. Nor had the Neapolitans lost their fondness for elaborate baths, many of which continue to be mentioned. Cassiodorus's letters tell us that in the fifth century *Baiæ* was still frequented for its waters, the beauty of the Bay and its mild climate—still the "*in otia natam Parthenopen*" of Horace. In the middle of the tenth century Duke John III was a noted collector of books, classical as well as ecclesiastical, both Latin and Greek, for at this time all Neapolitans of any culture still knew Greek. He even had many manuscripts copied in Constantinople, and he is known to have possessed a *Livy*. It was in his reign that John the Deacon wrote his valuable *Lives of the Neapolitan Bishops*. There was continuous intellectual activity through the next two centuries, in which the great monastery of S. Salvatore played a conspicuous part. But as a naval and commercial port Naples was inferior to Amalfi, as we learn from that interesting Arab traveller, Ibn-Haukal, who, however, remarks on the excellence of its linen and cloth, one of the chief items of commerce.

Unfortunately for the last two hundred years before the coming of the Normans our knowledge of the history of Naples is of the scantiest. Thus the monastery of S. Salvatore was already a fortress in 1128, but of the details of the change we know nothing.

THE NORMANS

We are now met by one of the most romantic incidents in the whole long history of South Italy, the coming of the Normans, though it is one in which Naples itself again makes but a fitful appearance. It was to the Crusades that Naples owed the beginnings of her recovery. Their entry upon the scene was eminently characteristic. Since their conversion to Christianity they were often in the Holy Land, where they had ample opportunity for indulging their fighting instincts. Early in the eleventh century forty of them found themselves at Salerno on the way back from Palestine, when it was being besieged by a great host of Saracens. They sallied forth and utterly routed them, but declined all reward for their victory. Their enormous physical strength seems to have been the chief cause of their success. However, the gifts they brought home and the stories they told of the fair south soon brought other Norman adventurers in their wake in eager search of plunder.

The story of their heroic deeds lies outside the subject of this book. However, it was by their help that the Lombard Pandolph, the Wolf of the Abruzzi, as he was called, actually got possession of Naples. But this was a game at which two could play. Duke Sergius bought over these same Normans—for they cared little upon which side they fought, so long as it brought them profit—and recaptured it. In 1030 they established themselves definitely in the country, occupying their first town, Aversa, given them by Duke Sergius, twelve miles north of Naples.

But the real conquest began with the coming of the sons of Tancred of Hauteville. First they served under Count Rainulf of Aversa. For a time they helped Maniaces in his attempt to recover Syracuse for the Eastern Empire, William Bras de Fer slaying the Saracen champion under the city walls in single combat. Disgusted at his shameful treatment of them, they left him, and in 1041, in three pitched battles, in which they utterly routed vast Oriental hosts, they dealt Constantinople a blow which shattered her Empire

in South Italy. The Normans were far from being ideal neighbours, and so formidable had they become that the people of Benevento asked Pope Leo IX to deliver them from the scourge. He essayed the task, but was utterly defeated near Gargano, his German men-at-arms, who were physically almost a match for the Normans, being all slain and the Greeks from Bari, the one remaining stronghold of the Eastern Empire, put to flight. The Pope was treated with the utmost respect by his captors, who escorted him to Benevento, imploring his forgiveness, though keeping him there for some six months. He recognized the Norman conquest, whether he formally invested Humphrey of Hauteville as Count of Calabria or not.

On Humphrey's death, he was succeeded by Robert Guiscard, the sixth and greatest of the sons of Tancred, the eldest child of his second marriage. He was formally recognized as Duke of Apulia (the Regno was known as Puglia throughout the Middle Ages, and even later) and Calabria by Pope Nicholas II, and henceforth the Regno and Sicily were held in fee from the Pope till Ferdinand II shook off the papal claims only five years before the coming of Garibaldi. In due course he did homage to the great Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII, who saw the wisdom of keeping on good terms with the Normans in his struggle with the Empire, promising to recognize the Guiscard as Duke of Sicily if he expelled the Saracens. He finally made himself Lord of all the South by the capture of Bari in 1071, after a four years' struggle, with the help of his young brother Roger, whose ability proved hardly inferior to his own. Indeed, to Roger was due the credit for the subjugation of Sicily. In 1072 the Normans captured Palermo, just six years after Duke William had won the battle of Hastings, though the island was not completely subdued till 1091. The Saracens were treated with great wisdom and leniency, being allowed the enjoyment of their own laws and the full practice of their religion. Robert's rescue of Hildebrand when besieged in the castle of S. Angelo, his campaigns in the East and his defeat of the Venetian fleet do not concern us. He died in 1085, aged 74.

His brother Roger, the Great Count, lived till 1101, and so successful did his methods of governing Sicily prove that his widow was able to maintain herself successfully till her son Roger grew to manhood. On the death of his cousin,

Roger seized Calabria and frightened Honorius II into investing him with the Duchy. Then on Christmas Day, 1130, he was crowned King of Sicily.

Now at last the city of Naples appears once more upon the scenes. Awed by King Roger's power, the last independent Duke, Sergius VII, who is said to have been the ancestor of the great Carafa family, submitted to his rule, being killed while fighting for him against Rainulf, Duke of Puglia, in 1137. Unfortunately King Roger had backed the wrong horse, receiving his investiture from the Antipope Anacletus, whose Legate had crowned him. When the true Pope, Innocent II, advanced upon him, supported by the Emperor Lothair, Sergius deserted him for a time, and a number of barons rebelled. Roger besieged Naples, but the Pisan fleet relieved it. This was the occasion when the unique manuscript of the Pandects of Justinian was discovered at Amalfi, which the Pope and his allies captured in 1135. But Lothair died, and Roger defeated the Pope and took him prisoner in 1139, treating him with the unflinching determination, tempered by veneration, which characterized his family. He was easily induced to recognize Roger, since he had rescued Sicily from the Infidel.

In 1139 Naples definitely submitted to a foreign conqueror for the first time in her history, being the last of the Southern Duchies to fall to the Normans. Roger treated her with the wise clemency of the greatest of them. Like nearly all later conquerors, he made his entry by the Porta Capuana, where he was met by all the troops and priests of the city, as well as by numbers of the citizens, who escorted him as he rode down the Tribunali through more cheering citizens, every window and balcony being thronged with gaily dressed women and girls, to the Vescovado. On the morrow he rode through the city to see it and then crossed to the fortress of S. Salvatore, where he made known his terms to the assembled notables. Then he asked them the length of the circuit of the walls, and when none was able to answer, he astonished them by telling them that it was 2,363 paces, for he had had it carefully measured the night before. If true, this simple anecdote sheds a flood of light on the reason for the success of the Normans. And he took care to give a solid foundation for his new-won popularity by granting five *moggie* of land and five serfs to each man of noble birth, which they were to retain so long as they

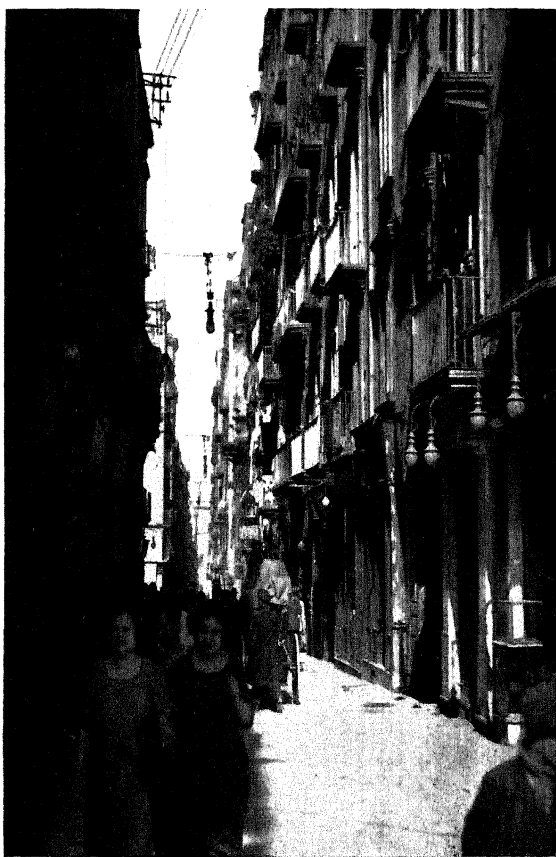
remained true to him, obviously with the idea of attaching them to him personally. The city continued to be governed by Dukes till 1190.

William I (1154-66) spent most of his troubled reign in fighting his rebellious barons, who were supported by the Pope. He had been brought up by Arab scholars and lived like an Eastern potentate, with a harem guarded by eunuchs, which was peculiarly offensive to his subjects. The barbarous cruelty with which he put down these rebellions won him his title of "the Bad". A greater contrast could hardly be found than his successor, William the Good (1166-89), who was brought up for five years by his mother under tutors from Normandy. One of these, Walter of a Mill, an Englishman, to whom Palermo, of which he was Archbishop, owes some of its noblest buildings, remained his faithful counsellor for life. The details of his reign do not concern us. But it was on Offamilio's advice that he married his aunt, Constance, to the Emperor Henry VI, thereby inaugurating the fatal connexion of Sicily with the Empire. Dante has immortalized the common rumour that she was taken from a convent for the purpose, placing her in the Heaven of the Moon for her inconstancy because she had violated her vows.

On his death the barons chose Tancred, an illegitimate son of William II's brother, as their king, and a vigorous king he proved. On his death the Emperor Henry VI succeeded in conquering the kingdom, using the monstrous cruelty that often characterized the Hohenstaufen towards those who had been loyal to Tancred. On his first descent during Tancred's lifetime he had besieged Naples, but a Norman fleet drove him off.

THE HOHENSTAUFEN (1198-1266)

On Henry's death, Constance acted as regent for her only son, the Emperor Frederick II (1198-1250), for four years, when he became the Pope's ward. "This Frederick reigned thirty years as Emperor," says Villani. "And he was a man of great power and of great valor, wise in learning and of natural ability, universal in all things; he knew the Latin tongue and our vulgar, German and French, Greek and Saracen, and was richly endowed with all talents, liberal and courteous in giving, valorous and prudent in



VIA DEI TRIBUNALI

arms, and he was much feared." And he goes on to speak of his dissolute ways, saying that he lived almost as an epicurean, making no account that there might be a future life.

We must pass over the quarrels of the Emperor with the Popes, notably with his guardian, Innocent III. After securing his position in Germany he was crowned in Rome and came South in 1220, where he spent most of the rest of his life. Like William I, he had much of the Mahomedan in him, and it was he who built Lucera for his Saracen troops. His brilliant abilities and gifts as a ruler, his wide intellectual interests and his versatility won him the title of "*Stupor mundi*" (the wonder of the world). He was himself a poet among those who gathered round his Court at Palermo, giving rise to the first real school of Italian poetry; and he delighted in the learning of the Arab scholars who flocked to him there. He had his faults, showing something of the cruelty and suspicion of an Eastern tyrant, as we see in his blinding of his faithful chancellor, Pier delle Vigne, who afterwards dashed out his brains in prison. For one thing, he massacred a number of the Sanseverino, thus driving that powerful clan into the arms of the enemies of his house, the French, to whom they were to remain loyal till the days of Masaniello and the Duc de Guise. But his genius, his freedom from the religious superstitions of the time, his modern enlightenment, make him a sympathetic and attractive figure to us to-day, though he had the misfortune to be born in an age when these qualities were a hindrance rather than a help.

Frederick was more interested in Naples than any of his predecessors, and he did more for her. He it was who completed the Castel Capuano (Vicaria) and the new castle, now Castel dell' Ovo, begun by Maestro Buono for William I, and used them as royal residences. Above all, to him Naples owes the revival, or rather the refounding, of its Studio or University. From the letters of Pier delle Vigne we learn that Frederick chose Naples because it had always been the home and mother of learning; secondly, because of its beautiful climate; and thirdly, because, owing to its favourable position by the sea, the fertility of its soil and the advantage of the sea-traffic thither, it had an abundance of all the necessities of life, and it was easy of access from all parts by sea and by land. The Studio was founded in 1224.

Distinguished teachers were procured for every faculty, being forbidden to teach elsewhere. When in 1240, owing to plots against his life, he expelled the friars from his kingdom, he endeavoured to persuade a well-known philosopher among the monks of Monte Cassino to teach there. He allowed the youth in his kingdom to study nowhere else, and special privileges were granted to the University.

The reign of the great Emperor is deserving of memory for a discovery second to none in importance to Parthenope and her people, if not to the whole civilized world. It is passed over in silence by the historians, but it is duly chronicled by that loyal daughter of the city, Matilde Serao, in her "*Leggende di Napoli*", when she gives the date as the year of our Lord 1220. In the *Via dei Cortellari*, which disappeared in the "*risanamento*", was a house which people used to pass with bated breath, pointing it out to such as knew it not as *La Casa del Mago*, the house of the magician. Here it was that the Mage Cicho used to be heard working day and night with his alembics and crucibles and what not. Cicho had once been wealthy, but had run through all his money and been deserted by his former friends. Far from becoming a Timon, he had devoted himself to the discovery of the secret of happiness for mankind since he had missed it himself. Of so noble a disposition was he. Then a certain woman named Jovannella, endowed with more than the curiosity of her sex, set herself to fathom his mystery. Such was her perseverance that one day she summoned her husband and bade him go and tell the great Frederick that she possessed the secret of a food which would make all men happy. After some difficulty he managed to get the news to the Emperor's ears, and Matilde Serao describes how Jovannella prepared it, as only a Neapolitan can.

Frederick rewarded her richly for her precious discovery, and sent his own cook to learn it of her. The nobles, once they had tasted it, at once sent their cooks, as did the ordinary citizens, when the news reached their ears. So Jovannella became rich and prosperous. Then one day Cicho, on one of his rare outings, smelt a familiar and divine smell and knew that his secret had been stolen. He disappeared, being no more seen of man. Jovannella continued to live happily to the hour of her death, when she confessed

her crime and died in abject terror of eternal torment. And they used to say that if you passed La Casa del Mago on a Saturday night, at the right hour, you might see Cicho cutting his macaroni into lengths and Jovannella beating up the tomatoes to make the sauce, and the Devil himself grating the cheese with one hand, while he blew the fire with the other.

Frederick II died at Castel Fiorentino, near Lucera, thus fulfilling the prophecy that he would die at Florence, which he had therefore studiously avoided. Some say that he was surrounded by his Saracens, others that he repented and made a good end. He was succeeded by his son Conrad (1250-4), whose reign was short. In 1251 the Fieschi Pope, Innocent IV, on whose election Frederick had exclaimed that he had lost the friendship of a Cardinal and gained the hostility of a Pope, and who was perhaps the most relentless of the foes of the Hohenstaufen, died at Naples, and was buried in the cathedral, with the characteristic epitaph, "*Stravit inimicum Christi, Colubrum Federicum*". His death was hastened, it is said, by chagrin at a victory of Manfred's. For a time Manfred, an illegitimate half-brother of Conrad, acted as the guardian of Conrad's son, Conradin. But in 1258 he assumed the crown in Palermo after spreading a rumour of the boy's death.

Naples revolted at Frederick's death, and Manfred tried in vain to reduce it. Conrad, with his large army, was more successful. He encamped on what was afterwards the Largo di Carbonara for the siege; but he broke the terms of surrender by dismantling some of the fortifications.

Manfred maintained himself in the south, largely through the help of his Saracen troops. The election of Urban IV, a Frenchman, as Pope was to prove his undoing; for it was he who offered the crown to Charles d'Anjou, bidding him come and exterminate the brood of vipers. Innocent had already offered it to St. Louis, Charles's brother, but he had refused it. Charles's ambition was stimulated by that of his wife, Beatrice of Provence, who had brought him the county of Provence as her dowry. Her three sisters were all queens, and had made her feel the inferiority of her position. She pawned her jewels and used her influence to the utmost to help her husband win the coveted crown. Charles acted quickly and boldly. By good luck he was able to thwart the efforts of his enemies to intercept him,

and he reached Rome in safety. The Pope had raised the war to the dignity of a crusade, but before advancing against the Regno Charles was anxious to receive the papal investiture and the crown. Clement IV, the new Pope, was at Perugia, but he sent the necessary bull and Charles was duly crowned in the Lateran with his wife on Epiphany Day, 1266. On January 26 was fought the battle of Benevento. The issue long hung in doubt, but the day was turned by the treacherous desertion of some of Manfred's barons. Manfred rushed into the thickest of the fray and died fighting. Dante's beautiful line, in which he is enshrined for ever,

Biondo era e bello e di gentile aspetto,

is echoed by Villani, who also tells us that Manfred was a lover of music and poetry and ever eager to learn, a true son of Frederick II. Horrible were his sins, he told Dante, who met him in ante-purgatory, since he had died excommunicate, though not too horrible for the Divine Goodness to pardon; and Villani says he led a life like that of his father.

For long his body could not be found, but at last a vulgar clown came in with it across an ass, shouting, "Chi accatta, Manfredi, chi accatta" ("who'll buy Manfred?"), being soundly beaten by a baron of the king for his ribaldry. Charles said he would gladly have given him Christian burial, had he not been excommunicate. When Manfred had sent to treat for peace before the battle, Charles had answered the ambassadors in French: "Go and tell the Sultan of Lucera from me that to-day either I shall send him to Hell, or he will send me to Paradise". So he was buried at the head of the bridge of Benevento under a great cairn of stones. But the Bishop of Cosenza, in accordance with the Pope's decree, it is said, had the body dug up and cast out of the kingdom, beyond the Liris (Garigliano), the northern frontier of the Regno. The barons who had remained loyal to him were imprisoned and many of them put to death. His wife and three sons were soon afterwards captured and died in prison.

All the hopes of the Ghibellines were now centred in Conradin, and when he had reached the age of fifteen they sent to urge him to come into Italy and claim his kingdom. Pisa and Sienna were as eager for his coming as the

Ghibellines of the south. Much against the wishes of his mother, Elizabeth of Bavaria, he consented. He advanced with 10,000 horsemen, though only 3,500, the pick of them, followed him south. Rebellion was widespread in the realms of Charles and in the papal states, and recruits flocked to Conradin's standard. The Pope duly excommunicated him and made Charles Governor of Tuscany and Vicar-General. Conradin's army was superior to that of Charles when they met at Tagliacozzo in August, 1268, and quickly routed it. But, on the advice of a warrior of great experience, Alard de Saint Valery, Charles had held in reserve a body of 500 knights in a deep valley behind a hill. Unable to endure the sight of the slaughter of his men, Charles would have let them loose at once, but Alard coolly waited till Conradin's army was hopelessly scattered for plunder and then bade them charge. The tables were completely turned.

Conradin fled with a few nobles to the Roman shore in the neighbourhood of Asturi, whence he hoped to escape by ship with his friend, the young Duke of Austria, to Pisa. But one of the Frangipani, on whom his father had heaped benefits, had his suspicions. He arrested them and imprisoned them in Palestrina, whence they were sent to Charles at Naples in chains. There was no hope for mercy towards a beaten enemy from Charles, but he deemed it advisable to go through the mockery of a trial. Conradin was, of course, duly declared guilty of treason, though one voice was raised in his defence, and condemned to death by the Grand Protonotary of the kingdom. He was playing chess with Frederick of Austria when he was informed of his fate.

October 26, 1268, was the day fixed for the carrying out of the sentence on the Campo Moricino, as the Piazza del Mercato, where so many other political prisoners were to suffer, was then called. It was still outside the walls and there were then no houses between it and the sea. Villani says the execution took place by the brook that runs opposite the Carmine Church. S. Maria del Carmine was at that time a lonely little church by the shore, hardly changed from what it had been in the seventh century, when the Carmelite monks, fleeing before the Saracens in Palestine, had settled there, bringing with them the famous miraculous picture of the Madonna by St. Luke, of course, known as La Bruna. Charles himself witnessed the execution from a throne

overlooking the sea. A flourish of trumpets heralded the approach of the prisoners. Villani says that when the Grand Protonotary read out the sentence, the King's son-in-law, Count Robert of Flanders, stood up and declared it was unlawful for him to condemn so great a gentleman and ran him through the body, and that the King dared not punish him. The story reflects the indignation awakened by the execution of these gallant lads, though the deed is of a piece with all we know of Charles's character.

On hearing the sentence, Conradin declared that he was no traitor, but had come to recover a kingdom which was manifestly his by right, and of which he had been unjustly robbed. Frederick, the young Duke of Austria, suffered first. When his head had fallen, Conradin picked it up and kissed it and shed bitter tears. Then he flung his glove into the crowd. Asking God to forgive his sins, he laid his head upon the block, but at the last moment exclaimed, "Ah, my mother, what grief am I bringing upon you!" Two others were beheaded after him, and then nine Neapolitan nobles were hung. A number of other nobles were tortured and killed later, many having their eyes put out.

The story goes that, when she learnt that he had been taken, Conradin's mother hastened to Naples with a large sum of money to ransom him. But she arrived too late, so she went to the monks of the Carmine and gave them all the money, which they used to rebuild their church. The tradition wrongly gives her name as Margherita, and it may well owe its origin to the statue of a woman with a purse on a door near by, long believed to be her portrait, which is now in the S. Martino Museum.

So loyal a son of the Church as Charles could not allow his victims Christian burial, as they were excommunicate, and the bodies were buried in the sand of the square where they were executed. Later, however, they were removed to the Carmine church. In 1631 a leaden coffin was found there with R.C.C. (Regis Conradini Corpus) on it, and in it the decapitated skeleton of a boy with his head on his breast and an unsheathed sword by his side. In 1832, when the Duke of Bavaria again opened it, the sword had gone. A pleasing, gracious statue of Conradin, from a design by Thorwaldsen, was erected in the Carmine by Maximilian II of Bavaria in 1847. In S. Croce, al Mercato, is the column of porphyry that once marked the place of execution, the

block on which Conradin is traditionally believed to have been beheaded, and a cross with the cruel inscription said to have been set up by Charles d'Anjou :

Asturis ungue leo pullum rapiens aquilarum
Hic deplumavit acephalumque dedit.

CHAPTER III

ANGEVIN NAPLES (1266-1442)

CHARLES D'ANJOU

THE execution of Conradin sent a thrill of horror through Europe, but it ushered in the new era for modern Naples. With all their cruelty and their other unlovely characteristics, it was the Angevins who first raised her to the dignity of a capital, and it is with them that the story of the city as we know it begins. To them Naples owes the best of her churches and monuments, though they have been changed almost beyond recognition by later restorers. The very Piazza del Mercato, where the execution took place, was brought inside the walls by Charles, who wished to give the city a worthy market in addition to the existing Mercato Vecchio.

The Neapolitans were soon disillusioned, for the yoke of Charles proved heavier than that of the Hohenstaufen. His French followers had to be rewarded with lands in the Regno, and they treated the Neapolitans as little better than a conquered people.

But the sufferings of the capital were as nothing to those of the provinces, where French licence was unchecked, and nowhere more so than in Sicily. Here the flame of discontent was studiously fanned by a noble of Amalfi, Giovanni da Procida, a physician of note and a loyal follower of the Hohenstaufen. A rumour, symbolically if not historically true, declares that it was he who caught Conradin's glove and carried it to Pedro of Aragon, who had married Frederick II's daughter, Costanza. The sudden rising in Palermo on the evening of Easter Tuesday, 1782, known as the Sicilian Vespers, when every Frenchman was killed there in less than two hours, ended in the island passing under the sceptre of Don Pedro.

The loss of Sicily was all to the advantage of Naples. Without Palermo it now stood unrivalled as the foremost town in the Regno. Charles had preferred it from the first, as it was easier for him to keep in touch there with Provence and North Italy, and he set about making it into a worthy royal residence. With the growth of civilization the old Castel di S. Salvatore (dell'Ovo) had become too small for a palace, while the Castel Capuano was too near the unhealthy marshes. Charles lived in both, but he soon began building a home of his own, the Castel Nuovo, by the Piazza del Municipio, overlooking the Porto Militare of to-day, close by the sea, in the healthy, open ground to the west of the city. There was a Franciscan monastery, said to have been founded by the Saint of Assisi himself, on the ground, and the pious Guelph built the monks S. Maria La Nuova when he expelled them. The work on the castle progressed slowly, for Charles characteristically ill-treated and underpaid the workmen, but the shell was complete by the year of the Sicilian Vespers. The building we see to-day is very different from the original, which stands out prominently in the picture now in S. Martino, displaying Ferrante of Aragon's naval victory over the Angevins at Ischia in 1465.

It was a typical French castle of the period, with high walls and bastions and great flanking towers, and a moat filled by the sea, the chief architects being, apparently, Pierre de Chaul and Jean d'Angicourt. The gardens were along the sea-front and on the west side. On a little island stood the protecting Torre di S. Vincenzo, which was used as a lighthouse in the seventeenth century, but was removed in the eighteenth. The chief gateway faced the Porta Petruzzola, on the east, for the castle lay outside the city walls. The Castel Nuovo became the centre of Court life under the Angevins. But Charles himself never inhabited it; and this fact is characteristic of his whole reign.

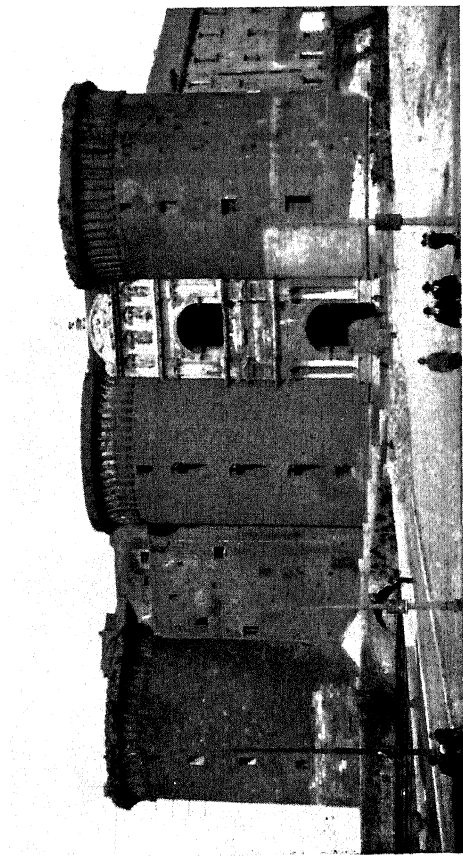
Charles was destined to build up a kingdom which his descendants were to enjoy. There was a touch of genuine greatness about him—"colui dal maschio naso", Dante calls him. His ambitions and interests were boundless. In addition to holding Naples, Provence and Anjou, he was Roman Senator, with corresponding authority with the Popes, and titular king of Jerusalem. Florence and the other Guelph cities of Italy looked to him for protection.

He had great influence with his nephew, Philip the Bold, King of France, for it was his intervention alone that had saved the French army before Tunis when St. Louis died ; he even made that city tributary. He also tried to establish a claim to the Eastern Empire by marrying his daughter to Baldwin, the exiled Emperor.

All was marred, however, by the ceaseless drain upon his strength of the ulcer of the Sicilian war. In his first indignation at the loss of the island he challenged Don Pedro of Aragon to a duel, but though he was in Bordeaux in disguise, Don Pedro did not appear in the lists on the appointed day, as the King of England was not there to keep the field, and he did not trust the Angevin, or so he said. The great admiral, Roger di Lauria, or de l'Oria, inflicted two crushing defeats on Charles's fleet. In 1284, after capturing Malta, he sailed right up to Naples, taunting the enemy with cowardice in not coming out. Charles had given his son Charles, Duke of Salerno, the strictest orders not to risk a battle, but the taunts were more than he could bear. Di Lauria adopted his favourite tactics of simulating flight and turning on the enemy when tired out. Charles's own galley, with the pick of the Neapolitan nobility on board, fought on desperately after the others had fled, but di Lauria had it scuttled and he was forced to surrender. The first to fly were the Sorrentini. Villani describes how their envoys mistook Charles for di Lauria, and said they wished he had got the father too. Charles could not help laughing, but this is a sadly characteristic instance of the treachery and fickleness of the Southern Italians towards their rulers. Costanza nobly refused to allow the Sicilian authorities to execute Charles as a reprisal for Conradin's death, sending him to her husband, Don Pedro, in Aragon, where he was imprisoned.

When the Aragonese fleet returned to Naples after the battle the people thought it had come to stay, shouting "Death to Charles ! Long live Aragon !" But the disturbance was instantly checked by the nobles. Di Lauria had only come to release Frederick II's daughter, Beatrice, who had been imprisoned for fifteen years in the Castel dell'Ovo.

This disaster was a heavy blow to Charles. On his return he took fearful vengeance on the traitors, killing 150 of them. His efforts to recover Sicily were uniformly



CASTEL NUOVO

unsuccessful. He gradually sank into dejection and died at Foggia, some say by his own hand, while preparing yet another expedition, in 1285.

Charles II (1285-1309) was still a prisoner and the greatest confusion reigned in his kingdom, which was invaded by the Aragonese. But at length the Pope and Edward I of England succeeded in obtaining his release, though three of his sons, Robert among them, and fifty of the flower of the chivalry of Provence, were obliged to take his place as guarantees for the fulfilment of the terms of the treaty. On his return Charles made the Castel Nuovo his home and set about converting it into the centre of a new Court quarter. As his children grew up he built houses round it for them, such as the Ospizio Tarantino for his son Luigi di Taranto on the north, and the Ospizio Durazzesco for his favourite son Philip, Prince of Durazzo, to the east of the castle, palaces and families which were destined to become prominent in the troublous times that followed. Court life became much more gay, for Charles the Lamé (Lo Zoppo) had none of his father's gloomy austerity. The Siren was working her customary spell. He built himself a house on the Largo di Carbonara to watch the tournaments that were held there.

The Piazza delle Corregge facing the main gate, between the castle and the town, rapidly became the fashionable quarter for the courtiers. Behind the gates lay the old mediaeval Naples, with its dark, winding, dirty streets, into which the sun rarely penetrated. The elder Charles had endeavoured to do something for it by paving some of them with the stones of the old Via Appia. Many of these were only swept away in the improvements after the cholera outbreak in 1884, and with them was scattered much of the teeming life that swarmed in the network of allies which ran up from the sea contained in the quarters of Porto and Pendino.

Of these we may take as the centre the old Via Mezzocannone, now completely modernized, so vividly described by Salvatore di Giacomo in his "*Napoli Artistica*". Half-way up was the fountain, and in the niche above, covered with cobwebs and dust, eaten away by time, the dwarf figure known as the Re di Mezzocannone, popularly believed to be Alfonso II of Aragon, who built it. Hence a dwarf was commonly said to be "*grande come il Re di Mezzo-*

cannone". At night the street was lit by the coloured lanterns that served as signs to the cheap lodging-houses and inns of the poorest, of which there were a number here. On the wall above the flight of steps that led up to the level of S. Domenico Maggiore was a large crucifix, round the base of which were the Ex-Votos of the inhabitants.

Round the port, too, dwelt the foreigners, who increased rapidly at this time. The first Angevins showed special favour to the Florentines, and there were many agents of the great banking houses, such as the Bardi and the Peruzzi, who financed the needy king and exploited the corn trade of the Regno, then the granary of Italy. They exported wine and oil, horses and cattle, importing metal goods and other manufactured articles, for Naples never took kindly to industry or developed the vigorous merchant life of the independent cities of the north. The contrast between the two, which lies at the bottom of the so-called Southern question, may be said to date from these early days. The second Charles did all he could to attract people to Naples and increase its population. Not only did he exempt the town from taxes, but he established the cloth industry there and made the Porto Nuovo by building the Mole Angioino, as it is still called, running out close to the castle, which has since been much enlarged.

In 1294 the Castel Nuovo, or the Maschio Angioino, as it is now often called, though the name is of recent origin, received the strangest of all its guests, Pietro da Morrone, the saintly Abruzzi hermit, who had been chosen Pope after a long interregnum and consecrated against his will almost by force. Charles carried him off to Naples in triumph. The castle was thronged by crowds of venerating devotees and place-hunters, and the old man's life became a burden to him. At last, tormented still further by mystic voices cleverly contrived by interested parties, he could bear it no longer. He decided to resign the triple tiara, in spite of the prayers of the seething crowd gathered in the Piazza delle Corregge, as with his skinny hand he blessed them from a window. "*Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto*," is Dante's famous but cruel comment on Celestine V. However, Charles lost little, for Boniface VIII, a Pope of very different stamp, was his staunch friend.

Like his father, the King endeavoured to beautify the city, as well as increase the numbers of its inhabitants.

He was the first to bring Tuscan artists south, for Montano d'Arezzo painted in the chapel he was making for the Castel Nuovo. He was, of course, a great builder of churches and monasteries in the delicate French Gothic style which Naples owes to the Angevins, and of which so little now remains. Like all others of this period, they have been changed almost beyond recognition by restorers, though at times earthquakes, notably that of 1688, justified their work on the score of necessity. A supporter of the Dominicans, he built S. Pietro Martire, while his wife founded a Dominican nunnery, S. Pietro a Castello, of which her sister, Elizabeth of Hungary, became Prioress.

More important, he rebuilt S. Domenico Maggiore in this Gothic style, in fulfilment of a vow, on his release from captivity. There had long been a church on the site, probably since the fourth century, which had once belonged to the Basilians. In spite of restorers, it is still one of the finest churches in Naples. An older church, dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel, had been consecrated by Alexander IV when he was elected Pope in Naples in 1255, and given to the Dominicans. The chapels here are the burying-places of many important Neapolitan families. In the courtyard of the monastery the Studio or University was held till 1615. It is closely associated with St. Thomas Aquinas. Here he studied in his youth and here he became Professor of Philosophy. His lecture-room was long the meeting-place of the famous Accademia Pontaniana, but his cell is now a chapel. The tombs of the Aquino family—did Boccaccio's Fiammetta marry into it?—are in the eighth chapel, while in the Chapel of the Crucifix is the crucifix by Tommaso de' Stefani, seen also by Evelyn, where the Angelic Doctor was praying when he is reported to have heard the voice saying, "*Bene dixisti de me, Thoma*". Charles d'Anjou is said to have attended his lectures, though Dante, always hard on the Angevins, except his friend, Charles the Lame's son, Charles Martel, assures us that he had him poisoned—certainly a false charge. Like his father, Charles was a warm patron of the University, paying large salaries to attract the best teachers.

Charles continued, and probably completed, the church of S. Lorenzo, which was begun by his father in memory of the battle of Benevento. The Gothic choir is fortunately untouched, and, with the light, graceful ambulatory, is

almost certainly the work of a Frenchman. The church is now a national monument and is being carefully restored. Here it was that Boccaccio first saw Fiammetta, for it was the fashionable church in his day, while Petrarch stayed in the neighbouring monastery. S. Agostino, another church built by Charles, was hopelessly gammoned, as William Morris would put it, in 1611. His wife, Maria of Hungary, built S. Maria Donna Regina, opposite the Duomo. She retired to the convent, where she died, being buried in a beautiful Gothic tomb, by the Sienese Tino da Camaino, which has escaped the hands of the restorers, who have completely transformed the church.

The pleasure-loving, vicious strain in the Angevins, which increased as the race degenerated and which doubtless ripened more readily in the climate of Naples, first began to show itself, according to Villani, in Charles the lame. But in contrast to his father, he was much loved, and his death was genuinely regretted.

ROBERT THE WISE

Charles was succeeded by his third son, Robert, surnamed the Wise (1309-43), his claims being preferred by his father and by the Pope over those of his nephew, though malicious tongues maintained that he had poisoned his elder brother and encouraged the religious tendencies of the Bishop, afterwards St. Louis of Toulouse, to further his own ends. His return to Naples after receiving his investiture at Avignon was celebrated with much splendour. The festivities in the Castel Nuovo reached the height of their glory in his reign.

He was the most powerful of the Angevins, and the fact that the Popes were now in the Babylonish captivity of Avignon, in his own Provençal territory, helped to increase his influence. When Dante's ideal Emperor, Henry VII, came down into Italy as champion of the Ghibellines, he was made Vicar of the papal states, and he scored a real success in driving Louis of Bavaria from Rome. He was the undisputed leader of the Italian Guelphs, nowhere more popular than at Florence, which was to give his son, the Duke of Calabria, the Signoria of the city. He even dictated a peace between the Guelphs and Ghibellines at Genoa. Yet, as Caggese shows in his learned study, he

was generally at his wits' end for money and dependent on the Florentine bankers for supplies, so that the stories of his avarice are ill-founded, like many of the rumours about him. The Sicilian wars were again the chief cause of his financial difficulties.

The Castel Nuovo became his home and in his day rose to its greatest brilliance. The Piazza delle Corregge was now the scene of the jousting, and Boccaccio describes how the young men, like tawny lions, "with their fair hair flowing over their snow-white shoulders, clasped round the head by a thin circlet of gold or a crown of fresh leaves", ran in the tournament. Robert continued building, adding the famous Torre Bruna, or Torre dell' Oro, at the top of which he was rumoured to keep his treasure. He also beautified the gardens, of which he was very fond, often receiving embassies or holding learned arguments in them. He extended those to the west, where alone there was space, planted trees, built summer-houses and introduced pheasants, rabbits and other game. Buildings multiplied rapidly round the Piazza delle Corregge, such as the royal stables, the arsenal and the house of De Cabannis, the liberated Moorish slave who rose to eminence at Court and whose wife was the nurse and then the evil genius of Queen Giovanna.

In the neighbourhood of the port foreigners became more numerous than ever, not only Florentines, but exiled Sicilians and Spaniards. Both Robert's wives were Spanish, and his long exile in Spain had increased his Spanish sympathies. With him came needy Catalan friends of his exile—"l'avara povertà di Catalogna", as Dante calls them. Villani complains that French luxury began to corrupt Florentine simplicity of dress and manners at this time. French influence had obtained its first real hold on Italy at Naples, just as Spanish was beginning to do. It is significant that both the Rúa Catalana and the Rúa Francesca date from this period. The Rúa Catalana, once the notorious heart of the old Porto Basso region, has been completely modernized, but it is still reached from the Strada S. Felice and runs down to the Via De Pretis. The Rúa Francesca was off the Via Calderari, and, according to Capasso, was in old days inhabited by makers of candles, matches, tinder and the like.

In all the gaiety in the Castel Nuovo in Robert's day, the younger ladies of the Court were the leaders. The

marriage of his son, the Duke of Calabria, to the short-lived Caterina, sister of Frederick of Austria, was one long triumphal progress through Italy, culminating in Naples, where 4,000 pounds of wax are said to have been consumed during the wedding festivities. But there were also tragedies, beginning with the infidelity of the wife of Robert's brother, the Duke of Taranto, the first of the long list of Angevin scandals. Then Matilda d'Hainault, who had lost two husbands at twenty-two and wanted to marry for love, was bullied and browbeaten into marrying Robert's brother, Giovanni, since the Angevins were determined not to let her claims to the principate of Achaia pass out of the family. When she refused to be his wife in anything but name she was imprisoned in the Castel dell'Ovo. The Pope granted a divorce and Giovanni married Agnès de Périgord. A second wife was found for the Duke of Calabria in Marie de Valois, whom Robert himself escorted to Naples. There was great rivalry between the two French princesses in every kind of gaiety. Robert allowed Marie 700 ounces of gold annually for dresses and jewels alone. Then in 1328 Robert received the cruel blow of the death of his only son of a fever caught while out hawking. Villani says the Duke preferred ease to the toils of war, and that the King was very careful of his health.

Both Robert's wives were highly religious, but such was the devoutness of the second, Sancia of Majorca, that she is said to have petitioned the Pope for a divorce and he had to remind her that in her devotion to her heavenly bridegroom she must not forget that her earthly husband had rights. Unfortunately, only three months later Robert's conduct was such that he was obliged to admonish him by calling him a second Rehoboam. However, his son's death completely sobered the King.

Robert surpassed all others of his race as a beautifier of Naples, and to him she owes some of her best monuments. He completed the Certosa of S. Martino, begun by the Duke of Calabria, on the hill of S. Erasmo, named after a Neapolitan martyr of Diocletian's days, which every one still visits for its magnificent view. In its present form it is the great museum of Neapolitan Barocco. Robert was the first to fortify this important hill, which rises to 735 feet almost directly above the Castel Nuovo, with the castle of Belforte, as it was then called. Above all to him we

owe the Duomo and S. Chiara, the two chief churches in the town.

The Duomo occupies the site of the old Stefania, which replaced the temples of Apollo and Neptune. Work was suspended for a time, but the great Archbishop Filippo Minutolo carried it on, and it was finished by Robert in 1323. An earthquake damaged it badly in 1456, when Alfonso I rebuilt it. The restorers were busy with it in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but it escaped more lightly than most of the Angevin churches. St. Januarius, to whom, of course, it is dedicated, is buried under the high altar, where there is the realistic kneeling statue of Cardinal Carafa, the founder of his chapel, by Malvito, the sculptor of this characteristically Renaissance work. In the sacristy is the silver bust of the saint, dating from 1306. Cardinal Errico Minutolo was so pleased with Bamboccio's noble doors (1407) that he made him an Abbot. Over the main entrance are the tombs of Charles I d'Anjou and of Dante's friend, Charles Martel, King of Hungary, by Fontana, the bodies having been removed there in 1599, by order of the Viceroy Olivarez.

The best of the monuments of this period is, however, S. Chiara, where the tombs of the Angevins are among the finest remaining in Naples. The interior has been hopelessly restored, though it is, in its present form, a fine specimen of eighteenth-century Barocco. The exterior has fortunately been allowed to retain its original Gothic form. The church, begun in 1310, probably owes more to the pious Sancia, whose reckless extravagance upon it and upon other religious foundations helped to embarrass her unfortunate husband's finances, than to Robert himself. The convent attached to it contained formerly 300 nuns from the best Neapolitan families. But its glories are not Neapolitan. The Gothic is French, the monuments Florentine; for Robert continued his father's policy of inviting the best Tuscan, generally Florentine, artists to work for him, chief among them being Giotto, who painted frescoes in the Castel Nuovo, which Petrarch saw, as well as in S. Chiara, where they were whitewashed in 1732 by an enlightened restorer, as they were thought to make the church dark. There are still two to be seen by Robert's tomb, but apparently they are by a pupil. It seems more than doubtful whether the sculptor Bonaccorso was in Naples,

but Vasari relates that he left immediately owing to Robert's meanness, saying that he thought that he was to work for a king, not for a shopkeeper.

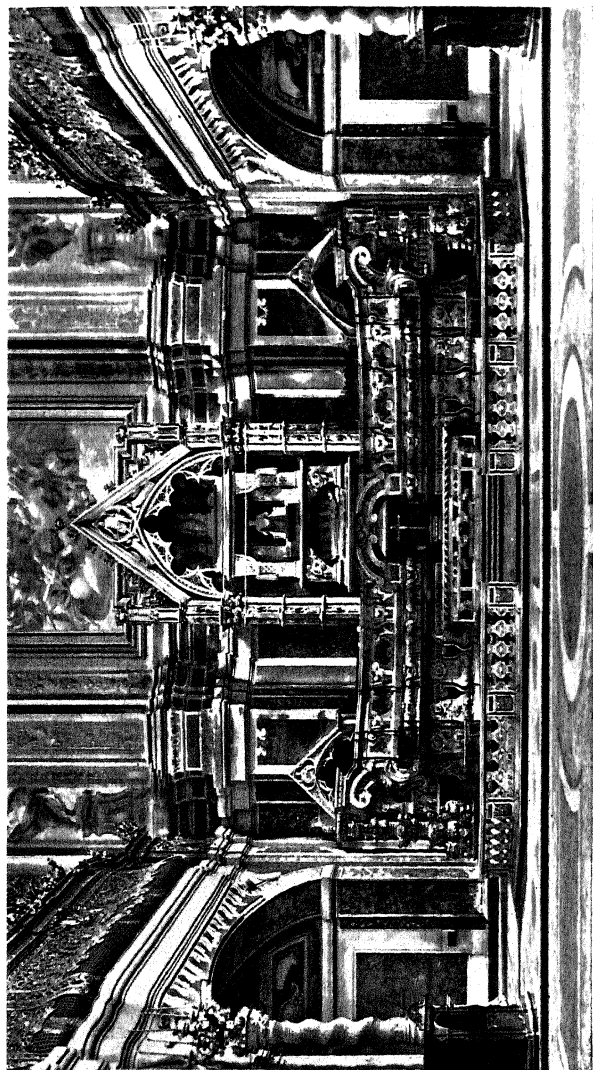
Giannone says that when Robert asked his son what he thought of S. Chiara, Charles answered that it reminded him of a stable, the little chapels opening off the nave suggesting stalls. The King, "either because he was naturally annoyed at hearing his work criticized, or because he was divinely inspired, replied, 'God grant, my son, that you be not the first to eat in the stable'". And there he lies, the first of the Angevins to be buried there, with his two wives, his tomb being by Tino da Camaino of Sienna, who also worked on S. Martino, on the arsenal, in the Piazza delle Corregge and in the Castel Nuovo. A lamb and a wolf are drinking out of the shell upon which Charles rests his sword, symbols of his justice.

The gem of the tombs is, however, that of Robert himself, designed in his lifetime, but built by Giovanna I. It is the work of Giovanni and Pace da Firenze, and in its day probably the noblest tomb yet built in Italy. Di Giacomo ranks it with the best in the Duomo of Florence or in Or S. Michele, and goes on to lament that it did not serve to awaken a genuine Neapolitan art, resulting in nothing better than imitations, like those on the pulpit in the same church. It is behind the high altar. Robert is seen lying on the sarcophagus in the Franciscan robe he donned before his death, and round it are reliefs showing him in the midst of his family. Under the Gothic canopy, a characteristic of all these tombs, we see him again enthroned: over it is the Madonna between St. Francis and St. Clare, two saints whom he specially favoured.

Robert's tomb became the model for the tombs of the Angevin kings and princes which one soon learns to associate with the older churches of Naples. In the best of them we find the same features, the king seated, the angels drawing back the curtains and displaying his recumbent figure, with a Madonna or saints above.

The tower of the church was to have been of five stories, showing the five styles of architecture, but Robert died before it was completed, and the existing structure dates from the seventeenth century, when it was held as a fortress by the Spaniards in the Masaniello rebellion.

In his own day Robert had an extraordinary reputation



TOMB OF KING ROBERT THE WISE IN S. CHIARA

—the wisest king that had been seen in Christendom for five hundred years, says Villani, “both in natural ability and in knowledge, a great master in theology and a supreme philosopher; and he was a gentle and kindly lord and a good friend of our commune of Florence, and possessed of all virtues, except that, as he began to grow old, he was spoilt a little by avarice”. To Giannone he is “signor savio ed espertissimo in pace ed in guerra e riputato un altro Salomone dell’età sua”. Caggese seems to doubt his learning, which was at least very well for a king. Petrarch converted him to an admiration, whether genuine or not, for the divine beauties of poetry. Dante did not love him, because he was the foe of his Ghibelline dreams embodied in Henry VII, jibing at him “e fate re di tal che è da sermone”. This is the side of him that became prominent after his son’s death, doubtless with the warm approval of Sancia. The Castel Nuovo was more and more haunted by nuns and monks. The King delighted in spending his time with theologians, scientists, astrologers and jurists, though he could unbend enough to listen to his jesters or watch the sailors dancing Apulian dances in the gardens of his castle. He surrounded himself with copyists and illuminators, whose business it was to hand down to posterity the speeches he loved to make on the slightest provocation.

He was determined that his granddaughter Giovanna should succeed him, proclaiming her his heir at a great ceremony in the Castel Nuovo in 1330. And he was equally anxious to choose her a husband. It is said that he selected Andreas of Hungary, son of the nephew he had dispossessed of the throne of Naples, to salve his conscience. They were betrothed with great ceremony when they were no more than six and seven respectively, and henceforth they each had their own households in the castle, but they saw enough of each other for their natural antipathy to be exasperated as only such familiar upbringing can exasperate it. All possibility of romance had vanished long before they reached puberty.

BOCCACCIO AND PETRARCH AT NAPLES

No one has done more to spread a glamour over Angevin Naples, the Naples of Robert and Giovanna, than Boccaccio, while Robert owes not a little of his reputation for wisdom

to the homage of the poet of Laura. Indeed, the fact that two of the three fathers of Italian literature visited Naples in his reign is a tribute to its importance. Boccaccio, it is true, came on business. His father was in the employ of the Bardi, who, with the Peruzzi, were the leaders of the Florentine financiers who controlled the Regno and supplied the King's sadly empty coffers. In 1329 he even came on an official mission to Court. His son Giovanni had abandoned business for the study of canon law, but he soon found occupation far more to his taste in the delightful, easy, if corrupt, Court society to which his father's position gave him the entrée. The eager, teeming life of the city of Parthenope first turned the genius of the author of the Decameron in its true direction under the guiding star of Fiammetta.

French influence was strong under the Angevins. Boccaccio himself was a natural son by a Frenchwoman, while Fiammetta was said to be the daughter of King Robert himself by a French lady of the Court, upon whom his eye first fell at a brilliant banquet in the Castel Nuovo celebrating his coronation. Christened with the name of her who bore within her the redemption of the miserable ruin that was caused by "l'ardito gusto della prima madre", we are told, she was carefully educated in a convent, where she even thought of taking vows. A nunnery was not for her. Instead, she became the Contessa d'Aquino, Boccaccio assures us, but it has been impossible to establish her identity. It was in S. Lorenzo, on March 30, Holy Saturday, 1336, that the beauteous eyes of that lovely lady first fixed themselves on him. She was apparelled by a master-hand, like to the goddesses seen by Paris in the vale of Ida, we read in "Fiammetta", so that the women no less than the men could not keep their gaze from her, as though Venus or Minerva, never seen by them before, had appeared among them. Her face was prettily rounded, with a natural colour of mingled lilies and roses, while her eyes were those of a peregrine falcon, her mouth small, with lips like twin rubies. Her hair was long and golden, falling in curls over her delicate white shoulders.

Obviously the description of the meeting owes something to the "Vita Nuova", but it has the touch of realism that is the hall-mark of Boccaccio. Fiammetta is no abstraction, but a living, breathing woman, true mother of the delightful

girls who blush and giggle so irresistibly over the tales of the Decameron, and she was hardly less to him than Beatrice was to Dante or Laura to Petrarch. The memory of the happy days of his love for Fiammetta was never far from him, and he returns to it again and again in his works, in "Filocolo", "Ameto", "Fiammetta" and the "Amorosa Visione". Details differ, but the main outlines do not change. Like most of his successors, Boccaccio found some of his best copy in the story of his own love.

At first the distance that separated them made Boccaccio a timid wooer, but Fiammetta soon let him see that she was far from indifferent to his advances. Indeed, it is pretty clear that she was a true daughter of the Siren, as hot-blooded and as inconstant as Boccaccio himself. The next meeting appears to have been in a convent parlour, a favourite trysting-place even at this early date, seemingly at S. Arcangelo a Baiano, which had been restored by Charles I of Anjou and was to be suppressed after the Council of Trent. Here she was conversing gaily with these priestesses of Diana, and he and some companions were invited to join them.

By adopting the names of Fiammetta and Panfilo he could talk quite freely to her, and this born story-teller—was it now that his gifts first really developed?—knew how to make the fullest use of his chances.

"Ah, how often," writes the Amorosa Fiammetta, "when with me and my dearest friends, fired with high spirits and food and love, would he pretend that Fiammetta and Panfilo were Greeks and relate how we were first smitten with love one for another, adding all the accidents that had since befallen us and introducing appropriate names into his story! Often did I laugh, less at his cleverness than at the stupidity of the listeners."

Often, too, was she afraid that he would betray himself, but he never did, if we are to believe Boccaccio; and she was pleased at the trouble he took to shield her honour. He was careful to make friends of her relations, and even of her husband.

And it was also in a convent parlour that, the talk chancing to fall upon the loves of Florio, son of Felice of Spain, for Blanchefleur, she commanded him to tell the story of their loves in a book. Boccaccio obeyed, though after long delay, and the result was his first story, "Filocolo". So much he tells us in the introduction. But it is more

than this, for here lies the germ, even the setting, of the Decameron, in that lovely garden at Mergellina, near where "the revered ashes of the supreme poet rest". Here Fiammetta herself is made queen of the gathering and presides over the debates of the Questions of Love. To her and to Angevin Naples we owe the inspiration of the Decameron, which is even said to have been undertaken by command of Queen Giovanna. In spite of the Florentine scenes among which he laid it Boccaccio is obviously returning to the memories of the golden period of his own youth by the magic Bay. And it is in "Filocolo", and far more in "Fiammetta", that we find those unique pictures of the gay Court life under King Robert. When Fiammetta is pining for her absent Panfilo her husband tells her he will take her to Baïæ for a change.

"Lady, as thou knowest, but a little way beyond the pleasant Falernian hill, between the ancient Cuma and Pozzuolo, enchanting Baïæ stretches along the seashore, than which there is no place more beautiful or more delightful beneath the vault of heaven." There is hunting, or rather snaring, of every kind of game among the wooded hills, in which the ladies take part. "Here is the island of Pitacusa (Ischia), and Nisida, abounding in conies, and the tomb of the great Misenus, leading to the realms of Pluto." Yet here, either because it is so near the sea, which gave birth to Venus, or because the gay world goes there in spring, which is her own season, women, even the most honest, lay aside some of their modesty, displaying a greater licence in all things than would be possible elsewhere. To this everything ministers, the food, the wine, the long hours of idle talk. "Here the seashores and the lovely gardens and every other place ever resound with joyous mirth, with newly devised sports, with beautiful dances, with countless musical instruments, with love-songs, in which both girls and lads take part."

There were picnics on the sands under the shadow of the cliffs, followed by music and dancing, the delicious bathes, the fatigues of the chase and the frolics on the seashore all tending in but one direction,—the "*litora quac fuerant castis inimica puellis*" of Propertius, which called forth a characteristic letter from "Seneca morale".

"Often it happened that when the weather, as became the season of the year, was very hot, I would go on board a galley, equipped

with a number of oars, in order to pass the time more at ease, with many other ladies. Cleaving the waves of the sea, to the accompaniment of music and song, we would steer for distant rocks and caves in the hills, the work of nature's hands, because the shade and the breeze made them cool and fresh. Ah, the relief they gave to my burning body, though they brought no slaking of the fire in my heart—quite the contrary !”

Other pleasure parties would invite them to join their picnics, but they themselves had already eaten amid endless gaiety, and then they would go on board again and sail away.

“ And here and there, a sight very dear to the eyes of the young men, were beautiful girls in ‘ giubbe de zenzado ’—apparently the silk bathing-dresses of the period—undressed, with bare legs and arms, going into the water and pulling the shellfish from the rocks, and as they bent in their work they would often reveal the hidden beauties of their gently swelling breasts,”

while others would be busy fishing in various ways. Obviously they were gathering the “ frutti di mare ”, as did also Sannazzaro, to say nothing of their descendants to-day. The girls are enjoying the full freedom of the Renaissance, which they were to lose during the Counter-Reformation and the rule of the Spaniard, and which they did not begin to recover fully till our own day. Society was corrupt at Naples, though probably not more corrupt than it was to be in the centuries to come, and the ladies doubtless abused their freedom. But the charm and beauty of this idle, sensuous life of pleasure, so absolutely in keeping with its surroundings, has been caught for us for all time by one who was in temperament ideally fitted to enjoy it to the full, though he was far too honest and clear-sighted not to understand and record the corruption that was inseparable from it.

These are the scenes that rise to our mind when we visit Baiæ to-day no less vividly than its classical associations. And the Baiæ region always had a specially tender place in Boccaccio's heart, since, at least according to one of his sonnets, it was near Miseno, where Madame de Staël's Corinne gave a splendid picnic in honour of Lord Nelvil, that his love first came to fruition, though his real triumph dates from the day when, with the connivance of her maid, he crept into Fiammetta's room during the absence of her husband. The scene recalls “ The Eve of St. Agnes ”. For

all her pretended indignation, it is clear that Fiammetta yielded readily to his violence, and when he threatened to drive his dagger into his heart, if she refused to acknowledge him as her true lover, she admitted as much. All she wanted was to salve her conscience by pleading that she had yielded to force.

Life in Naples itself was just as gay and brilliantly coloured. One remembers the few lines describing the banquet when King Robert first marked Fiammetta's mother just after his coronation. The young people did not sit idle in company. While the old folk looked on, the young men took the ladies by their tender hands, dancing and singing aloud their passion as they danced. And then there were the tournaments and martial exercises in the Piazza delle Corregge.

But all this was not to last. Fiammetta's favours were fleeting, more fleeting than those of Boccaccio, it would seem. He too echoes Propertius in the sonnet beginning

Perir possa il tuo nome, Baia !

To the pangs of jealousy and rejected love were added troubles of a more material kind. The failure of the Bardi, largely due to the immense sums lent to our Edward III, which were never repaid, had far-reaching consequences. Boccaccio's position was altogether changed. His father gave him a small estate to provide for him, but it was not sufficient, at least in his unbusinesslike hands. About 1338 we read of him living in a poor lodging in a most unsavoury slum near Posilipo, his two years of splendour and love gone for ever. The very contrast with the present must have served to enhance the glamour they always retained in his eyes. By 1340 he is back with his lonely old father in Florence.

Boccaccio returned twice to Naples—in 1349, during the troubled reign of Giovanna, when it was in the hands of the Hungarians, but his stay was short ; then in the autumn of 1362, summoned by his old friend, the Florentine Niccolò Acciaiuoli, now Grand Seneschal of the kingdom, who was only too eager to have the second living man of letters of the day in his train, with the high approval of the Queen and her husband. Boccaccio, always sanguine, looked forward to an old age of ease and comfort in the enchanted city. But instead of a villa Acciaiuoli, who was the loyal

mainstay of the Regno at this time and all-powerful with his royal mistress and master, gave him a single filthy room, which he describes with the disgusted zest of a minor French realist of last century; and his lodging, when he was invited to Acciaiuoli's villa near Pozzuoli during the summer, was no better. The crowning insult came on the journey back to Naples. As the sea was bad, it was made by land, and room was found for everybody except for Boccaccio, his man and his books. There he had to stay till Acciaiuoli deigned to send for him. He was not even ashamed to offer him his old quarters, but Boccaccio indignantly refused, preferring the hospitality of a poor Florentine merchant settled in the city. In the following year he turned his back on Naples for ever.

There is hardly a district of Italy that does not play a part in the Decameron, but Boccaccio seems to linger with an added affection on Naples, while the charm of many of the smaller cities round the Bay is admirably touched off in a line or two. Not a few of the stories must have taken shape on those picnics and expeditions with Fiammetta and her friends. Naples is "that most ancient city, probably as delightful, if not more delightful than any other in Italy" (III, 6), in a tale told by Fiammetta herself, in which there is one of those summer picnics she loved so well. The story of Minutolo's (an old Neapolitan name) stolen love may well be a reminiscence of her own. Fiammetta also tells the best of all the Neapolitan tales, one of the best in the Decameron, that of the adventures of Andreuccio da Perugia (II, 5), who came to Naples to buy horses and ended by assisting in robbing the tomb of the newly buried Archbishop in the cathedral. Croce investigated the circumstances in the utmost detail in the days before philosophy claimed him for her own. The body of the Archbishop apparently no longer lies in the tomb in the Duomo, but in a subterranean room under the Sacristy. There is even a large sham ring on his finger, as if to replace the one Andreuccio stole, thereby recouping himself for the money of which he had been robbed by the Sicilian baggage in the first of the many adventures of that thrilling night. The story gives a vivid picture of the dangers of walking the streets of Angevin Naples, especially in the network of rough alleys round the harbour.

Petrarch was a visitor of a very different stamp when

he came to Naples at the height of his fame to be examined by Robert the Wise before being crowned on the Capitol in 1341. He had called Robert soft names—a second Plato and the like—in more than one mused letter with the object of obtaining the support of the greatest and most learned monarch of the day for his project, and naturally Robert was flattered at the choice. On the day appointed the viva in the Castel Nuovo lasted from midday till dewy eve. Both parties seem to have enjoyed it so much that they prolonged the fun for two days more, when Petrarch was passed as worthy of the coveted honour. Not only did Robert make the gratifying request that his great poem “Africa” might be dedicated to him, but he threw his own royal mantle over Petrarch’s shoulders. Only he wanted Petrarch to receive the crown in Naples, not in Rome, a suggestion which brought the poet’s vanity up against that of the King; for it was on the Capitol that he meant to be crowned, as indeed he was, wearing the royal mantle. Unfortunately Robert’s representative was unavoidably prevented from witnessing the ceremony, as he had been captured by brigands on the way.

Two years later Petrarch was sent by the Pope to claim his rights as regent during Giovanna’s minority, but Fra Roberto, the all-powerful Hungarian monk who had been Andreas’s tutor, showed scant respect either to him or his mission, and he sadly laments the changed city. However, he visited Baïæ and the neighbourhood, where he frankly owns that the strong woman, Maria, whose strength far exceeded that of any man, interested him more than all the antiquities—a delightfully human touch. His letter is full of this Amazon, whom he found in solitary meditation pacing up and down before a church at Pozzuoli. On his return he was taken to a gladiatorial show on the Largo di Carbonara, by S. Giovanni a Carbonara, which the King and Queen—“Cleopatra com Tolomeo suo”—graced with their presence, but he rode off in disgust that such ultra-barbarism was possible in an Italian city when, on being roused from his reverie by a loud cheer, he saw a handsome youth fall at his feet pierced by a dagger. An appalling storm visited Naples during his stay, the horrors of which he depicts in lurid colours. The Queen herself left the palace barefoot, her hair flowing over her shoulders, “the danger overcoming her modesty”, to pray the Virgin

for mercy. After this he will leave the air to the birds, the sea to the fishes, and, being a land animal, he will travel by land in future.

Clearly it is not to Petrarch that we must go for a sympathetic picture of Angevin Naples, but to his more human and kindly, if rather exuberant, friend, about whose greatest work he was so contemptuously patronizing. Indeed, the very faults of this "street arab of genius" seem to reflect the characteristics that alternately attract and repel us in the city he loved so well.

THE LATER ANGEVINS

The beautiful, pleasure-loving, weak, sensuous Giovanna I (1343-82), who has become legendary as a modern Semiramis, the living embodiment of every sensual vice, was from the first repelled by her gloomy, clumsy husband, and her repulsion was fomented by Filippa de Cabannis, who ruled her. She is said to have made open fun of him before the Queen, who did not reprove her. Giovanna threw herself into every amusement. The Castel Nuovo became the centre of riotous gaiety and the crowds in the Corregge increased daily. Robert's devout widow, Sancia, retired to the convent of S. Croce, and took the veil in despair. The Queen was utterly unfit to govern. The State was ruled by Fra Roberto and the Hungarians, and the King of Hungary was soon insisting that Andreas should be crowned King, in spite of Robert's expressed wish.

The Neapolitan barons were highly indignant. The result was the murder of Andreas at Aversa, where he was called from his room at dead of night on the plea of the arrival of a messenger on urgent business, seized and strangled with a silken cord, his body being thrown out of the window, on September 18, 1345, while his Hungarians, who had drunk heavily, were sunk in sleep. Whether she was an accomplice or not, the murder was a great shock to Giovanna, who shut herself in the Castel Nuovo, where her boy was born. The fact that the Pope stood godfather did not guarantee the child's parentage in the eyes of the world. An angry crowd invaded the castle gardens demanding the punishment of the murderers, chief among them Filippa de Cabannis and her daughter. They were seized and

tortured. Filippa died in the Vicaria, but the others were executed with the utmost rigour of the law.

The Queen now had to choose a new husband, and her choice fell upon her cousin, Luigi di Taranto. But the King of Hungary was bent on vengeance and advanced upon the Regno. After punishing the guilty nobles who came to meet him at Aversa he led his army towards Naples, preceded by a banner with a strangled king upon it, inscribed "Vendetta". Here he sacked the houses of the conspirators and the inhabitants were roughly treated by the Hungarian soldiery. Giovanna meanwhile fled to Avignon, on the plea that she wished to justify herself before the Pope. The Pope pronounced her innocent and recognized her marriage, declaring that, if there was evidence of a not altogether perfect conjugal love, this was not due to any evil disposition on her part, but to magic and witchcraft, which, being but a weak woman, she was not strong enough to resist. She provided herself with funds by selling him Avignon for 80,000 gold florins, with which she returned to Naples, landing at the bridge over the Sebeto, as the Castel Nuovo was held by the Hungarians. In 1351 the Pope induced the King of Hungary to renounce his claim, and in the following year Joan was crowned with great splendour.

To commemorate this event she built S. Maria l'Incoronata, formerly S. Maria Spina Corona, because the King of France had given her for it a thorn from the original crown of thorns brought back by Baldwin from Jerusalem. It embodied the chapel of the old Vicaria, where she had been married. Its position below the street-level of to-day shows how the Piazza has risen since it was the old Corregge, while its distance up the Via Medina also indicates how much smaller the Piazza has since become. To it she attached a hospital for the poor. The church is the last independent monument built by the Angevin kings in Naples, who were now hopelessly crippled by the wars that finally overwhelmed the dynasty. Damp and restoration have sadly damaged the interesting frescoes. Those of the Triumph of the Church are said to contain portraits of Robert and others of his family, while among those of the Sacraments that of Penitence is said to be Giovanna confessing a sin. The frescoes are Giottesque in character.

In 1372 St. Bridget of Sweden came to Naples and vented

her holy wrath upon what she found there. When asked to intercede on behalf of the people, who were threatened by a plague, she announced that it was due to pride, avarice and bestial sensuality. Two vices especially she denounced among the women, from the Queen downwards, the painting of their faces and the luxury of their dress. The Queen ordered her denunciation to be read in the churches, but it had no effect in staying the plague, which grew steadily worse; and we may doubt whether it had much effect upon the ladies, or at least upon the more attractive among them. In the Castel Nuovo St. Bridget was visited by ecstatic visions of Giovanna's wickedness, and there is even a wholly unfounded legend that a son of the saint was among her lovers.

A yet greater saint showed interest in Giovanna, no less than St. Catherine of Sienna. She too would have visited her and possibly detached her from her allegiance to the Antipope, had not her confessor vetoed the plan, much to her annoyance, and been supported in his veto by Urban VI, whom she influenced in so many ways.

The tragedies of this unhappy time were not confined to the Queen. Her sister, Maria, had been married to Roberto del Balzo, one of the great Neapolitan nobles, against her will, as he had obtained possession of her by violence. He was imprisoned and she was determined to get rid of him, since she was neither wife nor widow. Possibly she acted at her sister's instigation, hoping that Giovanna might treat her better than in the past. So he was transferred to the Castel Nuovo, and after a few days the King and Queen went to dine and sup by the cliffs on the seashore, says Matteo Villani, which was something quite new for them. "The said Duchess Maria, being left in the castle, took four armed sergeants, and went to the room where was her husband, and, after calling him traitor to the royal blood, had him killed in her presence without mercy," and threw his headless body out on the shore. The King and Queen expressed becoming horror at the deed and gave the body burial.

On the death of Luigi of Taranto, Giovanna married the Infante of Majorca, who was soon killed in battle. She then adopted Charles of Durazzo, who had married her niece, who was also his own first cousin, as her heir. But in 1376 she married her fourth husband, Otto of Brunswick.

The indignant Charles of Durazzo rose in revolt and was supported by Urban VI. Giovanna was true to the Antipope, Clement VII, whom she welcomed in the Castel dell'Ovo; but the people of Naples rose against him and he fled to Avignon. She now made Louis d'Anjou, the King of France's brother, her heir. But she obtained little support, though Clement VII did all he could for her. Charles easily occupied Naples and she shut herself up in the Castel Nuovo. Her husband made a plucky and desperate attempt to rescue her, but without success, and she was obliged to surrender.

Charles imprisoned her in the castle of Muro in the Basilicata, where at last, under pressure, it is said, of the King of Hungary, he had her smothered. Her body was exposed in S. Chiara between two rows of candles for a week without any religious ceremony or sign of mourning, and its resting-place is unknown. Her violent death has helped to consecrate the Regina Giovanna legend, and most of the classical stories of queenly lust have been fastened upon her, even to the making away with each new lover as soon as she had tired of him. Her name has been given to more than one ruined castle or bath, such as the picturesque unfinished castle of Donn'anna on the coast at Mergellina, begun by Fansaga for Anna Carafa, wife of the Viceroy Medina, or the Bagni di Regina Giovanna beyond Sorrento, a delicious place for a picnic and a bathe, which is obviously of Roman origin. The boatmen will speak with awe, not unmixed with envy, of the Queen's luxurious life. Her reputation has undoubtedly suffered from confusion with her great-niece, Giovanna II, who far exceeded her in viciousness, though she died in her bed. One benefit she conferred upon her sex. It is due to Giovanna I that in Naples women can inherit titles on an equality with men.

The accession of Charles III of Durazzo (1382-6) was welcomed by the Neapolitans, but trouble was not slow in coming. He refused to surrender to the Pope the parts of the Regno he had promised him. Urban entered the Castel Nuovo, where he remained a prisoner for more than a month. These were not the days of the simple faith of the Normans, at least among the lords of the earth, though the people of Naples were horrified at the sacrilege. Then terms were made and Urban was allowed to go to the

Vescovado. Charles at once set about restoring the fortifications of the Castel Nuovo and the walls of the town. The death of Louis d'Anjou, who also claimed the crown, of fever, at Bari, alone saved him from invasion. With the siege of Nocera, where the infuriated Pope solemnly excommunicated Charles three times a day and tortured the Cardinals he found intriguing with him, we have nothing to do. To Charles III we owe the beginnings of the gloomy Castel del Carmine, which was completed by Ferdinand I, called "Sperone" from its shape. His murder in Hungary, whither he had gone to intrigue for the throne, awakened widespread grief in Naples. On the day when the news arrived his coronation was being celebrated with a magnificent tournament in the Corregge, which was gay with the Durazzo colours of blue and crimson.

His widow, Margherita, Joan's niece, made a plucky fight for the kingdom for her son, Ladislaus (1386-1414), even inducing the Pope to recognize him. Louis d'Anjou captured Naples and the Castel Nuovo in 1388, though Ladislaus still held the Castel dell'Ovo. But the death of Clement VII was a severe blow to Louis's cause, and by 1400 he had abandoned all his claims to the throne. The Castel Nuovo was beginning to suffer considerably from the ceaseless fighting, and the lovely gardens were already ruined for ever.

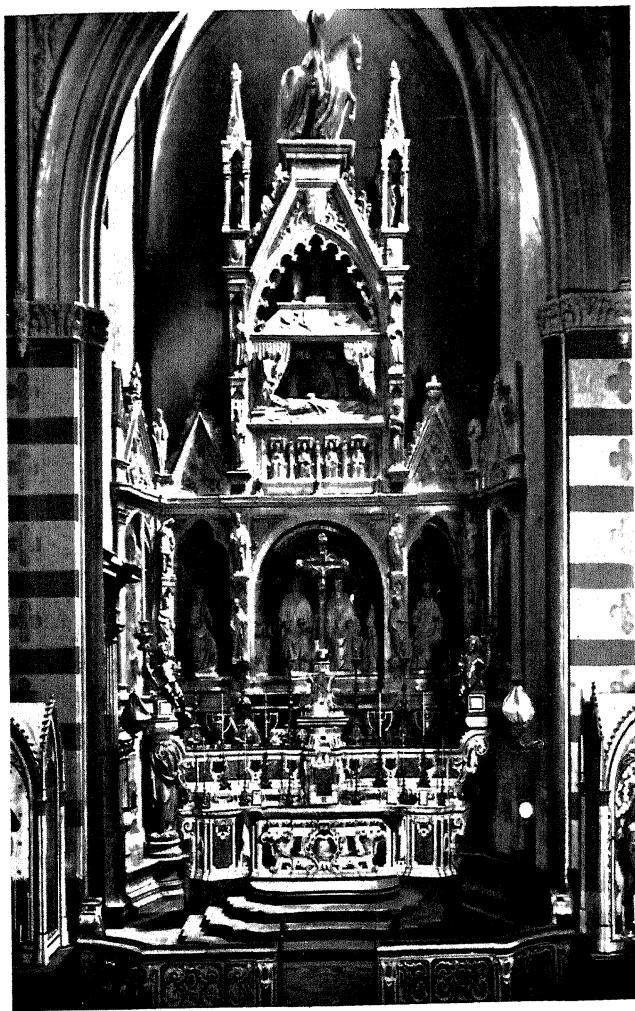
Margherita's rule was very unpopular owing to the merciless exactions of her agents, in which she thoroughly concurred, and the Neapolitans actually rebelled. In her anxiety to procure money she even consented to a marriage between Ladislaus and the charming daughter of a wealthy Sicilian, the Conte di Modica (Chiaromonte), which the Pope was afterwards induced to dissolve. Ladislaus himself was proud, ambitious, cruel and lustful, embodying all the virtues and all the vices of his race. A great warrior and champion in the tourney, he was incessantly at war, ever eager to assert and increase his power. The papal schism—for there were now three Popes—enabled him to occupy Rome more than once. Owing to his restlessness and his endless wars he was little in Naples, but he strengthened the Castel dell'Ovo, where he kept a harem of mistresses, though he also used it as a prison.

Ladislaus was a famous knight, possessing great strength and no small skill, and at no time was jousting more fashion-

able in Naples than during his reign. He did all he could to encourage tournaments, and often insisted on the victor jousting with him. When once Antonello di Costanzo avoided striking him with his lance Ladislaus was very indignant, saying that if he did not treat him like any other knight, he would send him somewhere where he would have no more jousting for many a long day. Nettled, Antonello rode right at him and stretched him senseless on the ground. As he did not come round, Antonello, who had fled, was arrested, but when he at last recovered, Ladislaus not only pardoned him, but ever after showed him special favour.

Like many of the Renaissance princes, Ladislaus matured early, and he died at the age of twenty-nine. He was poisoned by a Florentine doctor, who sacrificed his own daughter in order to make away with him. She was then the King's mistress, and when she complained that his love was beginning to fail, he gave her some poison with which to anoint herself, assuring her that it was a sovereign love-philtre. When last we see him, he is being carried into the Castel Nuovo, his enemy, Paolo Orsini, in chains before him ; then raging and shouting for Orsini to be brought to his bedside for him to kill with his own hand, and finally soothed by his sister's false assurances that Paolo was already dead. He is buried in S. Giovanni a Carbonara, which he had himself enlarged and embellished, in a striking tomb behind the high altar, erected by his sister Giovanna, who is seated beside him. Above is the King again on horseback. It is in the traditional Angevin Gothic, but the style is already a little overblown and overweighted with detail, almost symbolizing the approaching downfall of the dynasty.

New churches are still being built in Naples, but it is the subjects, not the monarchs, who are building them. S. Angelo a Nilo is an interesting record of the transition to the Renaissance, with the notable tomb of the founder, Cardinal Brancaccio, who began the church in 1385, by Michelozzo, in which the Gothic and Renaissance styles are admirably blended. The lovely relief of the Assumption on it is by Donatello. To this reign also belongs S. Anna dei Lombardi, or Monte Oliveto, as it is often called, an early Renaissance basilica, begun in 1411 by Ladislaus's favourite, Guerrello Origlia. In it is some of the best sculpture of any of the churches of Naples. The adjacent monastery of the Olivetani was of huge dimensions, con-



MONUMENT OF KING LADISLAUS IN S. GIOVANNI A CARBONARA

taining seven cloisters. It is associated with Tasso, who took refuge with the monks and wrote some of the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*" there. In 1415 the Abate Antonio Bamboccio built the lavishly decorated Gothic door of the Chapel of S. Giovanni Pappacoda, which faces the solid Pappacoda palace. Its affinity with the door of the Duomo is obvious. It was commissioned by Antonio Pappacoda, Ladislaus's Grand Seneschal. The tower of this little church with the ornamentation of the windows and the antique busts is very typical of the Renaissance.

With Giovanna II (1414-35), the sister of Ladislaus, Angevin rule at Naples reached its lowest ebb. She was over forty at the time of her accession. Thoroughly vicious, she was as wax in the hands of a succession of favourites, for she had been left to her own devices after the death of her husband. At the date of her accession it was Pandolfello Alopo, a page of no birth. She married Jacques de la Marque, who, with the support of her nobles, imprisoned her so strictly in the Castel Nuovo, under the surveillance of a trusted attendant, that no one had access to her. Pandolfello was duly tortured and executed in the Piazza del Mercato. But Jacques unwisely dismissed the Neapolitan nobles and gave all the power to his French followers. When at last the rigour of her imprisonment was for a moment somewhat relaxed, she used her freedom to attend the feast given by a wealthy Florentine merchant for the marriage of his daughter. So changed was her appearance that it shocked her subjects, who were already chafing under the French domination. In their enthusiasm they escorted her in a body to the Castel Capuano and imprisoned her husband.

Giovanna had not changed. Her new favourite was Sergianni Caracciolo, as he is usually called, who has been the hero of more than one romantic drama. Older than his mistress, and a famous knight who had proved his prowess in many fields, he dominated her absolutely. The story goes that he sought to avoid her; then one evening a discussion arose among the courtiers, each of them recounting what it was that he or she dreaded most. Sergianni confessed that he had a positive horror of rats. The next day, as he was passing down a corridor, a page let loose a cage full of them. In his terror he tried door after door, all of them closed, till he came to that of the Queen, which

was unlocked. From that time his rule began. He was made Grand Seneschal and Duke of Avellino. Later, Giovanna's husband was freed and allowed to live in the Castel Capuano, but he soon fled in disgust to France, where he is said to have ended his days in a monastery. Giovanna was crowned with great splendour.

Martin V, the first universal Pope after the schism, determined to put an end to the scandal, and bade Louis d'Anjou seize the Regno. But when Alfonso of Aragon, whom the childless Joan had made her heir, threatened a fresh schism, he withdrew his support. Caracciolo grew jealous of Alfonso, who made good use of his power and won universal respect. The ill-feeling broke out even in the tourneys. Thus on one occasion Alfonso, whose headquarters were in the Castel Nuovo, wished the tourney to be held in the Corregge, while the Queen, in Castel Capuano, preferred the Largo di S. Giovanni a Carbonara, or Largo Corriera Grande, as it was then called. In a tournament of 1423 the Aragonese party produced a car like an elephant with a castle on its back filled with angels playing and singing, escorted by a gang of truculent ruffians armed with sticks. The next day the Queen's party appeared with two cars filled with fire and bombs, escorted by thirty knights dressed as devils, ready to challenge Alfonso's angels. Only the sudden death of one of the knights, a Caracciolo, who was the life and soul of the fun—the Palazzo Caracciolo is on the Largo—prevented an encounter between the powers of light and darkness. In 1424 a beginning was made with building a sea-wall. Hitherto there had been none, as the houses were made with no entrances facing the sea, only high balconies.

Caracciolo induced Giovanna to declare Louis her heir. Civil war followed and Louis captured Naples. The city suffered severe damage, as the houses of the Aragonese and their supporters were ruthlessly destroyed. Meanwhile Caracciolo, who was careful to keep Louis in Calabria, was growing more and more overbearing. In 1432 he began to urge his royal mistress to make him Prince of Salerno. This she firmly refused to do, since he was not of the royal blood. In his irritation he went so far as to box her ears.

Weak though she was, Joan was a queen, and she owed something to the dignity of her position. Moreover, there was Caracciolo's deadly enemy, the Duchess of Sessa, who

overheard the quarrel, ready to seize her opportunity. She acted without a moment's delay, once she had obtained Joan's consent. That very evening Caracciolo was called from his room in the Castel Capuano, much as Andrew of Hungary had been, and hacked to pieces with axes. The grief of his royal mistress was deep and genuine, for she had not consented to his death. He is buried in a striking, if rather over-ornate, Angevin tomb in S. Giovanni a Carbonara, in the chapel which he had himself built. Louis died shortly before the Queen, who then made René d'Anjou her heir. She is buried in the Annunziata, which was built by Robert of Anjou, and is still a fine church, though it was completely transformed under Vanvitelli's supervision in the eighteenth century. Her grave in front of the high altar is marked by nothing but a flat stone, in accordance with her expressed wish.

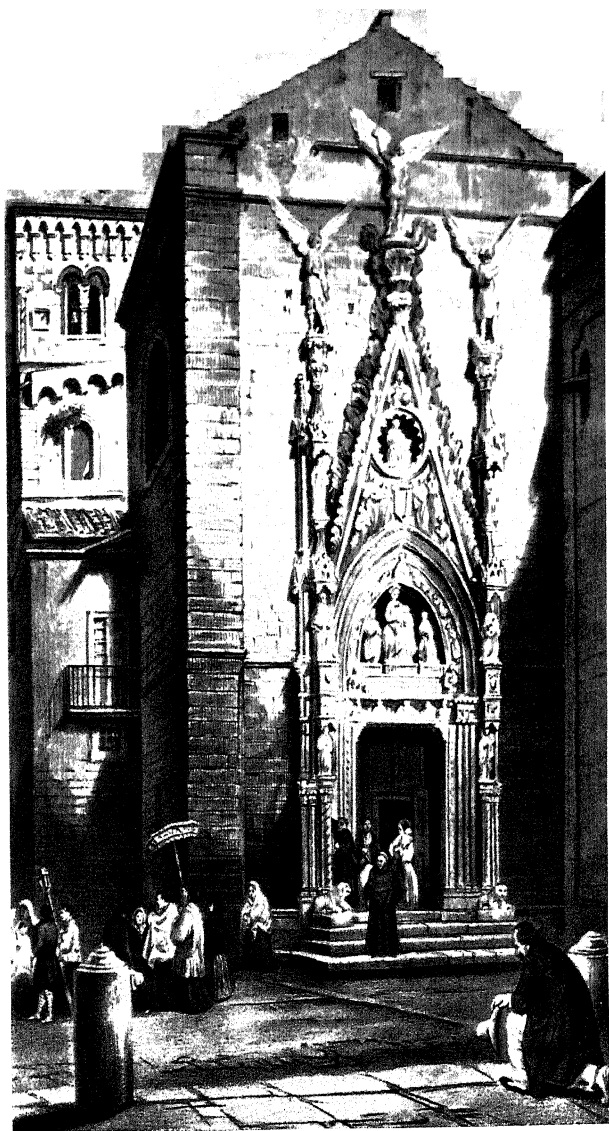
René d'Anjou (1435-42), the last Angevin King of Naples, the father of Margaret of Anjou, wife of our Henry VI, and the author of the famous "*Livre des Tournois*", was a prisoner in the hands of the Duke of Burgundy at the time. He was loyally supported by the Neapolitans, and a Genoese fleet, sent by the Duke of Milan to his aid, utterly defeated the Aragonese and took Alfonso a prisoner to Milan to the Visconti. René's wife, Isabella of Lorraine, carried on successfully at Naples till René was released on payment of an enormous ransom.

Alfonso, however, soon showed himself to be a prince of consummate ability, whose characteristically Renaissance diplomacy won the respect of Macchiavelli himself. He actually converted Visconti to his cause and induced him to help him in seizing Naples. René had succeeded in taking the Castel dell'Ovo, but Alfonso advanced steadily, and when René, like Charles d'Anjou, challenged him to single combat, he answered, as one would expect a prince of that day to do, that no one but a fool would risk his life for a prize that was bound to be his. Part of his army seized the Pizzofalcone, while the rest of it encamped outside the Porta Capuana. He made his entry like Belisarius, owing his success to a couple of workmen, who showed him a subterranean aqueduct leading to a well in the shop of a tailor in the Strada di S. Sofia, where each resident to-day will, if asked, as likely as not declare that his own is the shop in question, so vividly does the tradition still live. The troops

who made their way into the city threw open the Porta di S. Sofia to their comrades. Alfonso had a chapel built on the spot as a thank-offering, which has long disappeared.

During the siege some Genoese troops, who happened to be on some ships in the harbour, were the life and soul of the defence. It was they who shot Alfonso's brother, Pedro, from the tower of the Carmine church. Isabella, who was directing the defence in the absence of René, chivalrously offered to help in the funeral in any way she could. If it was desired to bury Don Pedro in Naples, she would send out all the priests in the city to take part in the ceremony. Alfonso thanked her and said he intended that the funeral should take place in Naples, as he expected to be there in a few days. But he was disappointed, for the siege lasted some time longer. René held out for a while in the Castel Capuano, but ultimately fled to France, though the Pope invested him with the kingdom and begged him to continue the struggle.

The siege is associated with the Carmine in another way. Don Pedro had the guns trained on the church and a ball actually carried away the crown of thorns on the great figure of Christ on the cross, which still hangs over the high altar. It would have carried off the head too, had it not, according to the legend, nodded. The spent ball fell within the altar-rails.



S. GIOVANNI PAPPACODA

CHAPTER IV

ARAGONESE NAPLES (1442-1502)

THE coming of the Aragonese meant the eclipse of French influence, which was to revive for a moment under Charles VIII, and the beginning of the long period of Spanish rule which has left an indelible stamp on the city even as it is to-day after all the changes of the "sventramento". Not that Alfonso and his successors dominated Naples as the viceroys were to do, for Naples was then an independent kingdom, and during the Renaissance Italy held an unquestioned intellectual hegemony. Like the rest of the world, Spain looked up to Italian culture, as did Alfonso himself. The quantity of Spanish poetry produced at Court shows distinctly the influence of Italy; but Naples was now more than ever the tête-de-pont from which Spanish influence was to radiate over the peninsula.

Alfonso I (1442-58) was genuinely attached to Naples, preferring it to Sicily and Aragon, which he relinquished to his brother. The Neapolitans, who had never known a dynasty of their own, welcomed him with the usual enthusiasm. Once again he established the kingdom on a firm basis after the long years of anarchy, for he knew how to make his power felt. He possessed dignity and a certain large graciousness which won him the title of Magnanimous. He could hold his own with any of the princes of the day, and he was comparatively free from the cruelty of the Angevins or of his own descendants. No better proof of his success as a ruler and his understanding of his people can be given than the fact that he was able to walk about the city unattended at times like these, answering all the remonstrances of his courtiers with, "What has a father to fear among his children?"

THE RENAISSANCE AT NAPLES

It was under Alfonso that the Renaissance reached Naples. Signs of it can be traced earlier, but the times had hitherto been too disturbed for a new movement to take firm hold. Alfonso gave the Regno the necessary security. He at once set about restoring and beautifying the city, which had suffered sadly during the recent wars, not least at the hands of his own troops, and Naples was soon

*facta signorile
per Alfonso, re possente,*

as a later poet sang. To him we owe the noble triumphal arch, the new gate of the Castel Nuovo, between the Torre S. Giorgio and the Torre Alfonsina, on the land side. It is almost certainly the best monument of its day, and is still, on the whole, the finest in Naples. Begun in 1455, it commemorates Alfonso's entry into the capital. It well deserves detailed study. The Lombard Pietro di Martino da Viconago with several assistants was responsible for the work. It is a typical monument of a prince of the Italian Renaissance bent on imitating the heroic virtues of his Roman predecessors, with all the wealth of decoration of the period and it is clearly inspired by classical models. The reliefs in the attic represents Alfonso's entry into Naples.

Hardly less important was his virtual rebuilding of the Castel Nuovo. In the fighting in 1423, when his men had burnt and sacked half Naples, he had stripped it bare, placing the furniture and the valuable library on board a ship which had foundered in a storm.

He it was who built the two famous towers facing the sea—the Bererella, with its light, graceful, two-storied loggia, on the left, and the Torre dell'Oro on the right. To him we owe the Sala dei Baroni, the great Flemish Gothic hall, till recently the armoury, where so many important ceremonies have taken place, as well as the Chapel of Santa Barbara, patron saint of the castle, in its present form, including the notable Renaissance door with the beautiful statue of the Madonna over it.

The Sala dei Baroni suffered severely in a disastrous fire in 1919, which destroyed the armoury and greatly damaged the admirable mouldings and other internal decorations. But the ill wind has not been without its compensations.

The opportunity has been used for restoring not merely the hall, but the whole castle. The houses that have so long encumbered it are being as far as possible removed, as are the eighteenth-century additions that spoiled the towers. Thus the original battlements of the Bererella have been brought to light and are being restored. The gallery round the hall has been opened up and cleared. Various other galleries and staircases, mostly Angevin, have also been discovered, including the winding stairway leading to the well, which is said to communicate with the other castles in the city by underground passages. The room in the castle where S. Francesco di Paola stayed a couple of nights is still shown.

Alfonso was also a notable Humanist, though the Humanist movement did not reach its height in Naples till the reign of his son Ferdinand. The fall of Constantinople (1453) brought a number of Greek scholars to Italy, who were sure of a warm welcome at Naples. Lascaris was Professor of Greek at the University. The new king was an enthusiastic Latin student, notably of Livy. When in 1451 he induced the Paduans to give him one of his arm-bones, he venerated it as a precious relic, and Coryat copied the inscription recording the gift in Padua. Doubtless this is the arm for the resting-place of which Pontanus wrote the inscription in his own chapel which Evelyn read. Knowing his weakness, Cosimo dei Medici sent Alfonso a Livy to pave the way for peace. He fell upon it at once, in spite of the remonstrances of his courtiers, who feared that it might have been poisoned. He believed that he had been cured of a serious illness by the exquisite pleasure he received from hearing Quintus Curtius's "Life of Alexander the Great" read aloud. When on a campaign he had some of Cæsar's Commentaries read to him every day, and he would go all the way to the University on foot to hear a lecture. There is a well-known story of his being so enraptured at the speech of a Florentine ambassador that he actually managed to hear it right through without lifting a hand to brush a fly from his nose. In fact, he was a cultivated Renaissance prince of the best type, and his liberality to Filelfo, Valla and other scholars brought him a well-deserved reward of judicious flattery.

The famous scholar Giovanni Gioviano Pontano, an Umbrian by birth, was the chief glory of the Court of

Alfonso the Humanist. He was one of the King's secretaries. He it was who founded the Accademia Pontaniana, which exists to this day and now meets in the Palazzo Tarsia. His Latin verse is among the best of the Renaissance. Carducci praises it highly, finding in it the stamp of a true and genuinely Neapolitan poet. Of the poems on Naples, the two books on Baiæ show how little the life had changed since Boccaccio's time, but the similarity of theme makes them monotonous, good though they are, and the inspiration is often literary.

In "*Lepidina*", however, the first of his Eclogues, he has written a beautiful Masque of Naples, if we may so call it. *Lepidina* and *Macron*, two peasants of the Neapolitan country-side, meet by the wood where they had first loved. *Macron* is afraid of *Parthenope* luring him away from *Lepidina* by enchantment, but she reassures him. Then appears the procession of the Nereids, as Pontanus calls them, and *Lepidina* describes them to him each in turn. First comes *Pausilipe*, her hair wreathed with ivy, well known to *Lepidina*, since she had often invited her to her caves and gardens; then *Mergillina* with her bow, and *Resina*, somewhat melancholy, owing to the devastations of her father *Vesuvius*; *Sarne*, the huntress, and *Ercli*, rich in corals and honey, and *Capri* with the *Triton*, and unwed *Amalfi* and *Vico Equense* in her train. *Lepidina* had watched her nymphs gathering oysters and pulling "*vongole*" from the seashore, had even been taken on her lap and fed with "*frutti di mare*" by her. *Triton* comes forward to sing a hymn to *Hymen*. *Lepidina* in her turn shrinks from him, as he had once pursued her and tried to steal her love while she was washing at the fountain.

Then we have the "*nymphæ urbanæ et suburbanæ*", *Butine*, the nymph of the meat-market, rich in goats and richer in lambs, and the *Piazza dell' Ulmo* with its vegetables and its famous "*toralli*",¹ and others, till finally the pair start up the hill and take refuge in the house of *Melisæus*, Pontanus himself, which is plunged in mourning for the loss of his daughter. This house was off the *Tribunali*, and near it in 1492 Pontanus began to build the little square chapel, *S. Giovanni Evangelista del Pontano*, which is more like

¹ "*Toralli*" are the circular biscuits with holes in the centre, flavoured with aniseed, that you see strung up in the Naples shops in the poorer quarters.

a pagan temple than a church, with the twelve marble legends in the lunettes outside and its flat Roman pillars. Inside are some excellent Latin inscriptions from his own pen. The church, which is open only on Sunday mornings early, is an interesting relic of humanism, the very spirit of which it breathes.

In the house of Melisceus they are entertained by the nymph Planuris—Pianura, doubtless—who describes the other guests coming to the wedding. There is Gauro, whose wealth is in game, with his wife Campe; Ursulone, with fruit and milk and a couple of kids, and his wife Marana; the hero Misenus and his wife Procida, her belt bristling with sea-urchins, and her breasts wreathed in seaweed. Then comes limping old Capodimonte with a rout of boys and girls, singing very characteristic Fescanine verses; and lastly Vesuvius himself, forgetting his devastations and his ancient ills. Before he sets out he bids his Amaryllis be a good girl and stay at home and mind her work while he goes to town to buy her a yellow distaff and bright-coloured buskins—one almost wants to call them silk stockings. He rides off on his donkey to the market “Artusii”, whichever that may be, where he scatters his pumpkins and apples to the delighted mob. According to Planuris, who heard it from a nymph of Portici while they were at their washing in the Carmine fountain, Vesuvius is a comic figure of fun, though he has two formidable tusks.

This delightful poem ends with the praise of Antiniana, the dearest of all the nymphs to Pontanus, the nymph of his beloved villa at Antignano on the hill where is now the new Vomero suburb. In some pretty Sapphics he elsewhere calls Patulci from her hill and Antiniana from the rose-gardens of Posilipo to come and dance with Mergellina by the sea now that spring is here. The whole poem seems to dance with the life of the newly-awakening year like the waves of the Bay in the sunlight. I know no poem in Italian that may be more truly called the poem of the Bay than these Latin productions of the great Umbrian scholar and courtier.

Pontanus adopts the true humanist attitude towards the Church. His dialogue of “Charon” suggests Erasmus in its plain speaking. He ridicules many of the beliefs and superstitions of the day—the idea, for instance, that God delights in asceticism and the mortification of the flesh—

Pontanus was no anchorite in his own life—in barefoot processions, scourgings, and the like, rather than in joy and happiness, and he is scathing in his attack on the habit of hanging up repulsive, often disgusting, ex-votos. To him we owe the description of an extraordinary ceremony which apparently took place regularly in all the Neapolitan churches early in May. It recalls the “*festa della Porchetta*” at Bologna. The priests went through the city crowned like lovers to their churches, where a wretched squealing pig, well soaped, was hung on a string and jumped for by the mob till they managed to pull it down. It was jerked up and down to make the fun last longer, while every kind of filth was poured upon those below from the roof.

Pontanus was not a lovely character. The ingratitude with which he referred to his generous patrons in the speech of welcome he made to the French under Charles VIII shocked some of the weaker spirits even of that cynical age.

Naturally Alfonso's success was the signal for a large influx of Catalan adventurers, as in the days of Robert d'Anjou, which did not make him more popular with the Neapolitans. They spoke Spanish better than Italian, and Spanish was probably the most common language at Court. But Italian culture predominated. Thus Cariteo, one of the best Italian poets of the day in Naples, was a Spaniard from Barcelona, Benedetto Gareth. Spanish, too, was the extreme demonstrativeness of the religious devotion, the stories of which recall the later viceroys. Of the many families who came over with the Aragonese the two most distinguished were the d'Avalos (Marchesi di Pescara) and the Guevara (Marchesi del Vasto). Inigo d'Avalos, who became Grand Chamberlain, inherited the marquisate of Pescara through his wife.

Alfonso was not happy in his married life. He never forgave Queen Margaret of Castille for being the cause of the murder of the mother of his son, Ferrante, whom he made his heir. The nobles, eager to please him, and show him their gratitude, even requested him to do so. He refused to see her again, and she remained in Spain. But during the last ten years of his life he found comfort in his romantic attachment to Lucrezia d'Alagno, the beautiful daughter of the captain of Torre Annunziata, who was universally respected and visited and courted even by crowned heads. Apparently, even in those censorious days,

her virtue was above reproach. Such was the King's devotion and his desire to satisfy her ambition that he sent her on an embassy to the Pope, who received her most graciously, to urge him to grant a divorce. She failed, but Alfonso continued to show her every mark of demonstrative affection to console her. He played hide-and-seek with her along the road on the journey back from Capua, whither he had gone to meet her on her return from Rome. In her honour he gave a famous tourney in the Piazza della Sellaria, formerly dei Toscani (Piazza Nicola Amore). It was repaved for the occasion, some of the houses that might interfere with the sport being pulled down, including the meeting-place, or *seggio*, of the people. The whole square was draped in blue cloth. The dresses were gorgeous, and some of the ladies rode thither on scented mules. Alfonso's death was a sad blow to the ambitious Lucrezia, especially as his Queen survived him only two months.

The origin of these *seggi* has sometimes been traced back to the tribes of the Greek city. They were, originally, meeting-places of the nobles for the discussion of their affairs and for amusement, and there were many of them. A seventeenth-century traveller says "they are like open walking-places, rayled about with high, iron rayls, and painted within". They rose to political importance under the Angevins, when they were five in number. A sixth was added for the People, and its member was the Eletto del Popolo. The People meant the rich merchants and the professional classes, the Popolo Grasso. Alfonso's act was considered to be of political import and gave offence to the Popolo. The *sedili* or *seggi* of Capuano and Nido were the most exclusive, consisting largely of the old feudal nobility. The newly ennobled found their way into the *sedili* of Montagna, Porta or Portanova. The *sedili* retained their importance till well into the eighteenth century.

In the evil days that were to come, especially when Charles VIII of France proved that Renaissance Italy was an easy prey to anyone who cared to seize it, Alfonso's reign was looked upon as a golden age. Sannazzaro considers those blessed who were deemed worthy to enjoy it. Alfonso was a conscientious ruler who took his duties seriously and who understood how to choose his ministers. He administered justice himself to the poor every Friday, appointing advocates to defend them. He also reformed the taxation,

abolishing a number of duties for which he substituted a single hearth tax. His subjects duly resented it, as they resented the permanent militia he set up.

Ferdinand, generally known as Ferrante (1458-94), is characterized by all the worst vices of a sovereign of his age, though he was not such a monster of cruelty as his son Alfonso. He was a worthy ally of Sixtus IV, the Della Rovere Pope, who was a party to the conspiracy of the Pazzi against the Medici. Ferrante was naturally cruel, delighting, for instance, to feed his prisoners as if they were caged animals, while he treated the wives and daughters of his subjects as his lawful prey—"a man considered to be somewhat cruel of heart, but highly skilled in the arts of peace and war", as Porzio characteristically puts it. Among his many dainty devices for raising money was that of buying up goods and then refusing to let his subjects compete with him in the open market. Yet he founded the Order of the Ermine, of which the white was to symbolize its stainlessness, with the motto "*Malo mori quam foedari*", which is still to be seen in Naples. His removal of the heavy taxes on silk-dyeing and his enlightened encouragement of the silk trade helped to found the great Neapolitan industry, which was long one of the chief sources of wealth to the Regno.

Ferrante had been admirably educated, among his tutors being Lorenzo Valla, and the first Borgia to become Pope, Alessandro (Callixtus III), who was at one time Alfonso's most trusted counsellor. He had been brought up in Spain, but, in accordance, it is said, with his father's dying wish, he got rid of a number of Catalans, replacing them by Italians. Yet he was not loved by his subjects, and the barons called in René d'Anjou to deliver them. Naples alone remained loyal to Ferrante, but the Piccolomini Pope from Sienna, the attractive Æneas Silvius (Pius II), who had also been in Naples under Alfonso, came to an understanding with him, while the Duke of Milan aided him and he gradually recovered his kingdom. He added to his resources by plundering the great shrine of St. Michael at Gargano, duly forgetting to restore the treasure, as he had promised, when his luck turned. The barons paid heavily for their treachery. During the next few years, in alliance with Sixtus IV, he steadily strengthened his position.

He built new walls of peperino round Naples from the



Torre Spinella to the Porta Nolana, and strengthened them with towers. The towers of the Carmine gate were Fidisima and Victoria; those of the Nolana, now sadly disfigured with advertisements, Cara Fè and Speranza. The finest of them all is, however, the Porta Capuana, with its handsome gate by Giuliano da Maiano (1485-95), to which Giovanni da Nola added the statues in 1535.

But the taxes weighed more and more heavily on the people and the barons were alarmed at some ominous words of Alfonso, Duke of Calabria, who told his friends, chief among whom was Diomedes Carafa, Duca di Maddaloni, that he would humiliate the old nobility, so disgusted was he at their half-hearted support in the siege of Otranto, which had been taken by the Turks, who put the inhabitants ruthlessly to the sword. The whole of Christendom had been stirred and come to the rescue, and Alfonso had fought with great courage, but its recovery was due rather to the death of the Sultan than to the efforts of the Christians. Not that the later Aragonese were above seeking Turkish aid against the French. Both Alfonso II and Ferrante II made the attempt. Ladislaus, in earlier days, even tried to obtain a daughter of the Sultan in marriage.

The result was the widespread revolt of the barons in 1485. The leaders were Francesco Coppola, Conte di Sarno, the ruins of whose castle are still to be seen at Sarno, and Antonello Petrucci. Sarno was an able merchant and manufacturer, in whose financial operations the King had often had a share. He owned a regular fleet of vessels. The brilliant Petrucci, the royal secretary, a pupil of Valla, belonged to an old but decayed family. Then there was the Duke of Salerno, the head of the great house of Sanseverino, a family which had recently experienced the heavy hand of Ladislaus, who had enticed a number of them into the Castel Nuovo and put them to death. The new Pope, who hated the Aragonese, supported them. They imprisoned Ferrante's son, Federigo, who was to be the last of the Aragonese kings, when he refused to join them. But in the end the King was too strong for them, though he could not reduce them to impotence. Terms were made, but the barons did not trust Ferrante, still less Alfonso, and remained in their strongholds. The Duke of Salerno was the wisest of them all, for he fled to France—the Sanseverini always supported the French—leaving over his

palace gate the message, " Passero vecchio non entra in caggiola " (" an old sparrow does not walk into the cage ").

Ferdinand was quietly biding his time. When he prepared to give a splendid banquet for the marriage of the son of the chief conspirator, the Conte di Sarno, to his own niece, the daughter of the Duke of Melfi, in the great hall of the Castel Nuovo, which has since been known as the Sala dei Baroni, the suspicions of most were allayed. Suddenly, while the gaiety was at its height, all the barons present, including the bridegroom, were seized and imprisoned. The gates of the Castel Nuovo were shut, the drawbridges raised and all their property, even their mules, were seized. The wealth that thus fell into the King's hands was considerable. As, according to Porzio, Alfonso, Duke of Calabria—Il Guercio, as he was called—had almost complete power, even during his father's lifetime, the plot may well have been largely his doing. Even the women and children were imprisoned. The event caused a profound sensation throughout Italy.

Petrucchi's two sons were beheaded in the Largo del Mercato. A rough poem by one of them, Giannantonio Petrucci, Conte di Policastro, bewailing his fate (written while in prison in the Torre di S. Vincenzo), is still preserved. He had lived only three weeks with his bride, Sveva Sanseverino. Antonello Petrucci and the Conte di Sarno were executed six months later in front of the Castel Nuovo. Petrucci, hardly recognizable after the hardships and tortures he had undergone, " would have wrung pity from a stone ". He welcomed death joyously, and the great crowd, remembering his administration of his high office, knelt and uncovered when his hour came, for he had been just and generous. The Conte di Sarno was buried in S. Agostino della Zecca. The fate of the other barons was long in doubt. A form of trial was gone through and then they disappeared. Food was regularly sent to their cells, but when one day the executioner was seen wearing a chain that had belonged to the Prince of Bisignano, a Sanseverino, there was no longer any doubt.

It was rumoured that the Church of S. Lionardo in Chiaia could have told a tale and that Alfonso murdered a number of defenceless barons there one day as he was returning from Pozzuoli. The church had been built in 1026 on this deserted spot, well beyond the walls, by a Castilian merchant,

Leonardo d'Orio, who had vowed it when in danger of shipwreck with a valuable cargo off the shore here. It was thus the oldest Spanish monument in Naples, but it disappeared in later improvements on the Chiaia. S. Lionardo, by the way, was the patron of Christian prisoners in Barbary. It was by pretending to repair thither in order to pray for her husband's deliverance that the Princess of Bisignano escaped from Ferdinand's clutches with her children. Philippe de Commynes, who says he made careful inquiries, declares that the prisoners were dispatched for Alfonso by a Moor, who was instantly sent back to Barbary; and there is the legend of a crocodile that ate the victims the King threw into a certain cell, which shows how the event caught hold of popular imagination.

There still exists a grisly relic of the massacre in the room under the Chapel of S. Barbara in the Castel Nuovo, where there are four coffins containing the mummified bodies of a strangled cardinal, two warriors who have been beheaded and a princess. The dress shows that they belonged to the period. Alfonso is credited with a morbid taste for keeping the corpses of his enemies near him, so that he could gloat over them at will.

There was, in any case, something odd about the taste of the Aragonese kings in these matters. Have the bodies of any royal dynasty ever been treated so uncereemoniously as those of this house stacked round the shelves of the gallery of the Sacristy of S. Domenico with its characteristic Solimena ceiling? Only ten of the forty-five wooden coffins covered in scarlet velvet contain, it is true, bodies of the royal family. Among the others is Fernando Francesco d'Avalos, Marchese di Pescara, the husband of Vittoria Colonna, with sword, banner and portrait, and the strangled mummy of a churchman, said by some to be a son of Petrucci, over which the boy who showed me round lingered lovingly, pointing out the twisted mouth and other signs of a violent death. Altogether, he was a most willing guide, instantly finding me any monument I might ask for, not in the least disconcerted by the difference of the name on the inscription, and overflowing with admiration for their beauty. Had I told him that Adam and Eve had been buried in S. Domenico, he would have pointed out their tombs in a moment.

The humanist revival reached its height in Ferrante's

reign. Though caring little for literature himself, he once made all his courtiers rise when Pontanus entered his tent, saying, amid dead silence, "Ecco il maestro", as the graceless old humanist complacently records. He was genuinely interested in the University, seeing that it had the best professors. His children were admirably educated. Eleonora, the daughter who married Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, was highly cultivated, as were her brilliant daughters, Beatrice and Isabella d'Este. His own wife was Ippolita Sforza, while his granddaughter Isabella, who made the moving appeal on behalf of her husband and her home to Charles VIII, was married to Gian Galeazzo. These Milanese connexions, notably Isabella with her continuous appeals on behalf of her husband against Lodovico Sforza, had not a little to do with inducing him to call in French aid. Ferrante foresaw the French invasion, the dangers of which are said to have hastened his end, for he was a far-sighted statesman.

Several buildings belong to this reign, notably the gloomy Castel del Carmine. The Church of SS. Severino e Sosio, in the Largo S. Marcellino, was built by Mormandi in 1490, replacing a much older one. The monastery has now become the repository of the valuable national archives of Naples. The choir-stalls are beautifully carved in characteristic Cinquecento style. The most striking things in the church are the monuments of the three Sanseverino brothers by Giovanni Merliano da Nola, in the Sanseverino chapel. They were all three poisoned at the same time while out hunting by their mother's brother in 1516, because she had refused to keep silence about his wife's amours, and the cause of their death is clearly indicated in the realistic contraction of the figures seated on the monuments—a melodramatic style which does not appeal to us to-day. Their mother is buried near them. Corenzio, who fell from a platform while painting the frescoes here and was killed, is also buried in this church.

When Duke of Calabria, Alfonso II built a delightful villa on Poggio Reale, with gardens running right down the hill to the sea, as well as the Duchesca, another villa with extensive grounds just inside the Porta Capuana, which he gave to his wife, Ippolita Sforza. They were both begun in 1487, Giuliano da Maiano being the architect, and they have both disappeared without a trace. It was he

who erected the fountain in the Via Mezzocannone, while the doors of the Castel Nuovo by Guglielmo da Monaco (1462) recorded his victories.

THE INVASION OF CHARLES VIII

Alfonso II (1494) reigned barely a year, and on him were visited, not unjustly, the evil deeds of his father, for he is credited with having been the counsellor of some of the worst of them. No one was more cruel or lustful or vicious, says Commynes, though his father was more to be feared because of his power of dissembling. The year 1494 Guicciardini calls the first of the years of misery for Italy, since it was then that Charles VIII of France marched through the peninsula "with wooden spurs and a piece of chalk", as the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI, expressed it. On his approach Alfonso abdicated, as he despaired of being able to stem the tide. He may have hoped that the young and popular Ferrantino (1495) would be more successful.

Guicciardini describes the circumstances in his great history in a way that recalls his master, Livy. Ferrante's ghost is said to have appeared three nights in succession to a Court surgeon, each night in a more threatening attitude, bidding him tell Alfonso not to think he could resist the French, as his line was doomed to lose the kingdom and to die out because of its abominable deeds, and above all because of that which he had been persuaded by Alfonso to commit when he was returning from Pozzuoli in the Church of S. Lionardo in Chiaia. Alfonso had no rest, day or night, tortured as he was by the apparitions of the barons. He would not even listen to the Queen and put off his flight three or four days in order to complete a full year of his reign, but fled to Sicily with all his great treasure and a quantity of wine, spending the rest of his days in penance and religious exercises with his favourite Olivetan monks.

And indeed it was too late. Ferrantino had been the hero of many a tourney in Naples. It is noteworthy that these tournaments were becoming much less dangerous, at times partaking almost of the character of masquerades. Thus in 1478 we read of one in the Piazza Sellaria, where the lists were a forest through which one party of knights, dressed in skins, were pursued by hunters disguised as wild beasts. Ferrantino was, in fact, more of a knight-errant than a

general, and the Italians were astonished to find that the French waged real war, actually killing their enemies instead of robbing them and then setting them at liberty. The Regno fell to pieces like a house of cards. In its defence was displayed "neither courage, nor spirit, nor counsel, nor desire of honour, nor strength, nor loyalty". The renowned condottiere Trivulzi betrayed his trust and deserted to the French. Retiring to the Castel Nuovo, Ferrantino made a speech which moved some of his hearers to tears. Though he punished the treacherous Neapolitans who began to plunder his stables before his eyes, he saw that his cause was hopeless, and withdrew to the strong castle of Ischia, exclaiming as he went in the words of the Psalmist, "If the Lord keep not the city, the watchman waketh in vain". Alfonso d'Avalos held out loyally in the Castel Nuovo till he was murdered by a Moorish slave.

In Sicily Ferrantino secured his father's treasures, raised an army and landed in Calabria. After being defeated in a battle which he delivered against the advice of Gonzalvo de Cordova, the Great Captain, whose services had been lent him by Ferdinand the Catholic of Spain, he advanced steadily and was soon welcomed back by the fickle Neapolitans. They had quickly tired of the French, who treated them much as they had done in the days of Charles d'Anjou. In a short time he found himself in possession of the three castles as well, and he gradually recovered the whole of his kingdom. Meanwhile he had married his aunt, a daughter of Ferrante I, in his old age, so the difference of years was not excessive.

He died prematurely of a fever caught during the siege of Gaeta, in 1496, deeply mourned. The Neapolitans displayed as violent a grief on the death of one king as they would display exaggerated joy on the accession of his successor. While Ferrantino lay at death's door in the Castel Capuano the Archbishop led a solemn procession of intercession to the Annunziata, bearing the head and the blood of the glorious martyr, St. Januarius, followed by a great host of women carrying torches. As it passed the castle, a chronicler tells us, the Queen-Mother appeared in the gateway and flung herself on the ground, whereupon the Archbishop recited three prayers, one to the Madonna, another on behalf of the stricken king, and a third to S. Gennaro. The huge throng, barefooted and with dishevelled hair, was



FERDINAND II (FERRANTINO) OF ARAGON

shouting "Misericordia" in such wild disorder that he could hardly finish the prayer amid the universal lamentation.

Ferrantino was succeeded by his uncle, Federigo (1496), the cultured, high-minded brother of Alfonso II, who had refused to join the revolting barons. He was speedily driven from the kingdom by the iniquitous agreement between Louis XII of France and Ferdinand the Catholic, whose general, Gonzalvo de Cordova, Federigo had unsuspectingly installed in the chief fortresses of his kingdom. Guicciardini describes the brutality used even towards the nuns at the siege of Capua. They were sold openly to the highest bidder, Cesare Borgia, who had himself crowned Federigo in that very town, purchasing a number of them for his harem. Federigo could only fly to Ischia. Scorning the offers of his treacherous kinsman, he gave himself up to the French, and Louis generously made him Duke of Anjou. He died in the palace of Tours, S. Francesco di Paola preaching his funeral sermon. Gonzalvo de Cordova managed to get Federigo's son into his hands, and, though he had sworn on the Host to set him free, he dispatched him to his master in Spain, where he died childless.

A worthy subject and friend of Federigo was Jacopo Sannazzaro, author of the *Arcadia*, which was to be the forerunner of a whole literature. He followed his master into exile, remaining with him till his death in 1504. Pontanus had introduced him to Court, and he was, of course, a member of the *Accademia Pontaniana*. He was the most eminent man of letters in Naples at that time, and in his work may be found traces of many of the characteristics of the later literature, which were to be so unfortunately exaggerated in the coming age. Federigo gave him a splendid villa at Mergellina in 1496, which had belonged to the Angevins, and he often sighed for it in exile, for he was a devoted son of Parthenope, calling her "un pezzo di cielo caduto in Terra". A man of warm affections and a true artist, he is a pleasing contrast to the prevalent type of Renaissance character in Italy.

When he returned, he set about beautifying his home in strict Renaissance style, building a portico adorned with statues of Apollo and the Muses and with the story of the great deeds of his beloved kings. Here he also erected two chapels, and then he began the church generally known by his name, the Chiesa di Sannazzaro, though he called it

S. Maria del Parto, after his best Latin poem, "De Partu Virginis". During the siege of 1528 his tower was destroyed by the Prince of Orange, for fear it might be used by the French, much to his disgust. In the following year he made over the whole of his property to the Servites. Behind the high altar is his tomb. Probably only the bust is by Girolamo di Santa Croce, the distinguished Neapolitan sculptor, for after the poet's death the monks gave the work to one of their order, Fra Giovanni Angelo Montorsoli da Poggibonsi. The church is now covered with later frescoes. It no longer stands out prominently on the hill at the beginning of the Mergellina coast, but lies buried among the houses that have sprung up all round it and even above it, though the long flight of steps still makes it conspicuous.

During the Counter-Reformation the Apollo and Minerva on the poet's tomb became David and Judith, though there was no getting over the typically Renaissance fauns and bacchanti. Over the first altar to the right is a picture well known in Naples. It was painted for Diomede Carafa, Bishop of Ariano, who is buried near by, and records his successful resistance to the charms of a lovely woman, of whom it is said to be a speaking likeness. He is even credited with having brought her to see herself thus transformed. The people of the neighbourhood still talk of a woman being beautiful "come il diavolo di Mergellina". To me she seems to symbolize the Siren as she became in the hands of the Jesuits during the Counter-Reformation.

In the painfully realistic terra-cotta Pietà by Guido Mazzoni of Modena in S. Anna dei Lombardi, the church of the Olivetani, the figures, which are as exact as waxworks, are taken from life. Joseph of Arimathea, the portly monk with the knitted brows and the worried expression, an obvious lover of "santa pace", quite unfitted to grapple with the troublous times in which his lot was cast, is San-nazzaro, and it must be a speaking likeness. Pontanus is Nicodemus, Alfonso II St. John, and, according to the sacristan, the Magdalen is Isabella del Balzo, queen of Federigo d'Aragona. Whatever their artistic defects, the figures are of real historical interest. The poor Christ is not by Mazzoni.

Beyond the Church of S. Eligio, off the Piazza del Mercato, with its fourteenth-century Gothic porch, is a gate with two heads on the arch. The story goes that they are memorials

of one of those acts of justice which, however much they may strike popular imagination, violate so flagrantly the customs of the day that they amount to injustices. Indeed, it is its unique character that has made it memorable. When Isabella d'Aragona was acting as regent in 1501 she compelled one of the Caraccioli to marry on the scaffold a peasant girl he had violated and then had him beheaded in his bride's presence. Dumas in "*Le Corricolo*" has tried to make the story probable by assigning to it a personal motive in the love of Isabella for the Caracciolo.

CHAPTER V

NAPLES UNDER THE VICEROYS (1502-1734)

NAPLES now became a province of Spain, the chief link between the western peninsula and her Italian dominions. The period of Spanish rule is generally thought to have reduced Italy to the nadir of her political existence, but Croce, with his characteristic historical optimism or realism, has duly emphasized the many compensating advantages it brought with it in his excellent "*Storia di Napoli*". The first essential was a strong government, if only to reduce the barons to subjection, for, as Macchiavelli, with his unerring insight, puts it, they were men altogether opposed to all civilized life. They were completely without public spirit, fighting only for their own hand. "So long as the King is distressed with war, we shall fare well and be safe and prosperous," said Antonello Petrucci's sons. The great empire of Charles V, in which Naples was now merged, not only broke their power, but protected the Regno from invasion and gave it internal security. In a generation the barons had become loyal subjects, who looked on rebellion as the blackest of crimes and fought for their new master in every quarter of Europe, proud to be subjects of so mighty a prince, "*Ch'è Rre a due Munne, e sta de casa a Spagna*," as Cortese puts it in one of his amusing dialect poems, "who is king of two worlds and his address is Spain". Even the liberal historian, Giannone, holds that "in steadfastness, gravity, strength and civil wisdom" the Spaniards come nearest to the ancient Romans, though they are overbearing and bad economists.

The outlook of the Spaniards under Gonzalvo de Cordova was quite different from that of Alfonso's Catalans. The latter came to learn, with a profound respect for a superior civilization. The Cinquecento Spaniards were military adventurers, who despised culture as unworthy of a hidalgo.

They were conquerors, flattered and imitated by a people that looked up to them. The penniless, proud Spanish soldier, whose one object was to line his pockets, became a well-known figure in Naples, the headquarters of the Spanish garrison in Italy. Pontanus tells of the Spaniard who asked to be allowed to dine with some Italians off a duck at an inn ; but when they heard him roll out his four long names, they exclaimed, " God have mercy on us ! One poor duck will never be enough for four such great gentlemen, and Spaniards to boot."

He is the braggart Captain of the Mask Comedy under many names—Matamoros, Coccodrillo and the like. He is also the dismal lover, Don Diego, with his sighs and his " *mi vida* ", " *mi corazón* ". But he set the fashion as a conqueror. " They greatly affect the Spanish gravity in their habit," says Evelyn of the Neapolitans. The Spaniard brought with him the black clothes which he had been taught to wear by Charles V and which inspired Campanella's symbolical sonnet. With him too came his love of ceremony and elaborate courtesy, not a little of which he has left behind him—the hand-kissing, the taking off the hat by way of salute, the obsequious endings of letters, " I kiss your hands and feet ", " Your most humble servant ", and the like ; even the habit of addressing your equals in the third person, which so distressed Annibal Caro, since we must talk to someone as if he were someone else, and in any case in the abstract, as though we were talking to the idea of a man and not to the man himself.

He also brought his sports, the Moorish game of darts and the bull-ring. Toledo himself was a skilled *torero*, taking part in a *corrida* in honour of Charles V's visit, though bull-fighting never became popular in Italy. The tournament still flourished in the sixteenth century. We read of a great royal tourney, to which a herald proclaimed the challenge, with valuable prizes. A diamond worth a hundred ducats was also given to the best-dressed lady and a ruby of price to the best-dressed gallant at the Viceroy's feast that followed it in the evening.

Gonzalvo de Cordova reaped the reward of his support of his master's treacherous designs by being made the first Viceroy of Naples, but he was carried back to Spain by Ferdinand, who suspected him of designs upon the Regno, when he honoured Naples with a visit in 1507. In fact, he

was treated with the same ingratitude as Columbus, though he was honoured with a splendid funeral.

In 1528, when the great French general, Lautrec, marched south to besiege the city, Naples experienced the worst horrors of war. What else was to be expected when the blood of S. Gennaro refused to melt? The Marchese del Vasto was opposed to shutting the army up in the city, but the Prince of Orange, who commanded, supported by the other generals, overruled him. Lautrec refused to storm the town, being convinced that by cutting the aqueducts he would force it to surrender. There were plenty of wells in Naples, but the sufferings of the people were terrible. In addition to plague and famine, they had to endure the excesses of the Spanish troops, who spared neither their property, nor their women, nor their lives. But the tide turned when Doria deserted to Spain with the Genoese galleys. Finally some plague-stricken Neapolitans were sent into the Spanish camp, which was already suffering from the effects of the floods caused by cutting the aqueducts. Plague was soon raging there, Lautrec being one of the first victims, and his successor abandoned the siege.

In 1504 Gonzalvo de Cordova built the Chapel of S. Giacomo in S. Maria La Nuova, and here his nephew, the Duca di Sessa, a later Viceroy, "mindful of human misery", erected monuments to two of his uncle's most distinguished foes, Pierre de Navarre, who hung himself in the Castel Nuovo, and Lautrec.

Charles V's needs weighed heavily upon his new province, which had, for instance, to find 300,000 ducats for the birth of a son and the coronation at Bologna. He also used the property of the French sympathizers to recoup himself and to reward his own supporters. Cardinal Pompeo Colonna was the first Viceroy to set about restoring discipline. He showed the nobles that they were no longer above the law by threatening to behead one of them for refusing to surrender a murderer he was sheltering, while he cut off the hand of his own valet—a common punishment at this time—for striking a fellow-servant in his ante-room.

DON PEDRO DE TOLEDO, THE GREAT VICEROY

The most famous of all the viceroys, the Great Viceroy, as he is always called, was Don Pedro de Toledo, Marchese

di Villafranca (1532-54). He has left as permanent a mark upon the city as any of the kings, and his name is commemorated in the Toledo, the Via Roma, as it is officially called to-day, still the principal street of Naples and long one of the finest and most famous in Europe. He was essentially Charles V's Viceroy. He had long coveted the post, for it was his ambition to raise Naples to a dignity worthy of herself. He met with a splendid reception on landing. One of his first acts was to raise a body-guard of fifty Spanish and fifty Neapolitan nobles, the *Continui*, as they were called, because they were always in attendance upon the Viceroy.

He was more stern even than Colonna in asserting his authority. He beheaded two nobles in the Piazza del Mercato for harbouring criminals. No one might go armed after the second hour of the night (i.e. two hours after sunset), and death was the penalty for night thefts. Duelling was put down ruthlessly, as also were the *Compagnoni*, the hired *bravi*, in whom Capasso sees the origin of the Camorra. But Toledo was disappointed. He complained that, though he had executed 18,000 persons, brigandage was as rife as ever, thus anticipating the lament of the great Ameer of Afghanistan by some 300 years.

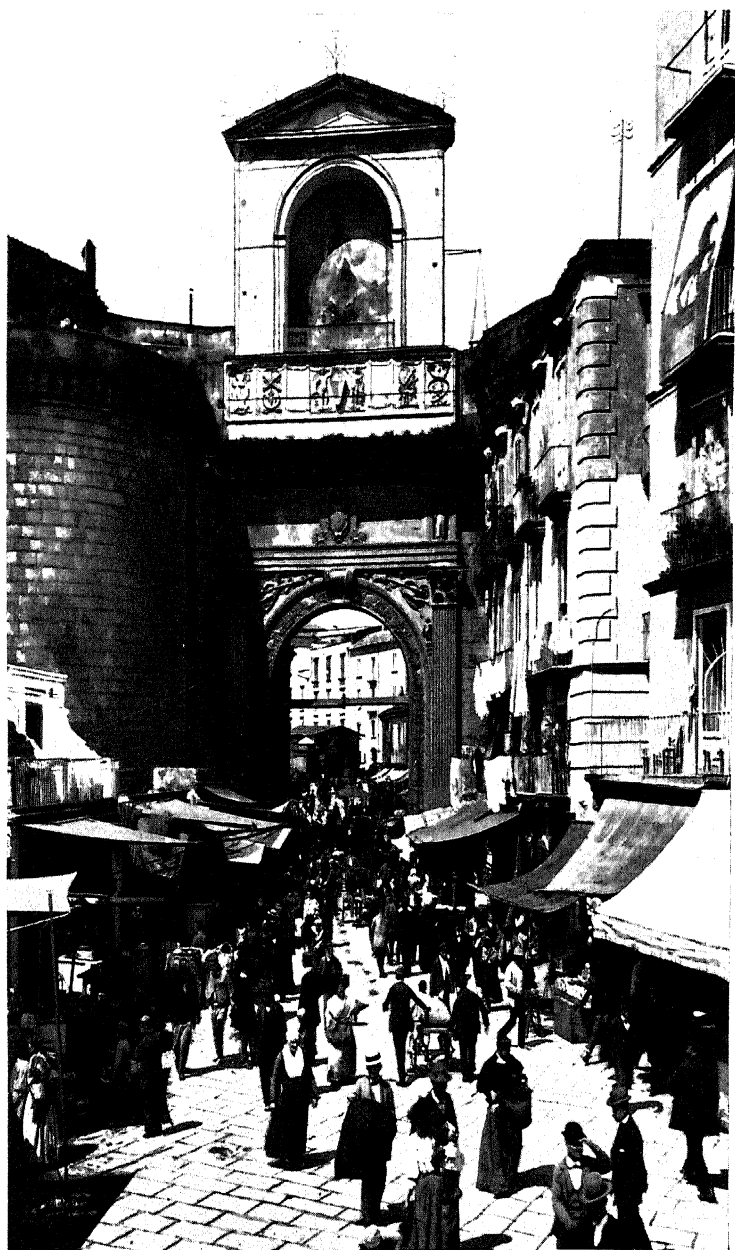
The second benefit Naples owed to Spanish rule was that it enjoyed internal security. After the siege of Lautrec the French gave no serious trouble. Spain even protected her against her oldest and most dreaded foes, the Barbary corsairs, by carrying the war into the enemy's country, capturing Tunis and Tripoli, defending Malta in a memorable siege and winning the battle of Lepanto. The corsairs were now at the height of their power. Dragut sailed right up to Naples and fired shots into her, while Barbarossa, at the head of a great fleet, stormed the castle of Capri. Three shots from Ischia meant "*mare brutto*" (pirates about). On one occasion, when Dragut had sacked Castellamare, he saw that some French knights of Malta mistook these shots for a salute, darted across the Bay and captured them before they could think of flying. The Punta di Campanella over against Capri gets its name from the bell Charles V hung there as a warning against pirates.

The Torretta, at the end of the villa, near Piedigrotta, is so called from the small fort built there in 1594, one of two erected to protect the Chiaia region. In the absence

of the fleet three Turkish galleys made a raid on the night of May 25 of that year under the command of the redoubtable Ucciali. Their object was to carry off the Marchesa del Vasto from her palace on the Chiaia. They were guided by a renegade who had been in her service, but she was away, so the Neapolitan renegades went among the villas, calling out that the Turks were coming. Many of the inhabitants rushed out and were captured. The Viceroy, D'Alcalà, who was in the Stigliano Palace at the Porta di Chiaia, came out with the guard, in spite of his age and his gout, and the corsairs retired with twenty-four prisoners, whom they put up to ransom, the exchange being effected on the island of Nisida. But by the end of the century all danger had passed and the Torretta had already become a pleasure-house.

Nothing made Spanish rule more popular than its success against the corsairs, and every assistance was given in the wars. So when Charles V spent the winter 1635-6 in Naples after the capture of Tunis, making his entry by the Porta Capuana and along the Tribunali, he was welcomed with more than the usual enthusiasm. Naples lies under the Ram, a fickle and changeable planet, says a traveller of the day. The leading princes of Italy thronged the Castel Nuovo, which, for the last time, witnessed a revival of its former splendour. It was becoming old-fashioned as a royal residence, and in 1600 Domenico Fontana began the Palazzo Reale for the Viceroy Lemos, which Vanvitelli was to alter considerably. It was much damaged by fire in 1837, when it was rebuilt in its present form. To Naples now came the Dukes of Urbino and Florence and Pier Luigi Farnese and some of the loveliest women in Italy. Court life was one long round of gaiety, marred only by the jealousies between Spaniard and Italian. The Neapolitans maintained that titles gave rank, whereas the Spaniards held that the Grandee of Spain, who remained covered in the presence of the King, should take precedence of all others. At last Charles was obliged to order all chairs to be removed from the Chapel of S. Barbara, when he attended Mass there with his Court.

Naturally the nobles did not love Toledo. Led by the Marchese del Vasto and the Prince of Salerno, they endeavoured to get rid of him, hoping thus to recover their lost authority. But Charles knew his man, and when they tried to bribe him by offering to raise 1,500,000 ducats for



PORTA CAPUANA

the Turkish wars, he refused to take more than a million, saying that the country could not afford it. "Welcome, Marchese," said Charles to Toledo on their first meeting. "And I would have you understand that you are not as black as you are painted." "Sire, I know Your Majesty has been told that I have become a monster, but it is not true."

The chief interest of Toledo's rule in Naples lies in the great reforms he carried out in the city itself, reforms hardly less sweeping than the "*risanamento*" of our own day, and far more remarkable considering the time at which they were executed. The taxes on salt meat and fish with which he proposed to raise the necessary funds produced riots, doubtless fomented in no small degree by the nobility, which became so serious that they were put down with difficulty, the ringleader being executed. But Toledo was not to be daunted and soon substituted a still heavier tax. The streets were narrow enough in all conscience, and, with their tall buildings, seemed to have been expressly built to keep out the sun, as is often the case in hot countries. On February 6, 1533, a decree was issued that all balconies, permanent awnings and fixed stalls in front of shops, which not only blocked the way and made the streets impassable, but also afforded shelter to evil-doers, should be removed under penalty of a heavy fine. The benefit of the change was instantaneous. The Viceroy himself rode in state in the sun through districts into which it had never before penetrated. Streets were widened and straightened as far as possible, while the square in front of the Castel Nuovo was broadened and the castle walls strengthened and repaired. The whole city was paved with lava blocks in place of the old cobbles.

More important were the new walls, which, including the sea-wall by the Marina, were completed within two years. The old wall ran by the Strada de' Fossi, now Cesare Rossari, from the Porta Capuana, encircling the Duchesca, Alfonso II's charming villa. Toledo's wall then followed the Via Foria, where we still have the Porta S. Gennaro, to the neighbourhood of the Museum and to the old Porta Reale on the Toledo, where it dipped to the Largo Santo Spirito, past the existing Porta Alba. Here it turned west to the Castel S. Elmo, whence it ran south along the Pizzofalcone, enclosing S. Lucia and the Arsenal and carrying on

till it reached the Castel Nuovo. It was Toledo who built the Castel S. Elmo, the bridge of the city, as Evelyn calls it, well stored and garrisoned with native Spaniards, in 1537, in place of the old Angevin fort of Belforte, making it almost impregnable for those days. The water-tank is almost as large as the Piscina Mirabile at Baia.

In forty years this whole new quarter was built over. Indeed, by the middle of the seventeenth century the population had risen from 50,000 to 200,000, an increase which testified rather to the unsatisfactory condition of the provinces than to the prosperity of the capital and which was not relished by the Viceroy, since it made the city more difficult to control. Lastly Toledo built the handsome broad Via Toledo from the Palazzo Reale to the Largo Santo Spirito "with a faire and large pavement to walk upon" raised on each side, as Moryson notes. The nobles slowly began to move west from the older quarters to the Toledo and the Pizzofalcone, though many still remained in their old palaces. A later Viceroy built the first bridge over the cleft in the Pizzofalcone, through which runs the Strada di Chiaia, the main artery between old and new Naples, which is so crowded that carts are now not allowed in it.

Fynes Moryson, who visited Naples in 1594, says that the houses were "foure roofs high" and the windows covered with linen or paper, never with glass. The inns are poor, but there is as much trade there as in most places in fair-time, especially in silk wares. One thing he particularly notes. "On all sides the eye is as it were bewitched with the sight of delicate gardens, as well within the city as nere the same." Outside the walls they rival those of the Hesperides, being adorned with "statuaes, laberinthes, fountaines" and all kinds of trees and plants. The Viceregal palace "hath a large and most sweet garden and delicate walk paved with divers colours and engraven marbles" and an aviary containing many rare Italian and foreign song-birds. Nothing did more for the health of the city than the draining of the marshes to the east under Don Pedro by a great canal, into which a number of others run, the *lagni* as they are called.

Don Pedro had a special weakness for Pozzuoli, where he possessed a villa. He it was who built the castle at Baia, which is so striking a feature in that lovely bay, with its magnificent views, to protect it from possible attacks by

the Barbary corsairs, after Barbarossa had actually seized Capri. But perhaps we feel nearest the Great Viceroy in the church of S. Giacomo degli Spagnoli by the Municipio, which he built for his countrymen, and dedicated to St. Iago. It was the chapel of the Knights of St. Iago in Naples. He had the reverence of the typical Spaniard of the day and insisted upon the churches being well kept up. Some of the Viceroys even made it a practice to join in the procession if they chanced to meet the Host being carried through the streets. Here is Don Pedro's cenotaph, erected during his lifetime, one of the best and most characteristic works of Giovanni Merliano da Nola. It is adorned with realistic and rather crowded reliefs of his achievements, with admirable kneeling statues of the Viceroy and his wife above.

Giovanni da Nola, the best known and most prolific of the Neapolitan sculptors, is naturally associated with Toledo. Agnolo Aniello Fiore foreshadows him, but Merliano's knowledge of the antique is informed with a genuine feeling and faith. He was true to the classical tradition, never descending to the exaggerations of the later Barocco, even in the monuments of the Sanseverino brothers. His work and that of his school is not the least among the treasures of S. Anna dei Lombardi. He is found in almost every Neapolitan church of importance. The altar-piece with the statue of the Virgin in the chapel of S. Maria della Neve in S. Domenico Maggiore or the charming monument to Antonia Gaudino, the fourteen-year-old bride who died on her wedding day in S. Chiara, especially remain in one's mind. Gerolamo Santa Croce, who began Sannazzaro's monument, was his chief rival.

It was Toledo who first collected all the courts into the Castel Capuano, the Vicaria Nuova or the Vicaria as it is called, where they still are. The old name still lingers in the "managgia la Vicaria vecchia" of the Neapolitan who is cursing his inability to take vengeance as he would like, a striking testimony to the terror it inspired. Here were installed the healthiest and most up-to-date prisons of the day for all classes, the dungeons of the noble being at that time, of course, very different from those for the lower orders. As early as 1537 they begin their story characteristically, when the Marchese di Pognac was transferred to them. A mere Marquis, he had challenged the Prince of Salerno (Sanseverino), who had insulted him, and had been impri-

soned for his presumption. But this was not enough for the outraged Prince, who determined on more effective vengeance. One day the Marchese rushed to his window on hearing a loud noise in the street, made deliberately to attract his attention, and was shot dead by a hired assassin. The prison is now closed, its place being taken by that of S. Francesco, which looms so large in the imagination of modern Naples.

Murderous assaults of this kind, which were considered necessary for the satisfaction of the touchy Spanish honour, and the craze for duelling reached their height in the seventeenth century. The Viceroy did all they could to put them down, but public opinion was too strong for them. A number of instances are given by Von Reumont in his "Die Carafa von Maddaloni", still the best book on this period. Under Medina two of the Pignatelli fell out with some Knights of Malta. The servants on both sides joined in the fight and both the Pignatelli were killed. The chief offenders were imprisoned, but Fra Giacomo Pignatelli, also a Knight of Malta, lay in wait for Don Giovanni d'Acquaviva with eleven men and shot him dead as he passed in his coach. A number of the suites of both sides were wounded in the affray that resulted, Pignatelli being stabbed by a groom. Finally they were all arrested. On another occasion a Carafa and an Acquaviva who had fallen out were obliged to repair to Germany before they could settle their differences in peace. They fought a sanguinary duel before a large audience at Nuremberg. We read of six Spanish soldiers quarrelling after a friendly dinner and fighting like the Kilkenny cats till there was only one left alive.

In 1600 a pet dog of Donna Porzia Carafa, Principessa di Montaguto, had been stolen by a maid and sold to a Spinelli, who refused to give it up. In the duel that followed there were six combatants on each side. The whole party caroused together till daybreak, when, "ripigliati gli sdegni", they repaired to the Piazza Vittoria to fight. A Don Antonio Suardi was killed and the others took sanctuary in churches round. On the other side Prince Pietraspina was wounded and retired to a villa at Posilipo. One day a boatload of friends of the dead man appeared off the shore and when he showed himself opened fire upon him, without, however, hitting him. By the end of the century, when the influence of Spain began to be superseded by that

of France, especially during the Viceroyalty of the Marchese Carpio (1683-7), these promiscuous duels lost favour and only the principals were engaged. The abuse of the right of sanctuary greatly handicapped the Spaniards in their efforts to put down violence and was vigorously and successfully resisted by them.

THE RELIGIOUS REFORMERS

One of the strangest imports from Spain was Juan de Valdés, who came to Naples about 1539 with Charles V and at once became the centre of the reform movement. The Spaniards were often thought irreligious, possibly owing to their intercourse with Jews and Moors, and "marrano" is a not uncommon term of abuse for them. There is the story of the Spanish soldier who, after a long confession of crimes, came back to the priest with a peccadillo he had forgotten, that he did not believe in God. Valdés possessed great personal charm and soon gathered a circle of devoted admirers round him in his house on the Chiaia. He was rather an Evangelical reformer than a Protestant, and he detested Luther. Bernardino Ochino, who, after being offered a Cardinal's hat, left the Church, was one of them. His power as a preacher was extraordinary. When Charles V heard him at Naples he said his fervour would draw tears from a stone. Then there was Vermiglio, Pietro Martire.

Hardly less important was Giulia Gonzaga of the ducal house of Urbino, the lovely young widow of Prince Fondi. She was the most notable among the three distinguished women, all highly gifted, who found consolation for their unhappy lives and their widowhood in Valdés's teaching. The others were Caterina Cibò, the grand-daughter of one Pope and niece of another, and Vittoria Colonna, Pescara's widow, who is always associated with Ischia. Giulia Gonzaga was said to be the most beautiful woman of her day in Italy and numerous portraits bear witness to her charms. Tasso's father, among many other poets, sings her golden hair and curls, her noble brow, her grace and her angelic voice. The great corsair Barbarossa is said to have raided Fondi in 1534 in order to carry her off for the Sultan's harem. He wreaked fearful vengeance on the place for her escape, killing most of the nuns in the convent where he thought she was hidden. This incident is said to have done

much to increase the enthusiasm in Naples for Charles's expedition against Tunis, the capture of which was ultimately so barren of results. The story that she had the servant who warned her of her danger killed after richly rewarding him because he had found her naked in bed, as was usual then, is certainly false. True though it may be to the spirit of Spanish Naples, it is altogether contradicted by everything we know of the Princess.

Carnesecchi, who was burnt as a heretic in Rome, was passionately devoted to her and owed his conversion to her influence, telling the Inquisitors that she was the star that guided his life through the darkness of this world. The convent of S. Francesco delle Monache, with its fine campanile, which belonged to her, was for many years her home. After Valdés's death it became the centre of the Reform movement, of which she was the acknowledged leader. She was brought before the Inquisition in 1550, but her case dragged on and she died in 1556. When Pius IV saw her papers he declared that, had he seen them earlier and known that she was in correspondence with a number of leading heretics, he would have burnt her. Her life was overshadowed by a domestic tragedy typical of the day. A nephew of hers, who suspected his wife of yielding to the love of his secretary, had him murdered, then shut her up in a room with the body, bidding her drink a cup of poison he gave her, which she did.

The movement, which obviously owes much of its strength to Valdés's personal influence, was essentially aristocratic in character. Among his admirers were many of the nobility of both sexes. His most distinguished convert was Galeazzo Caracciolo, son of a high court official, who left home and family in 1551, and in spite of every effort of his father and every indulgence of the Pope, eager to recover so precious a sheep, remained at Geneva, a valued friend of Calvin. His splendid Cinquecento villa outside the Porta Capuana, "Il Paradiso", fell into ruin and was thought to be haunted, till at last it was pulled down.

When a notice was posted on the Duomo in Lent 1546 that the Spanish Inquisition was to be introduced into Naples, it was torn down and only the influence of the nobles prevented a riot. A second attempt resulted in a regular rising, which the nobles encouraged in the hope of getting rid of Toledo. Troops were called in and the city

bombarded. The beheading of three nobles made matters worse. In 1547 Naples turned savagely on the Spaniards. Several were murdered in the Cerriglio, a famous tavern of Pantagruelian memories in an alley near S. Maria la Nuova, cut to pieces and thrown into the streets, while a number of old men and women were killed in the Rua Catalana hard by. Toledo prudently gave way and allowed envoys to be despatched to Spain, Don Placido di Sangro and the Prince of Salerno. Bernardo Tasso accompanied the Prince and it was the consequent ruin of his patron that sent him on his travels and doomed his unhappy son Torquato to a life of wandering. There was a complete amnesty, but Naples was fined, and the milder Roman Inquisition was substituted. The real cause of the opposition to the Inquisition was not any heretical tendency, but the dread of the perjury and false evidence to which it would give rise. The execution of two heretics after the Council of Trent nearly produced another rising.

However, by 1600 all heresy had disappeared and the Jesuits and the Counter-Reformation, which owed so much to Spain, were supreme in Naples. The triumph is symbolized in the Gesù Nuovo in the Largo Trinità Maggiore, begun in 1586, which, in the opinion of Evelyn, would not be equalled in Europe, if completed. It was built by the Principessa di Bisignano, Isabella della Rovere, in the palace of the Prince of Salerno, which, with the Cuomo, now the Museo Filangieri, and the sadly modernized Gravina, now the Post Office, was one of the strongest in the city, as its solid wall amply proves. Like the Gravina it dates from about 1500, the design being clearly Florentine. The Gesù is a typical Jesuit Barocco church, richly decorated with marble. Over the doorway is Solimena's characteristic fresco of Heliodorus being driven from the Temple. The dome has gone, having been destroyed by the earthquake of 1688. The Gesù continues to play an important part in the religious life of the city, classes being held there in almost all the many chapels on Sunday mornings.

The Neapolitan genius for abstract thought, which one likes to think is in some measure inherited from Greek forbears, comes out prominently at this period. Indeed, the South always takes the lead in philosophy in Italy as unquestionably as does Scotland among ourselves. We have already mentioned St. Thomas Aquinas and now we have

Telesio, Campanella and Giordano Bruno, who owed not a little to Ochino's preaching. All these men had more influence abroad than at home and they were able to carry on their work even under the repressive rule of Spain and the Counter-Reformation. They were none of them political philosophers. Naples has produced jurists, but no political thinkers. Even Giambattista Vico, with his extraordinary anticipation of a whole group of doctrines and of a fundamental method of thought in the "*Scienze Nuova*", has, admits the greatest of his disciples, Senator Benedetto Croce, "*nulla di politicamente contingente, e non segnò e non segna un' ideale da attuare*". As Mr. Norman Douglas puts it, in mundane matters, where the personal equation dominates, the judgment of the Southern Italian is apt to be turbid and perverse; but as one rises into questions of the pure intelligence, it becomes serenely impartial. We, on the other hand, who are pre-eminently clear-sighted in worldly concerns of law and government and in all subsidiary branches of mentality, cannot bring ourselves to reason dispassionately on non-practical subjects. An Englishman will be astonished to find how easily and familiarly a Neapolitan student of no special mark can move in the rarefied atmosphere of abstract thought.

Pietro Giannone had far more influence than any philosopher. Eleonora de Fonseca, one of the leaders of the revolution of 1799, went so far as to say that by his writings he had made "*a new nation*" of the Neapolitans. And his fate helped to increase his influence. When his great History appeared in 1723 such was the reputation for irreligion it brought him owing to its denunciation of clerical encroachments, even among the *lazzaroni*, whose fanaticism had been roused by the priests, that it was dangerous to be seen driving with him and he deemed it advisable to go to Vienna, where he was treated with consideration by the Emperor Charles VI, to whom the History is dedicated. But he grew tired of the life and finally took refuge in Switzerland. He was apparently inveigled over the border into Piedmont and spent the rest of his days in captivity in Piedmontese castles, much as Galileo had done, a martyr to his love of truth, though he always professed his loyalty to the Catholic Church and his willingness to recant any opinions to which exception might be taken.

LITERATURE AND ART

LITERATURE

Whatever the evils of Spanish influence, it was under Spanish rule that Neapolitan art and literature began not merely to have an independent life of their own, but to lead the way in Italy. The Seicento, the Barocco period, is essentially the Neapolitan period. For one thing, it was at the end of the Cinquecento and in the early Seicento that the *Commedia dell'Arte* reached its zenith. Coviello and Pascariello are among the earliest mentioned of the Neapolitan masks, then Captain Matamoros. The modern Pulcinella, as we know him, was virtually invented by the famous Silvio Fiorillo, whether a Roman ancestor can be found for him or not. Fiorillo also played the braggart Spanish Captain, Matamoros, while Terenzio Fiorillo was the well-known Scaramuzza in Paris. Croce, from whose "*Teatri di Napoli*" most of my information is drawn, derives Pulcinella from "*pulcino*", a chicken, with the black mask, hooked nose, white clothes, peaked cap and squeaky voice. Not that all these characteristics are found in the earliest pictures of him, while some of them are shared with other masks. Pulcinella as conceived by Fiorillo possessed the vital quality that enabled him to survive. He gradually became associated with the Neapolitan, but he was never a caricature of him on the stage.

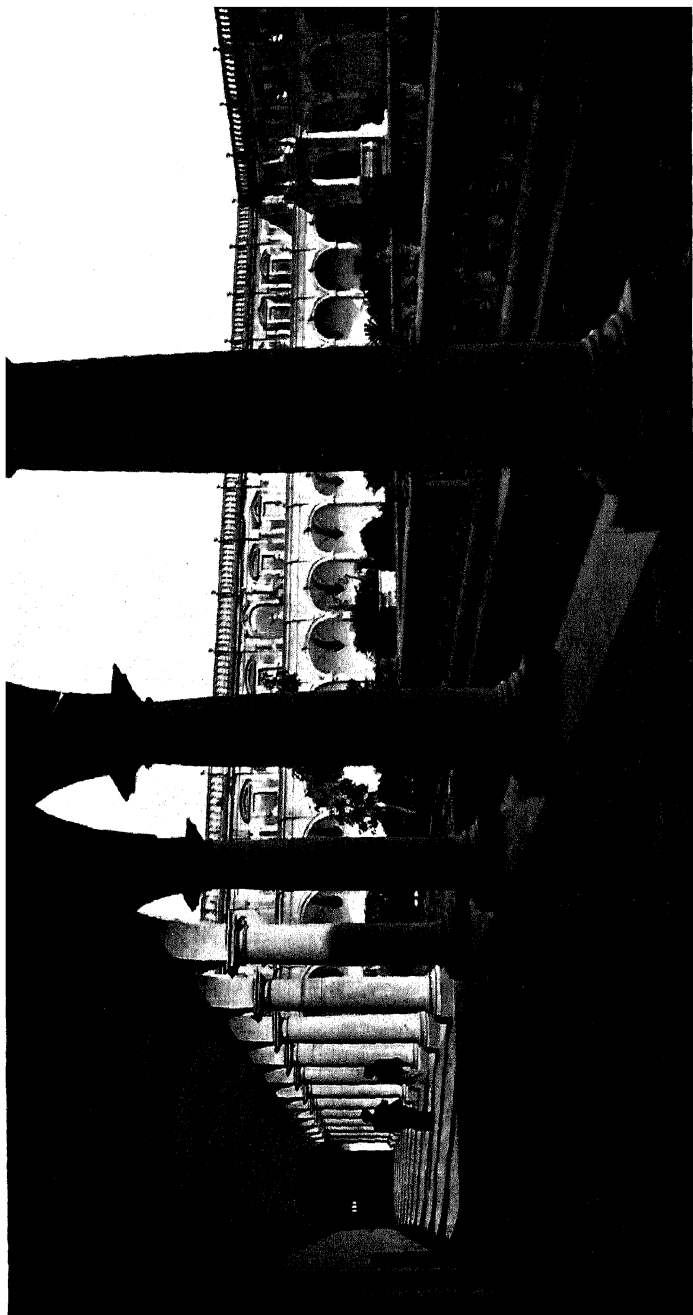
The importance of the Neapolitan contribution to the *Commedia dell'Arte* lay in the *lazzi*, the jokes, the buffoonery and the comic business, more particularly the grimaces. The ideal was "*soggetti lombardi, lazzi napoletani*". Salvator Rosa, painter, poet and actor, was famous in his mask of Formica, his own variety of Coviello. Yet in its greatest days the Mask Comedy was still played only in booths, notably on the Largo del Castello, and so popular was it that even monks were to be seen among the crowd. Monks also used often to preach among the booths here, and there is the well-known story, afterwards fastened on to Padre Rocco, of the preacher who, in a desperate attempt to draw off some of the crowd that was listening to a popular Pulcinella, lifted up his crucifix and called out, "*Ecco il vero Pulcinella*". No wonder Pulcinella often has his place near the manger in the Presepi. The first theatre, the Teatro dei Fiorentini, dates from the early years of the

seventeenth century. The scenarios still show how outrageously indecent the *lazzi* often were and easily explain why the Mask Comedy was not considered respectable for decent men, much less for women. By way of contrast, conventional Comedies on classical lines were much played by companies of amateurs, like that of which the poet Marino and his father were members, in the houses of the nobility; and in this, the great classical period of the Spanish drama; Spanish plays soon found their way to Naples. We even read of nuns giving an opera of a highly spiritual character to which men were admitted.

Of the Viceroy Ossuna was a devotee of the theatre, but he did not dare frequent it. Monterey had a passion for it. Not only did he go regularly himself, in defiance of public opinion, but when the actors complained of poor audiences, he issued a decree that all courtesans and all officers of the garrison, two classes of the population over which he had absolute authority, should attend every performance or pay a heavy fine. Monterey often took a famous Pulcinella and a famous Coviello in his gondola to amuse him. They made good use of their opportunity, for their impertinences once actually resulted in his renouncing the one-third which the Viceroy had been in the habit of levying on all pensions and allowances granted to individuals.

By the end of the seventeenth century the *Commedia dell' Arte* was in full decline, though it still lived on in the Largo del Castello. Like St. Mark's Square at Venice the Largo provided pitches for all kinds of charlatans, quack doctors and dentists, as it continued to do till almost within living memory; and the more successful often employed a company of masks to advertise their wares.

Tasso, the last of the great Italian classical poets, was born at Sorrento, and with him the laureateship begins to pass to the South. In 1588 he was in Naples, befriended by the attractive Giambattista Manso, Marchese del Villa, Marino's patron. Just half a century later, 1638, he showed every kindness to Milton, "he himself leading me round through the different parts of the city, and the palace of the Viceroy, and coming himself, not once only, to my inn to visit me," excusing himself that he could not show him greater attention "because I would not be more close in the matter of religion".



CLOISTERS OF S. MARTINO

In Tasso we find the Southern note at its highest, the exquisite music, the brilliant colouring, the delicate sensuousness and the haunting melancholy—all, in fact, that goes to make the “*Aminta*” the best of pastoral plays. Arcadia was a characteristic product of Naples, and we find the same note in Pontanus, though he wrote in Latin, and in Sannazzaro, the real father of Arcadia as it spread throughout Europe, in spite of his laboured Latinized style. He obviously owes not a little to Boccaccio, that adopted son of the South. In the songs of these shepherds, their joyousness and plaintiveness, the Italian of the period could give free play to the vague sentimentality, the melancholy, the never satisfied yearning for peace, the gentle dreaming of brooks and green fields, wherein lay the secret of Tasso’s popularity. To Sannazzaro especially it was an escape from the miseries of the times in which he lived. “Here we have the melancholy note, so truly Southern, of our poetry, as of our music, the vague, unconscious sadness, reflecting the feelings that well up in us on summer nights when we are gazing out over our sea shimmering in the rays of the moon.” So writes Prof. Scherillo, himself a Southerner, who played improvised Mask Comedies when a boy; and it is the kind of melancholy which inspires the best of the Neapolitan songs as one hears them sung passionately in a high tenor voice to a mandolin. In our own day it finds its best expression in a poem like “*Luna Nova*” or “*Tutto se scorda*”, by the great dialect poet, Salvatore Di Giacomo, and we may be sure that it was of the essence of the songs the Sirens sang.

Tansillo, a Spaniard from Barcelona, though he wrote in Italian, was the Court poet of Spanish rule in its palmy days. His gifts soon attracted attention and the Great Viceroy kept him in his suite, making him one of the *Continui* and taking him everywhere. His stanzas to his patron contain an interesting, if not very inspired, picture of the life of fashion of the day. It is still the life Boccaccio has pictured for us, with its bathing and sailing, its picnics and its fishing, its music and its dancing, the life of pleasure for which the Bay is an ideal setting. A few hours of browsing among Tansillo’s lyrics will help one to recapture not a little of the life of Naples under Toledo. Few of the Viceroys cared anything for literature and Toledo himself closed the Academies on the ground that they fostered anti-

Spanish feeling. Lemos was an exception, arriving in 1610 with a cargo of Spanish men of letters in his train. Manso founded the Academy of the Oziosi in order to bring the literary men of the two nations together.

"Naples, sensual, fanciful Naples, does not possess poets and artists in the truest sense of the term. This people, so strong in abstract thought, lacks the gift for the fruitful conception and the vital expression of the imagination," says Carducci. "A wave of colour and sound, without harmony in its monotonous ebb and flow; a rush of luxuriant forms and images, crowding upon each other and confused one with another till they recall the wild, delirious tarantella—there we have the poetry of Naples and the South."

So it is only natural that the laureateship should fall to the South in the Seicento. Marino is the great Barocco poet and the "Adone" the poem of the century. With the much-debated question of the origins of Secentismo, we are not concerned; but it is certain that the blame cannot all be laid to the charge of Spain. In Marino the conceits found their greatest champion. He had a genuine lyric gift; as his early poems such as the "Bruna Pastorella" or "La Canzone dei Baci", by which he first leapt into fame, amply show. He possessed the sensuousness, the facility, the music, all the typical qualities of the Southerner, in a high degree, as well as an untiring industry. But this was not enough for an epic, and he deliberately set about making up for his deficiencies by other means. Surprise, he proclaimed, was the true end of art, and his favourite method of surprise was the conceit, the far-fetched comparisons piled one upon another in bewildering variety. The slight story of the "Adone" is buried beneath a mountain of irrelevant material. Not that he ever went to the lengths of some of his so-called followers, or even of our own metaphysical poets. His taste kept him in check, but in the opening of the twelfth Canto he gives over a hundred comparisons for jealousy, while he can liken Venus trying to soften the pain of her approaching departure for Adonis to the attempts of a dentist to soothe his patient before proceeding to an extraction.

This extraordinary wealth of imagery soon tires, making us heavy with too much sweet. The great Barocco palace of pleasure with the five gardens of the senses, where Venus's passion reaches fruition in the Garden of Touch, is the best

portion of the poem. Its inspiration is essentially of the senses, for to Marino love is a purely sensual passion; and over it hangs the cloying melancholy of the voluptuary such as we often find in D'Annunzio, seeking in vain for the satisfaction that can never be his. Anyone who would understand what it is that is lacking in Marino need only compare his "Strage degli Innocenti" with Crashaw's translation. Such a line as

Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day,

which has the true Miltonic ring and is a free rendering of

Che l'aria ancora è nebulosa e nera,

is beyond his reach, as also is Crashaw's genuine religious belief and glowing faith. Marino displays the worst side of the hypocrisy of the Counter-Reformation, as we see in the moral allegories he had prefixed to each canto of the "Adone". He was genuinely surprised when they failed to satisfy the censors.

Marino, who is buried in S. Domenico Maggiore, was devoted to his native city, proudly calling himself a son of the Siren, and his poetry generally rings true when inspired by her. He had the passion for fishing of the Neapolitan of his day. When he likens the first pangs of love to the bite of the torpedo-fish which paralyses the fisherman's arm, one thinks of the unfortunate electric rays kept in the Aquarium to thrill young ladies from the Fatherland into giggles and screams.

The early years of the Seicento mark the beginning, if they are not the classical period of Neapolitan dialect literature. The craze for dialect was highly characteristic of Secentismo in its search for quaintness, for novelty and surprise. First and foremost comes Basile with his "Il Cunto de li Cunti", a Pentameron of stories, generally fairy tales, with a genuinely Neapolitan realistic flavour, redolent of the town, which abounds in conceits and other affectations of the period. But with Giulio Cortese, Pastor Sebeto, as he calls himself, the true father of dialect literature, the motive was largely patriotic, a genuine preference for the dialect and a passionate love of Naples. His poems are a valuable document for the life of the day. They have the true Southern realism. "Micco Passaro," for

instance, is a delightful burlesque heroic poem. It sets out to describe an attack on Naples by a number of bandits, but it soon becomes the epic of Micco Passaro, who would have been a Camorra leader at a later date, in which the doxies of the bandits play a prominent part. Micco's great duel, just such a one as would have got him his rank as a "picciotto" in the Camorra, is celebrated in a mighty feast, described in every detail, by these gentry and their ladies in the Cerriglio. At the end of it, mine host, Mastro Roggiero, brings in the musicians, just as he might on a similar occasion to-day, who entertain them with music fit for the Signori and a song of the glorious deeds of Micco. Some twenty years ago there was a similar popular song upon Musolino, the last of the Calabrian brigands. The whole scene is laid in the regions of Puerto and Mercato and there is a violent quarrel between the unloved Nora and her rival Cianna for the hero. Nora's tirade as she lies in her garret denouncing Cianna in Canto VI would do credit to one of her descendants to-day in its volubility and variety.

Cortese does not idealize. He is a sober, clear-sighted observer, describing the life around him, and seasoning it with a good pinch of satire. But he is also a true Neapolitan lyric poet. In the passionate words of Vesuvius to the unwilling nymph in his pretty myth in the same poem we catch the unmistakable note of the Neapolitan song of to-day, or of all time.

Non voglio cosa, ch'agge da morire ;
Voglio schitto vedere ss'uocchie tuoje,
Chiss'uocchie belle, ss'uocchie da farcone,
Ch'anno chest'arma mia posta mpresone.¹

Already the Neapolitan *villanella* was sung throughout Italy, as are the Neapolitan songs now, and these lines of Cortese suggest a *villanella*. Here is a specimen of the same period:—

Villanella crudel, mi fai morire,
Con ss'uocchie, con sa bocca saporita
Tu mi dai morte, ahimè, tu mi dai vita.²

¹ I do not want anything that will bring death ; I only want to gaze into those eyes of yours, those lovely eyes, those eyes of a falcon, that have clapped this heart of mine into prison.

² Cruel little village maiden, you are killing me ; with your eyes and your sweet lips you give me death, ah me, you give me life.

ART

In art there is the same story to tell. Hitherto the best art in Naples had been produced by foreigners imported for the purpose whose example had inspired no native school. But the Barocco, which also came from the North, took immediate root here. Genuine Neapolitan art, redolent of the soil, begins with the men who masked the Gothic vaults of the churches with flat roofs and covered them with brilliantly coloured frescoes. Vasari ignores them, as have most writers on Italian art since, but he is said to have led the way himself in Monte Oliveto, installing the flat surface and the stucco decorations in 1544, in the days of the Great Viceroy.

"A man who is conscious of being a citizen of Naples, who lives under her sky for ever calm and blue, who is a daily witness of her irrepressible gaiety, of her ceaseless life and movement, cannot fail to feel that the new era that arose in every form of art is more in harmony with his temperament,"

says Salvatore di Giacomo. As these changes were due almost entirely to native impulse, they were immediately welcomed with enthusiasm. Naples seemed to be coming into her own, to be understanding her mistake and shaking off the stiffness and coldness of the Angevin Gothic, so out of harmony with the whole temperament and the expressiveness of the South. The stern, grey stone of the churches is covered with rich marble, costly hangings and stucco decorations, while a flock of fat little angels is let loose to settle in every possible corner, on the stucco ornamentations, the tombs or the frescoes, for all the world like the wicked little *amorini* who attend on Venus and infest the stately pleasure gardens of the "Adone", "filling the vaults and the aisles with the rustle of their wings and their silvery laughter". The rapidity and completeness with which the transformation of the churches was effected, aided, it is true, by an occasional kindly earthquake, notably that of 1688, which made restoration imperative, proves how fruitful was the soil on which the seed fell.

Naples, or rather the Neapolitan, has lost so much of the colour and brightness that distinguished him even a generation or so ago, that it is hard for us to realize how truly the brilliancy of the Barocco once reflected the life of Parthenope.

Goethe is in ecstasies over the universal joyousness that met him on every side.

"The many-hued bright flowers and fruits with which Nature bedecks herself seem to invite man to trick out himself and all his belongings in the gaudiest possible colours. Every one who possibly can is bedecked with silk handkerchiefs and with ribbons and flowers in his hat. Chairs and chests of drawers in the meanest houses are ornamented with bright flowers on a gold ground; even the one-horse *calesso* is painted bright red, the carving gilded, the horses decorated with artificial flowers, bright red tassels and tinsel. Many have bunches of feathers, others even little flags on their heads which quiver with every movement as they run."

We are taught to look upon gaudy colours as bad taste,

"but under a really joyous blue sky nothing is gaudy, for nothing can outshine the brilliancy of the sun and its reflection in the sea. The strong light dulls the brightest colours. . . . The scarlet bodices and coats of the women of Nettuno, ornamented with broad bands of gold and silver, the other many-hued national costumes, all seem to be fighting somehow or other to make themselves visible under the brilliancy of the sky and sea."

Does not this help a Northerner, who generally finds something alien and unintelligible in the Neapolitan Barocco, to understand Luca Giordano, for instance, as no amount of regular criticism could do? And Goethe ends with a description of the funeral of a little child. A great red velvet hanging, embroidered with gold, was spread over a roomy bier. On it was a carved coffin, heavily gilded and silvered, in which the child lay, completely hidden under pink ribbons. An angel about two feet high stood at each of the four corners, holding a great cluster of flowers above the child at rest, and as the bier jolted over the uneven roads they seemed to be strewing flowers upon it.

Of the earlier Neapolitan painters Andrea da Salerno is generally picked out as the best. The frescoes of Antonio Solario, *Lo Zingaro* (The Gipsy) of the life of St. Benedict in the cloisters of S. Severino e Sosio, though badly over-restored, are familiar to most visitors to Naples. But it was the Bolognese school, above all Caravaggio with his realism, who gave the unimaginative Neapolitan something he could understand and appreciate, while Tintoretto also taught him not a little; for he took naturally to fresco-painting. The three hundred and more churches of Naples are filled with the pictures, frescoes and sculptures

of the school which sprang up under the new influences, but it would be hopeless for anyone not a specialist to think of visiting them in detail. Rolfs deals exhaustively with the subject in his "*Geschichte der Malerei Neapels*". For the average visitor the story of the Neapolitan school centres round S. Martino, with considerable hints from the Tesoro of the Duomo and the Museum, where the picture galleries are now unfortunately closed for rearrangement.

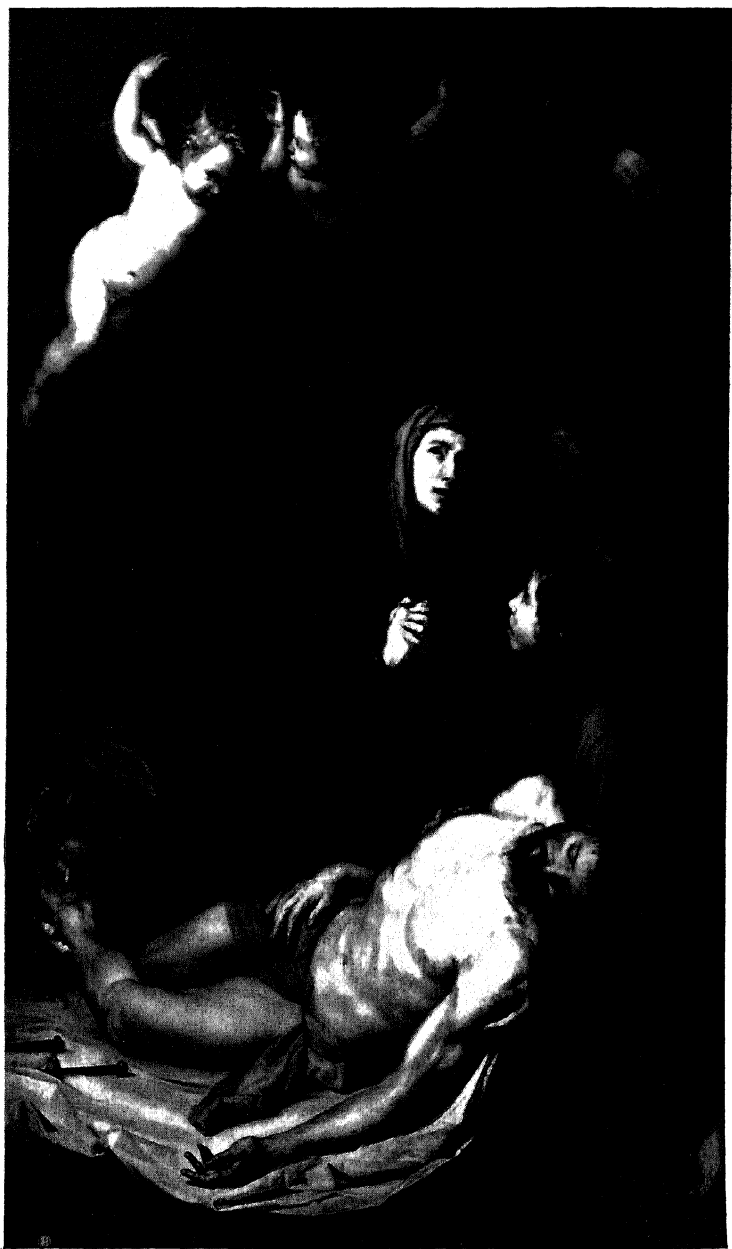
The existing church of S. Martino, replacing the one founded by Charles II, is by Cosimo Fansaga of Bergamo, who is so well known in Naples. Bernini, another Neapolitan, owes not a little to him. He also built the beautiful cloisters, his most successful work, with the fine well-head and the little cemetery for the monks, the balustrade of which is characteristically ornamented with skulls, one of them crowned with laurel, while some of the statuary in the church is also his. The S. Martino we see to-day, with all its treasures, is largely the result of the initiative of the enlightened Prior, Don Severo Turboli. The church, which is lavishly embellished with valuable marble in the rich style one associates with the Jesuits, is a veritable museum of the Barocco. The vigorous Twelve Prophets in the lunettes of the Chancel are among Lo Spagnoletto's best works; the Ascension on the roof and the Twelve Apostles are by Lanfranco, while the frescoes in the Choir are by the Cavaliere d'Arpino. Over the main doorway is Massimo Stanzione's best picture, a Descent from the Cross, which roused Ribera's emulation. According to De Dominici's gossip, which is at present under a very heavy cloud of discredit, such was his jealousy that its present condition is due to the mixture with which, at his suggestion, it was washed. Solimena designed the High Altar, while the chapels are filled with works of the leading Neapolitans. The Nativity on the back of the Choir is a fine unfinished work of Guido Reni, other pictures being by Ribera, Caracciolo and Stanzioni. The frescoes in the Chapter House, showing considerable signs of wear and tear, like most of his work, are by Corenzio. In the Sacristy is Caravaggio's well-known Christ denied by Peter and in the arch Stanzione's "*La Loggia di Pilato*".

In the Treasury is the masterpiece of Giuseppe Ribera, Lo Spagnoletto, the Descent from the Cross (1637), said to

have been painted to rival that of Stanzione, though the St. Jerome in the Museum runs it close and is, on the whole, more characteristic. The drawing is admirable and the expressions of pain and grief are without a trace of exaggeration. Ribera had the Spanish taste for depicting the sufferings of martyrs and the like with the merciless realism natural in a country where the Auto-da-fé was a national amusement, as witness his St. Andrew in the Prado at Madrid. This representation of the sufferings of the martyrs, in contrast with the glory that would be their reward, is a characteristic of the Barocco as of the teaching of the Jesuits; but it reflects a whole side of Spanish life in Naples, where breakings on the wheel and other forms of torture were carried out in public almost daily. The pages of Parrino and other chroniclers are full of horrible crimes and even more horrible punishments. The fondness for martyrs emaciated by ascetic practices is another aspect of the same tendency and explains Ribera's attraction to St. Jerome, whom he has painted with astonishing variety in many canvases.

On the roof above the Descent from the Cross is Luca Giordano's striking fresco of Judith urging on the Israelites to battle with the head of Holofernes in her hand, painted in forty-eight hours in his seventy-third year in 1703. He was then the last survivor of the great tradition. As we turn from one to the other we understand why Spain dominated Naples. The earnestness, the depth of feeling in Ribera is beyond the reach of this, the most typical of Neapolitan painters. Ribera possessed the sense of honour of the best of his nation, though it was not unalloyed with pride, and he is said to have been kindly as well as deeply religious. He had come to Naples with the Viceroy Ossuna, who had married a Ribera. He was fond of giving musical parties, where he entertained all that was best in Naples, and at one of these Don John of Austria, who had been sent to put down the Masaniello rebellion, saw his beautiful daughter. She fell an easy victim to his rank and his charm, following him to Sicily, where she was abandoned, the child of the union being placed in a convent. The lovely woman's head in the Museo Filangieri by Ribera is often said to be her portrait. The blow broke Ribera, who retired to a villa at Posilipo and then disappeared altogether. Nothing is known of his end.

Luca Giordano is the best known Neapolitan painter.



DESCENT FROM THE CROSS (RIBERA)

His art is closely akin to the poetry of Marino. He had the brilliant colouring, the amazing facility and the memory that enabled him to borrow where he chose and to imitate anyone from Titian to Rembrandt. Some of his imitations of Dürer and Vandyke deceived the ablest experts of his day. The problem he set himself was how to cover the largest surface in the shortest possible time so as to satisfy the requirements of the patron of the moment. He is said to have painted so fast that the theologians told off to prompt him while he was covering acres of ceiling in the Escorial for Charles II could not keep pace with him. The studio story of his father eagerly feeding him while he was at work and exclaiming, "Luca, fa presto," which became his nickname, is too true to character not to have deserved to stick. He is an *improvvisatore* of painting, rivalling Rubens in his vast output, in which he was assisted by a number of scholars, and his work was widely sought after in his day throughout Europe. There is a joyous light, colour and movement about him at his best, with his brilliant reds and blues, which is essentially Neapolitan, in spite of his lack of depth. Some of his best work is in Sta Brigida, where he is buried. The Marriage at Cana, now in the Museum, and the Salome, both in the Paul Veronese style, were painted for S. Martino.

Then there is the pugnacious Domenico Gargiulo, or Micca Spadaro, as he is usually called, whose *genre* pictures, which derive from the Roman school, were the best in their day. They display the taste for the gruesome that one associates with the Spaniards. The two best known, the removal of the corpses of those who had died of the plague and the Masaniello rebellion, have now been restored to S. Martino. Micca is an attractive figure among these Neapolitans, many of whom, according to De Dominici, were as grasping as they were jealous. When the leading masters of the later Seicento, Luca, Vaccaro and the others, gathered on the Mole, like the rest of the gay world, to take the air on a summer evening, or in the shop of Aniello Mele, the dealer, in winter, it was for Micca that they were waiting, the kindly little man, with the lively blue eyes and the pointed Spanish beard and big moustaches, always covered with snuff; for he was the life and soul of them all. De Dominici records some of his witticisms. And this in spite of the gruesomeness of his subjects.

One looks in vain for Salvator Rosa, so truly Neapolitan in his versatility, a good actor and a writer of satires that have their place in the literature of the country, notably those on the painting and the poetry of the day. It is said that Micca Spadaro's superiority in small figures drove him to seek his fortune elsewhere. And certainly you must go elsewhere, to Rome, Florence, and England, for his brigands and his gipsies, his lowering romantic landscapes of rocks and dark trees. According to Rolfs, the only trace of Naples about him is the golden atmosphere of some of his pictures.

Here, at S. Martino, Naples possesses a Museum of Barocco art unique in its kind. Each picture hangs in the place for which it was intended and as a rule it represents the best work of the artists, eager to outstrip their rivals. "Here, if anywhere, a man may learn to understand an art which has long been unduly neglected, because it speaks another language from that of Raphael and his successors," says Rolfs. "It will gradually be valued for what it is, a decorative combination of painting, sculpture and architecture more brilliant than anything that has been achieved before or since." It is by the whole effect rather than by the individual works that we must judge it. These are the words of an enthusiast, and such appreciation is a good deal to ask of a tourist straight from Florence and Venice. The Barocco in Naples certainly has a brilliancy very different from the sober colouring it takes in Rome, the greatest of Barocco cities. But whether we like it or not, at S. Martino it undoubtedly "fait tapage". It is something memorable.

One object of the Counter-Reformation was to attract by the gorgeousness of its display, to rival the greatest of earthly princes in its profusion of costly marbles and fabrics and all that dazzles the beholder, as Weisbach shows. This would appear to be the purpose of S. Martino. Its splendours hardly tend to lead up to a mystical ideal, as in the best of the Jesuit churches. In this it is typically Neapolitan. Yet its historian, Tafari, thought otherwise.

"When your soul, weighed down by sorrow, would fain have relief for a space from the turmoil of the town, when, crushed by earthly misery, you would fain uplift your heart to God in peaceful meditation and undisturbed devotion, go and visit the Certosa of Naples and, after surrendering yourself to sweet melancholy and

uplifting a comforting prayer to the Eternal, you will soon find your eyes becoming intoxicated with the stupendous beauty of the works of art there assembled."

However, it is a pity that tourists do not linger there a little longer before turning half-contemptuously away and hastening off to the world-famous view from the terrace.

For myself, I confess I prefer the rush and hurry which is so marked a characteristic of the Barocco and which, like Marino's tricks for surprising in verse, often seems to have been devised to distract attention from the underlying emptiness, though it had originally a mystic significance, when it has a definite purpose, as in Luca's fresco of Christ driving the money-changers from the Temple, with all its exaggeration, in S. Filippo Neri, or Solimena's fresco of Heliodorus in the Gesù Nuovo. Barocco is at its best in dealing with water, in the fountains and cascades. Naples has nothing to compare with the beautiful fountains of Rome, but there are the noble two miles of cascades at the Palace of Caserta, which, indeed, belong to the rococo of the Bourbon period. Every tourist who has time to spare should make a point of seeing them. The Viceroy was fond of building fountains, many of which have now disappeared. Among the best is the thoroughly Barocco Fontana di Medina, now in the Piazza della Borsa, "a faire fontaine with many images casting out water", as Fynes Moryson has it. It dates from before Medina's day, but he moved it to the Via Medina and was the first to make it work satisfactorily. At the end of the Strada Medina, by the way, stood the Porta Medina, opening on to the Piazza Corregge, the gate for the Castel Nuovo, which has now been improved out of existence.

Then there is the so-called Fontana di Giovanni da Nola, really by Geronimo d'Auria. It is now in the Villa, having been moved thither from the Strada S. Lucia. The arch is decorated with lobsters, crabs and other emblems of the fisherman's trade. Monterey, the Verres of the Viceroy, had some idea of carrying it off, but the fishermen, who looked upon it as their property, became so threatening that he thought better of it. Another well-known fountain, the Quattro del Molo, on the Mole, erected by d'Acalà, was carried off to Spain in 1669 with a number of other precious works of art. The old fountain in the Via del Porto, also viceregal, is a characteristic relic of old Naples.

The other home of Neapolitan art is the Tesoro of S. Gennaro in the Duomo, interesting if only for the story of the battle that raged round the decoration of it between the Committee and the leading Neapolitan artists of the day. It was vowed in 1526, after the plague, the vow being registered before a notary, but it was not built till the following century (1608-37). It cost a million ducats. This is now S. Gennaro's true home. The saint could not have existed without Naples and Naples could not exist without him, says Dumas, who adds that he once heard a *lazzarone* pray God to intercede for him with S. Gennaro to give him the correct Lotto numbers. The Committee were not satisfied with the Neapolitans and began by entrusting the work to Giuseppe Cesari, the Cavaliere D'Arpino. The Neapolitans, led by Corenzio, the soul of the movement, and Caracciolo, and supported by Ribera, determined that no foreigner should be allowed to undertake it. Corenzio, we may remark, was a Greek, who had studied under Tintoretto in Venice; his avarice and meanness make one glad to think that he was not an Italian, but he was a typical member of the Neapolitan school and an able fresco-painter. So successful were the efforts of this protectionist gang that Cesari was obliged to fly to Monte Cassino.

Guido Reni was next commissioned, but his servants were beaten and his own life threatened, if he did not decamp, so he also fled. Then a couple of his assistants came to finish his work, but they are said to have been spirited away on board ship and never heard of again. Lastly Domenichino was persuaded to accept the abandoned brief, only to be driven back to Rome by merciless petty persecution. Then the Viceroy was called in. Strong measures were taken to ensure his safety, lavish terms were offered him and he agreed to work in the chapel, where he remained till his death, which is, of course, said to have been due to poison. Persecution and worry, for his work was often tampered with, very probably did hasten it. Four of the oil paintings on copper of the life of the Saint are entirely his work.

Ultimately many of the Neapolitan school were represented in the chapel, though their work there is not to be compared with that in S. Martino. The Treasury is gorgeously decorated in the richest style of the period with every kind of costly marble, with porphyry, especially, and lapis lazuli,

but above all with silver. Here are the silver busts of the forty-five saints who form the Saint's court. His skull is preserved in the silver case given by Charles II of Anjou in 1306. All these are carried in the procession of the great Neapolitan festivals on the first Saturday in May and on September 19, when the blood liquefies in the phial for several days in succession.

The Neapolitan school closes aptly with Francesco Solimena (1657-1745), L'Abate Ciccio, as he is called, from his predilection for clerical costume—a kind of exaggerated Luca, whose work was hardly less in demand. Everything is mechanical, the violent movement of the figures and the wonderful acrobatic feats of the angels caricaturing the worst faults of the Barocco. The Theatine church of S. Paolo Maggiore contains some of his best work, notably the Simon Magus. "We are in the age of the Jesuits, with all their bewildering striving after gorgeous splendour, their learning, their enthusiasm for faith. Everything that might appeal to the mind is banished and it is easy to see that for art of this kind a Neapolitan master is the man," says Rolfs. It is the age of the *guglie*, those painfully ornate obelisks, of which the worst was set up in the Largo Trinità Maggiore by Francesco Pepe in 1748 in honour of the Immaculate Conception, the nadir of Barocco bad taste. The best is that of S. Domenico, erected after the great plague, in honour of S. Gennaro, from designs by Fansaga. Yet this was the age when Giambattista Vico (1668-1744) was elaborating his *Scienza Nuova* in neglected solitude and poverty and in that detachment from the life of the day which is so characteristic of the Neapolitan thinkers.

Feeling alone, the senses alone do not suffice to inspire painting or poetry. These, it is the function of music to express, and the birth of modern music is the great triumph of the period of the Counter-Reformation. Music is the one art in which Parthenope has attained the first rank. But the flowering time of Neapolitan music belongs to a later period.

THE CONDITION OF NAPLES

The worst sides of Spanish rule did not make themselves manifest till the seventeenth century, and then economic

difficulties lay at the root of the trouble. Giannone understood that the Spaniards were bad economists and their contempt for trade had disastrous results throughout Italy, nowhere more so than at Naples, which suffered from the same economic system that was ruining the other Hesperia. They even burdened the important silk industry with hampering duties. Money had to be raised for the Thirty Years' War, and Naples was called upon to bear her share and more than her share, for it is only of recent years that the legend of the wealth of the South has been effectually dissipated. In 1621 there were serious riots owing to famine and ten of the ringleaders were broken on the wheel after their flesh had been torn off with red-hot pincers (*tanagliati*), a not unusual form of punishment in these days. In 1630, when Queen Maria visited Naples, the Viceroy, who was at his wits' end for money, ventured to ask her when she was likely to be taking her departure, as he could then dismiss the suite for her journey till she required them. The Queen was grievously offended and he lost his post.

The Viceroys also had their own fortunes to make, like the Roman Proconsuls. The chief officers, says Evelyn, who visited Naples in 1645, two years before the Masaniello rebellion, "being prodigiously avaricious, do wonderfully enrich themselves out of the miserable people's labour, silks, manna, sugar, oil, wine, rice, sulphur and alum; for with all these riches is this delicious country blessed". The manna, which Evelyn assures us fell at certain seasons on the adjoining hills in the form of a thick dew, no longer blesses Naples and is, indeed, recorded by no other traveller except a fellow-Briton who borrowed from him and says it is a sweet white liquor which drops from the branches of trees, but chiefly of ash-trees, not everywhere, but in Calabria. So Mr. Maynard Smith tells us in his "John Evelyn in Naples". Spanish exactions are said to have reached their zenith during the viceroyalties of the Conte di Monterey and the Duca di Medina, the two Guzmans, connexions of the all-powerful Olivarez, who between them held sway in Naples from 1631 to 1644. Monterey succeeded in raising 30,000,000 ducats during the seven short years of his rule, in addition to carrying off a number of works of art from the churches and monasteries. Among his booty was the great Neapolitan heiress, the beautiful Anna

Carafa, the only daughter of Parthenope to occupy the viceregal throne. Andrea Carafa, Conte di Sta Severina (1523-27), was the one Neapolitan Viceroy. It was for her that Fansaga was building the Palazzo Donn'Anna at Mergellina, the picturesque ruins of which are still the most striking feature of the Posilipo coast, when Monterey was recalled. She died of a painful illness at Portici very shortly afterwards.

The taxes were farmed out to contractors, usually Genoese, who were bitterly hated in consequence, and as things went from bad to worse they were generally pledged in advance. Trade was stagnant. The only people who grew wealthy were these contractors and the lawyers, who battered upon the ignorance and encouraged the litigiousness of the nobility. Famines were frequent, largely owing to the foolish economic measures resorted to in dealing with the chief articles of food, notably corn. The peasants either drifted to Naples, where they were free from the feudal exactions of their masters, or took to the mountains as brigands—"better two years a bull than a century an ox", said the proverb; and the brigand's life was generally short, though he was as often as not a popular hero. A newly arrived Viceroy, making his State entry into the city, according to custom, at the Mole, was horrified to find himself in the midst of a host of filthy beggars in rags, or even stark naked, sobbing and wailing and imploring him to have pity on them, and wrote home that the misery was far worse than rumour painted it.

For by the seventeenth century it had become the fashion to praise Naples, though the phrase "a Paradise inhabited by devils" belongs to the Cinquecento. "The building of the city is for the size the most magnificent in Europe, the streets exceeding large, well-paved, having many vaults and conveyances under them for the sullage, which renders them very sweet and clean, even in the midst of winter," says Evelyn. The people are "merry, witty and genial", and very fond of music, all of which he attributes to the excellent quality of the air, while S. Martino provides "doubtless one of the most divertissant and considerable vistas in the world". Then there were the courtesans, 30,000 in number, he was told, registered and paying a tax to the State, who flung eggs of sweet water from the windows into his coach as he passed in Carnival.

"Indeed, the town is so pestered with these cattle, that there needs no small mortification to preserve from their enchantment, whilst they display all their natural and artificial beauty, play, sing, feign compliment, and by a thousand studied devices seek to inveigle foolish young men."

Perhaps it is as well that the staid Mr. Evelyn was making the grand tour and not the susceptible Mr. Pepys.

Bishop Burnet concentrates his praise more after the manner of the Neapolitan writers.

"The city of Naples, as it is the best situated and in the best climate, so it is one of the noblest cities of Europe, and if it is not above half as big as Paris or London, it hath more beauty than either of them: the streets are large and noble, the pavement is great and noble, the stones being generally a foot square: and it is full of palaces and great buildings. The town is well equipped by daily markets, so that provisions are ever fresh and in great plenty, the wine is the best of Europe and both the fish and flesh extreme good."

To Cervantes, who was there in 1751, it is the best city in Europe, even in the whole world. Manso and Cortese join in the chant of praise of its beauty, its climate and its wealth, as becomes good sons of Parthenope. The Huguenot traveller, Misson, who travelled just after the earthquake of 1688 and noted the number of churches damaged, complains of the absence of women, who were secluded in accordance with the Spanish fashion.

Vesuvius, that old enemy of Naples, woke to life again in 1631 after being quiescent since 1500. Indeed, the crater was covered with grass and trees, much as in the days before the eruption of 79. Early in December it was noticed that a level plain had risen over the great crater, and then those dwelling nearest the mountain began to complain of the noise made by the demons, while a bright star was observed above it. By the middle of the month the ominous pine-cone of smoke, famous since Pliny's day, was rising over the mountain, though very few people seem to have realized the danger, and then very soon the eruption burst upon the city in all its force. Naples was plunged in darkness, rocking ceaselessly under the earthquake shocks, accompanied by the usual loud reports, and there was a great seismic wave. The Archbishop bravely hastened back to his stricken flock. The blood of S. Gennaro was found to have liquefied already, a sure sign of impending

disaster. Day and night processions of monks and nuns and of all classes of the inhabitants paraded the streets, dishevelled and barefoot, with crowns of thorns on their heads, scourging themselves with wild, fanatical fervour and crying "Misericordia"; for the Spaniards, like the Bourbons who followed them, deliberately kept the people in ignorance, and in Naples till within living memory one found oneself back in the Middle Ages during such times of disaster.

The good Abate Braccini has many marvels to tell of the efficacy of images of the Madonna and the like. But the smoke-cloud was not definitely turned aside, nor did the terrors of the eruption begin to diminish, till the Archbishop, with a phial of the blood of S. Gennaro in each hand, made the sign of the cross three times in the direction of the mountain. Once more did the saying hold that "Napoli fa i peccati, Torre li paga" ("Naples commits the sins, Torre pays for them"). Seven streams of lava destroyed Torre del Greco and Torre Annunziata, Bosco Reale, Resina and other places, but not one reached Naples. At Torre Annunziata the lava ran into the sea, forming a promontory so hot that the water boiled round it for days. S. Gennaro richly deserved the *guglia* erected for him outside the Duomo. Celano assures us that Vesuvius had spared the city "not for any merit of our Neapolitans, but for those of our dear father and protector S. Gennaro". And his shrine still intervenes between Parthenope and the mountain on the Ponte Maddalena, the bridge over the Sebeto at the eastern end of the city.

One result of the eruption was "L'Incendio del Vesuvio", a mystical play inspired, we are assured, by the deepest devotion. Vesuvius and Mongibello (Etna) and Solfatara boast their powers in the prologue, but Flagello and God declare that their own are greater. Fair Parthenope, the far from immaculate heroine, is saved by S. Gennaro, but relapses into her old life till, owing to the intervention of the Madonna, she is finally united with Penitenza.

MASANIELLO'S REBELLION (1647)

As the century wore on the discontent at the appalling increase of taxation steadily grew. Matters were drifting towards a crisis. The Viceroy Enriquez resigned when

pressure was put upon him to raise still more money, declaring that he would not squeeze a lovely vase to the breaking-point. His successor, the Duca d'Arcos, was of coarser mould. In spite of warnings he imposed a fruit tax in 1647. Meat hardly enters into the diet of a Neapolitan labourer, but fruit is his staple food in summer, and the discontent was proportionately great. The year was ominous, for it was just a century since the Neapolitans rose against Peter of Toledo, as Evelyn calls him, when he sought to introduce the Spanish Inquisition.

Not that the rising was the spontaneous outburst it has sometimes been represented to be. Palermo had, as often, led the way, and notices appeared in the streets urging the Neapolitans to follow its example, unless the gabelles were repealed. The Viceroy himself was stopped on his way to the Carmine church by an angry mob, but he threw the blame on the nobles, whose duty it was to impose the taxes through the *seggi*, true to the Spanish policy of sowing discord between them and the people; and one night the toll-house in the Mercato was burnt down. There is good reason for believing that a rising had been planned for July 16, the feast of the Madonna del Carmine. A captain of brigands, a lay brother of the Carmelites, and above all Giulio Genuino, who had been a favourite of the late Viceroy Ossuna, and after a strange and chequered career had been allowed to return to Naples since taking priest's orders, were the ringleaders behind the scenes. The fact that nearly all the Spanish and Austrian troops in the town had been sent north to oppose the invading French gave them their opportunity.

However, inflammable material was plentiful and a spark fired it. On Sunday, July 7, a dispute arose between some peasants from Pozzuoli with a quantity of figs to sell and a dealer. Each side held that it was for the other to pay the gabelle. The market was crowded, the Sunday morning bustle and hurry with all its life and colour at its height. There was no doubt on whose side the sympathy of the crowd would be. The dispute became so serious that the Eletto del Popolo was sent for, just as he was starting for Posilipo with his fellows, the representatives of the *sedili* of the nobles. He hastened back to the Mercato in his barge and immediately declared that the tax fell on the growers. Matters looked so threatening that he offered to

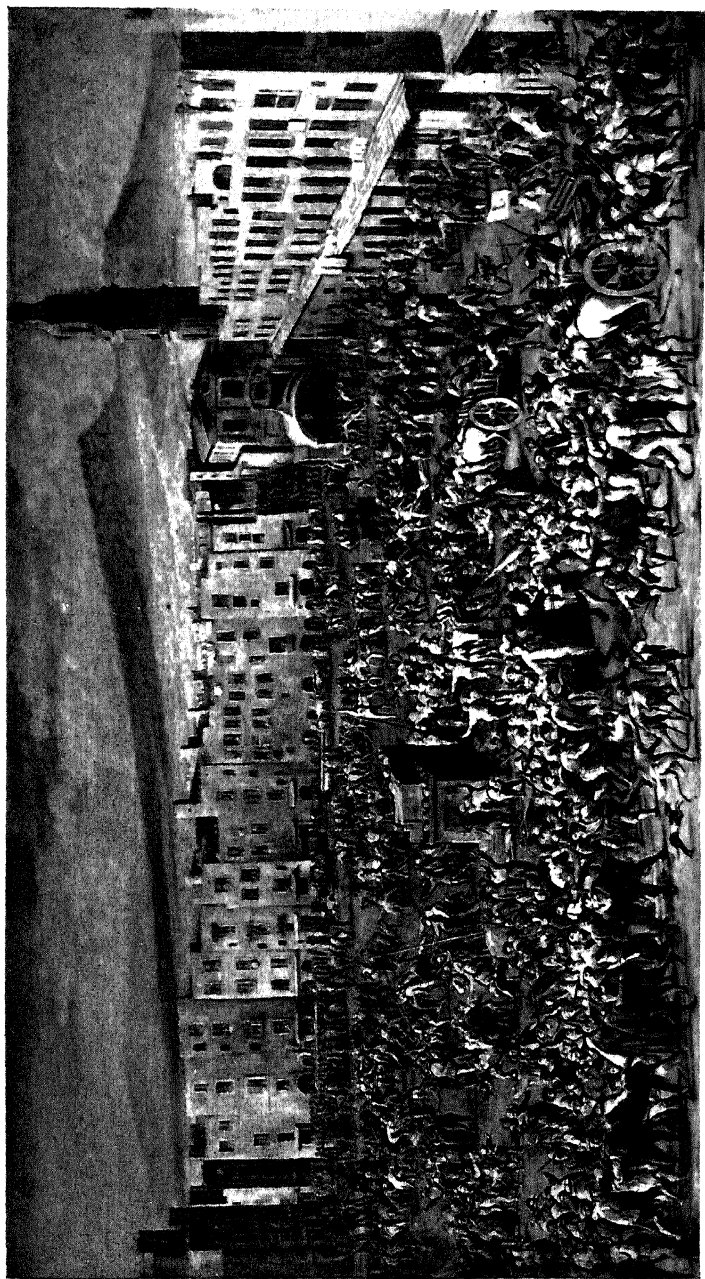
pay it himself till a full inquiry could be made. But it was too late. When the officials brought out the scales to weigh the figs, one of the growers overturned his sack in a fury and began stamping on them. A rush was made for the fruit by the crowd, and when the officials interfered, as the duty had not been paid, they began pelting them with figs, then with stones. Soon they used sticks and anything that came to hand. The Eletto escaped with difficulty to his barge and hurried to report to the Viceroy.

Everything favoured the revolt. In accordance with an old-established custom, a castle of wood and canvas had been run up in the Mercato, which was to be attacked and captured by a body of young men, painted red and black, in Eastern costumes, calling themselves Alarbi, armed with sticks. Their leader was Tommaso Aniello, or Mas'Aniello, as he was called, a not uncommon name at the time, whose father had come from Amalfi. He was a fisherman, but so poor that he was often compelled to make a living by selling paper for other fishermen to wrap their fish in. He had his own grievance against the Government, having been obliged to pay a heavy fine to get his wife out of prison when she was caught trying to smuggle a stocking full of flour into the town. He was tall and handsome, with a natural gift for leadership and a seriousness of expression that contrasted with the typically Neapolitan liveliness of his talk and manner. A picture by Micca Spadaro, of a young peasant with a clay pipe in his mouth, is said to be a portrait of him, but it shows no trace of this seriousness. His chance presence with his little army was the chief cause of the rising instantly assuming such alarming proportions. The first step was to destroy the gabelle houses throughout the town. The Viceroy, fully alive to the seriousness of the situation, sent for Don Tiberio Carafa, Prince of Bisignano, who was very popular, to see what he could do, against the advice of the Eletto del Popolo, who was afraid that he would promise too much. And when he saw how far things had gone, he at once, without any authority, promised that all gabelles should be abolished.

The mob now began to march on the Viceroy's palace in the Toledo to demand the restoration of the privileges granted by Charles V, at the instigation of Genuino, who declared that he had seen a copy of them in gold letters.

Masaniello rode at the head of the procession with a banner, dressed in the white linen shirt and drawers of a fisherman, followed by an enormous crowd, dangerous from long-smouldering discontent and armed with every kind of weapon. The Viceroy was helpless, as the palace was incapable of defence, and he had scornfully refused to fly to the Castel Nuovo. He appeared on a balcony and at once consented to the abolition of the gabelles on wine and fruit and the deposition of the Eletto del Popolo. But his words could not be heard above the uproar, and the written promises he threw down were equally powerless to appease the howling mob. Completely out of hand, they were already at the door and were soon systematically wrecking the palace, smashing even the statuary, while d'Arcos fled down a secret staircase to his coach. An attempt was made to stab him, and a renegade monk is even said to have seized him by the hair and shouted to him to abolish the gabelles. One account says that he escaped by throwing handfulls of gold among the crowd, another that he was rescued by a group of nobles with drawn swords. However, he reached the convent of S. Luigi close by in safety, and managed to drag his unwieldy bulk to the top of the tower, but again his words were quite inaudible.

The Archbishop, Cardinal Ascanio Filomarino, who had recently had a violent dispute with some of the nobles over the right of controlling the relics of S. Gennaro, now appears upon the scene, and his letters describing his experiences to the Pope are highly interesting. He was loved by the people, whom he blessed, pledging his word to secure the abolition of the hated gabelles. He was allowed access to the monastery of the Minimi, whence he quickly reappeared with a note from the Viceroy confirming the abolition and promising better bread. A loaf on a pike was often used as a banner in this rising to show the size to which the flour gabelle had reduced it. Filomarino cleverly refused to give up the note, and the mob, wild with delight, followed his coach as he waved it in the air. The Viceroy was thus able to escape to the Pizzofalcone; and thence in a sedan-chair to the Castel dell' Ovo, up the slope to which he was hauled with considerable difficulty. Sedans, Evelyn reminds us, were first brought to England from Naples by Sir Sanders Duncomb.



MASANIELLO'S REBELLION, PIAZZA DEL MERCATO (MICCA SPADARO)

But there was no lull in the storm. Serious and widespread rioting began. All the prisons were thrown open, except the Vicaria, where the Spanish Governor showed a bold front. The houses of unpopular men, among them that of the Eletto del Popolo, were burnt, as well as those of the tax-gatherers, while the armourers' shops in the Lanzieri were completely pillaged. At first everything was burnt, no plundering being allowed. A man who insisted on looting is said to have been thrown into a burning house by his irate companions.

Masaniello had established his headquarters on a mountebank's stage which happened to have been erected in front of his own cottage on the Piazza del Mercato. Here he drew up the lists of houses to be destroyed. On July 9 alone forty were burnt with all their valuable contents. Processions of monks marched through the streets chanting prayers and litanies in the hope of checking these excesses, but the mob was far beyond such influences and at times it even broke them up and drove them home. The Viceroy determined to try the nobles again and released the Duca di Maddaloni from prison, to see what he could do. The choice was unfortunate, for Masaniello had a grievance against the house of Carafa, of which the Duke was the head. It is said that their servants once beat him and drove him away from the palace instead of paying him for some fish he had brought, and that he only just escaped with his life. In any case, the nobles were thought to be mere tools of the Viceroy sent to deceive the people. As an eye-witness, Don Gabriele Tontoli, puts it in true Seicento style, they would have none of the water from that carafe, believing it to be poison.

So the Archbishop was again called in. He refused to go without the privileges of Charles V, knowing that it would be futile. At this time he clearly sympathized with the people and their aims and genuinely admired Masaniello. But he was weak and it would have been impossible for a man of his position in the Church to throw in his lot with the insurgents, had he wished to do so. D'Arcos now summoned the outlying Spanish troops to join him in the Castel Nuovo, which was his headquarters, but two bodies of them fell into the hands of the rebels. A quantity of arms and some artillery were stored in the campanile of S. Lorenzo, where the plucky garrison of thirty Spaniards

was compelled to surrender to the vast host of assailants, among whom were now a number of armed women. The bells of S. Lorenzo were rung for two hours and the arms distributed among the mob. Plundering still went on.

Provided with something that purported to be the privileges of Charles V, the Archbishop began negotiations with the rebels at the Carmine. Masaniello would hear nothing of pardon, protesting, as did his followers, that he was a loyal subject of the King and only an enemy to unjust government. Indeed, "Long live the King" was a favourite cry with them. He wanted even the Castel S. Elmo to be given up to him. His power was now at its height and he began to organize his forces more or less on regular lines. The Archbishop writes enthusiastically of the respect he inspired and the absolute obedience his orders received. "He shows discretion, wisdom, moderation; in a word, he has become a king in this city, the most glorious and triumphant in the world," he informs the Pope, doubtless to his no small surprise. Masaniello still went barefoot and bareheaded, dressed in the simplest fisherman's garb. The respect this peerless king showed the Archbishop, whom he always addressed on his knees, was naturally not unpleasing to him.

Masaniello's nerve was shaken by an attempt on his life one morning in the very church of the Carmine, when he was fired upon without being touched, thanks, it was said, to the intervention of the Virgin. The would-be murderers were among the five hundred outlaws who fell upon the people in the Piazza del Mercato that day, but were easily defeated. A fearful slaughter followed, even in the monastery and the very church of the Carmine, where the bandits were thought to have taken refuge. They were believed to have been sent by Diomede Carafa, Duca di Maddaloni, in revenge for the way in which he had been treated, or so Masaniello was convinced. His brother, Don Peppe Carafa, was seized while trying to escape and killed on the spot. When his head was brought to Masaniello on a pike, he abused it and struck it with a stick, having it put up with seventeen others in the Piazza del Mercato, as you may see them exposed in Micca Spadaro's picture.

Deeds of violence were increasing with alarming rapidity in Naples, many persons being murdered daily. But the

story of the Compagnia della Morte, of which the painter Aniello Falcone was said to have been the head, and which had in its ranks many of the leading artists of the day, including Salvator Rosa, and went about murdering Spanish soldiers, appears to be altogether mythical. However, Masaniello decided to prohibit the wearing of cloaks, and even of hoops by women, as they were used to conceal weapons. The Archbishop himself obeyed the order.

Terms were at last arranged and Masaniello consented, most unwillingly, to have an audience with the Viceroy, for he dreaded a plot against his life. He stipulated that it should take place at the palace, refusing to trust himself in the Castel Nuovo. He donned a gorgeous suit of silver brocade and a great plumed hat for the occasion, and rode beside the Archbishop's coach at the head of the enormous crowd that swarmed along the Toledo. When he reached the palace he flung himself on the ground before the Viceroy, who raised him up and kissed him before them all, and when the noise was too great for his words of conciliation to be heard, the fisher-lad astonished d'Arcos by procuring absolute silence merely by placing his finger to his lips. He was called a loyal servant of the King and once again embraced, a gold chain being thrown round his neck. The procession returned as it had come, only this time by torchlight, since night had fallen during the interview. On the following day d'Arcos swore to observe the terms in the Duomo before the Archbishop, who sang a *Te Deum* in full pontificals. No armed nobles were permitted to accompany him in his train, the entire route being lined by armed men of the people.

The fatigue and strain and the extraordinary power thus suddenly thrust upon him were beginning to tell on Masaniello. He went entirely without sleep and ate nothing but a little bread soaked in wine, such was his dread of poison, and we must remember that it was the height of the Neapolitan summer. His authority was as absolute as that of an old Roman emperor. On one occasion he had fourteen people executed without trial, merely on suspicion, in the Piazza del Mercato. We read of his cutting the heads out of the pictures of the Duca di Maddaloni and his father or ordering all his neighbours to quit their cottages on the Piazza del Mercato because he meant to build himself a great palace there. He even sent his wife

and daughter to call upon the Viceroy in the Maddaloni coach. Some of the stories may have been invented later, but it is pretty clear that he was losing his mental balance, which is not surprising in the circumstances. He rapidly alienated the Archbishop, who wrote to the Pope that, since the signing of the terms, his wisdom had changed to madness, recklessness and tyranny. Naturally he was making enemies among his own followers, some of whom were jealous of his power. Not the least dangerous of these was the worthless Genuino, who appears to have been behind the Viceroy's plot for murdering him, as he had been behind the scenes in organizing the rising.

The end came on July 16, the feast of the Madonna del Carmine. Even to-day the Carmine church seems to be as much the centre of the religious life of the people as is the Piazza del Mercato of their working existence. The two are inextricably blended. During Lent they wander in and out, dropping in for a short time, apparently as much for rest and peace as for worship. The pathetic figures of these aged men and women, as they doze off or join casually in the litanies from time to time, so kindly and resigned and patient, are infinitely more moving than the repulsive beggars who infest the porch of this church in greater numbers than any other, and many of them are probably poorer. Here they seem at home and at rest, gazing up at the great figure of Christ or the miracle-working La Bruna, with its crude ex-votos, among them often a rough water-colour of a patient in a hospital bed, with doctor and nurse in attendance, in the hope of obtaining the comfort they have sought in vain elsewhere. The mewling cat that wanders unmolested and confident among the pews helps to increase the feeling of homeliness.

Masaniello went up into the pulpit after Mass with a crucifix in his hand and began to harangue the huge crowd that thronged the building. He first denounced them for forsaking him, then confessed his sins, urging them to follow his example. But he was rapidly losing his self-control, and actually began to tear off his clothes. The monks seized him and carried him into the monastery and put him to bed, where he sank into a deep sleep of utter exhaustion. Meanwhile some hired assassins made their way thither, and when the brothers tried to bar the way,

they called him by name. Masaniello heard them, and, thinking they were friends, hastened out to see what they wanted. He was immediately shot dead, exclaiming as he fell, "Ah, Canaglia!"

Masaniello's rule had lasted one week. The news reached the Viceroy just as he was saying that he would give anyone 10,000 ducats who would bring him Masaniello dead or alive. The body was thrown into the Piazza del Mercato, where it was dragged about by the boys, and was finally buried outside the gates. The head was brought to the Viceroy on a pike. The mob now cheered d'Arcos and he duly confirmed their privileges and abolished the gabelles. But the very next day the price of bread was raised and the revulsion was complete. Masaniello was once more the hero. His body was dug up and the head sewn on to it, and he was given a magnificent military funeral in which 4,000 priests took part, with the connivance of the Archbishop.

There was no more talk of peace. Francesco Toraldo d'Aragona, Prince of Massa, took command of the people's forces, sorely against his will, by the Viceroy's orders. The Spanish fleet under the command of Don John of Austria, the able bastard son of Philip IV of Spain, now approached, and d'Arcos immediately seized a number of popular leaders and put them to death in the moat of the Castel Nuovo on a charge of conspiring with the French. Don John proceeded to bombard the city from his fleet and the castles, but, to his surprise, instead of yielding, the people counter-attacked vigorously, and it was all the Spaniards could do to hold their own. The bombardment did serious damage, no quarter being given on either side. The Spaniards began to run short of ammunition and Don John withdrew his fleet, considerably battered, to Baia. Spain held the higher ground, the lines running from S. Elmo, with an enclave to enclose S. Chiara, to the Castel Nuovo. The older quarters to the east were in the hands of the rebels.

The Prince of Massa had always used his influence on the side of moderation and was consequently under suspicion. When the mine laid to blow up the campanile of S. Chiara, an important Spanish fortress, failed in its purpose, he was quite unjustly accused of treachery. Without any trial he was hurried off to the Piazza del Mercato and beheaded

in true revolutionary style. His heart was torn still warm from his body and brought on a silver plate to the convent where his wife had taken refuge. When the nuns refused to fetch her to receive it the mob began to heap faggots against the door in order to burn it down. Anxious to save the convent at all costs, she came forward and received it of her own accord, many even in that mob weeping at the sight.

The people, now convinced that Spain was the enemy, began to seek for foreign aid, since they could not hope to stand alone. They first turned to the Pope, but he dared not quarrel with Spain, had he wished to do so, and he warned the Nuncio to have no dealings with them. So they bethought them of France, Spain's rival for the Regno in so many earlier struggles. The Duc de Guise, then in Rome, consented to put himself at the head of the movement, but Mazarin hesitated to support him till too late. The new leader was Gennaro Annese, a man of the people. Guise gives us a precious picture of him in his headquarters, the Castel del Carmine. He had lost his nerve, starting at every sound. He was quite illiterate, unable to read the letter from the Ambassador in Rome. Guise was then called upon to assist at a violently quarrelsome typically Neapolitan Council of War. Annese's wife did the cooking, for he was afraid of being poisoned, and Guise would have starved, he assures us, so bad was it, but for the fruit, salad and wine.

"She brought in the first dish dressed in a gown of blue brocade embroidered with silver and a hoop, wearing a chain of brilliants, a beautiful necklace of pearls and diamond earrings, all robbed from the Duchessa di Maddaloni. In this gorgeous costume Annese made her appear in public, cook, wash up and amuse herself after dinner by doing the washing and hanging it up to dry."

Annese took Guise into his kitchen, where was a magnificent bed, rich in gold brocade, and at the foot of it, in a cradle, a little black slave about two years old covered with smallpox. A quantity of silver plate and gold enamel was heaped in the middle of the floor; several boxes half open, showing chains, bracelets, pearls and other stones, some bags with silver and others with sequins oozing out of their gaping mouths; rich furniture and a number of good pictures, all scattered about in wild confusion. The

whole scene suggests a brigand's cave in a tale of adventure. Guise soon withdrew to quarters more to his taste in the Palazzo Caracciolo on the Largo S. Giovanni a Carbonara. The early ideals of the revolution had doubtless died a natural death before Masaniello's end. However, scenes like this, with the widespread ruin, the interruption of all trade and commerce, rapidly alienated the middle classes, who had at first sympathized with the movement for the abolition of the gabelles. They were only too eager for the return of the Spaniards and the re-establishment of order.

The new Viceroy, Don Inigo Guevara, Conte de Oñatte, grasped the situation, and during the temporary absence of the Duc de Guise he successfully occupied almost the whole city without resistance. Indeed, the energy with which he restored order and prosperity to the half-ruined city entitles him to rank among the greatest of the viceroys. A general amnesty was proclaimed and Annese was at last induced to surrender the Castel del Carmine. Soon afterwards it was rebuilt and converted into a strong fort, quite separate from the monastery, round which, however, a corridor capable of defence was also run. Oñatte showed his wisdom in abolishing the gabelles, substituting for them a heavier hearth tax. As soon as he felt himself secure he set about punishing the rebels. Annese and a number of the leaders were hung, various charges being trumped up against them so as not to violate the terms of the amnesty. The records of the "Bianchi della Giustizia", the confraternity whose duty it was to comfort condemned criminals, dressed in white cloaks and cowls which left only the eyes visible, are melancholy reading. Man after man in his last confession expresses contrition for having been forced by the pain of the torture to designate accomplices in the rising who were altogether innocent.

Plague was almost endemic in Naples, as elsewhere in Europe, at this time, and the Church of S. Maria di Constantinopoli, in the street of the same name near the Museum, is an interesting memorial of it. A chapel was built on this spot after the severe outbreak of 1526-8 containing an image of the Madonna exactly similar to the one which was supposed to have saved Constantinople from fire, in the hope that it would prove equally efficacious against pestilence. Then in 1575, when there was another serious

outbreak, it was replaced by the present church from designs by Fra Nuvolo, a typical example of Neapolitan Barocco. The frescoes are by Corenzio and the high altar by Fansaga.

The worst visitation occurred in 1657, having been brought to Naples by a Sardinian ship. It is said to have carried off 120,000 people, though the whole population of the city was then only about half a million. The story is almost word for word that of the plague of Milan as described in the "Promessi Sposi", and one cannot do better than refer to Manzoni's famous chapters—the crowds in the churches, only helping to spread the infection; the rumours that the epidemic was deliberately introduced by Spain to punish the people; the stories of the "untori", who were said to go about anointing walls and benches with infected substances. One of these unfortunates, who was, of course, absolutely innocent, was broken on the wheel to satisfy popular feeling. Hardly less disastrous in spreading the disease was the building of a chapel on a hill to the north of the city by way of expiation, in accordance with a prophecy, a work in which the whole population of every class, age and sex was compelled to join. The Viceroy himself carried a load of stones for it with his own hands. It might have been as much as his life was worth to refuse.

This was the last of the great disasters, but drastic measures were taken by the energetic Viceroy, Cardinal Pasquale d'Aragona, to restore order after it. He even expelled a number of *lazzaroni*, a word which first occurs during the Masaniello rebellion, in the hope of checking the appalling increase of vice and crime.

One result of Spanish rule was that the nobles tended more and more to spend their time and money in Naples, clustering round the Viceregal Court, which was the centre of honour and distinction, instead of living in their castles and intriguing against the king of the moment. The gorgeous displays and pageants in which the more lavish viceroys led the way did much to reconcile the easy-going *lazzarone* to his far from enviable lot, for then, as now, he dearly loved a show and was patient and smiling within the limits of human endurance, so long as he could enjoy a little amusement. There was plenty of fun and gaiety to distract him at this time, and above all there was music.

The neurasthenic Viceroy who attempted to put down evening serenades must have found his decree harder to enforce than the laws against duelling. And the *lazzarone* looked up to his betters with awe and admiration, proudly pointing out the dashing young buck in his latest coach, who might run over one of his children, if it pleased him, for the trifling compensation of a dozen carlines, as " 'o nostro ruca, 'o nostro principe ".

The Barocco lent itself to pageantry, and the best artists of the day often designed the arches and cars. In 1612 the double royal marriages between Spain and France were celebrated with great splendour. In 1652 the taking of Barcellona, Don Andrea Rubino, quoted by Colonna di Stigliano, tells us, was celebrated with so much fire, by day and by night, that Naples became a second Troy " not of tears, but of joy ". In the great procession both the nobles and the garrison took part in gala dress. There was the Viceroy in his octagonal coach, drawn by six horses and covered with black velvet and gold, with gold figures and cushions of crimson and gold, and all the chief officers of State, including the Prince of Avellino, the Grand Chancellor, dressed in scarlet, with a mantle and cap of ermine covered with diamonds. A new hall was inaugurated in the royal palace, the chief feature in which was a chandelier holding 480 candles, each of 3 lbs. For the carnival of that year the people organized a procession on asses, the riders decorated with garlic, onions and cucumbers, and carrying wooden swords and rustic guns, with a mask of negroes with bells and umbrellas. The " popolo più civile ", the middle classes, paraded as apes, baboons, niggers and sham cavaliers. The nobles donned Oriental costumes. The penalties for those who threw anything out of the windows likely to injure these costumes also varied with the rank of the offender, the lower orders being punished with three years of the galleys, the nobles with a fine of 300 ducats. On Holy Thursday the fishermen of S. Lucia buried Carnival, who was borne on a car led by Death with a doctor in attendance, with muffled drums. Goats and other kinds of meat were carried on poles to console her. Then came the triumph of Lent, people bearing green food, garlic, onions and fish on poles ; then Lent herself on foot, dressed in " frutti di mare ". On the last Sunday of Carnival the masks were endless in their variety, the most popular being a

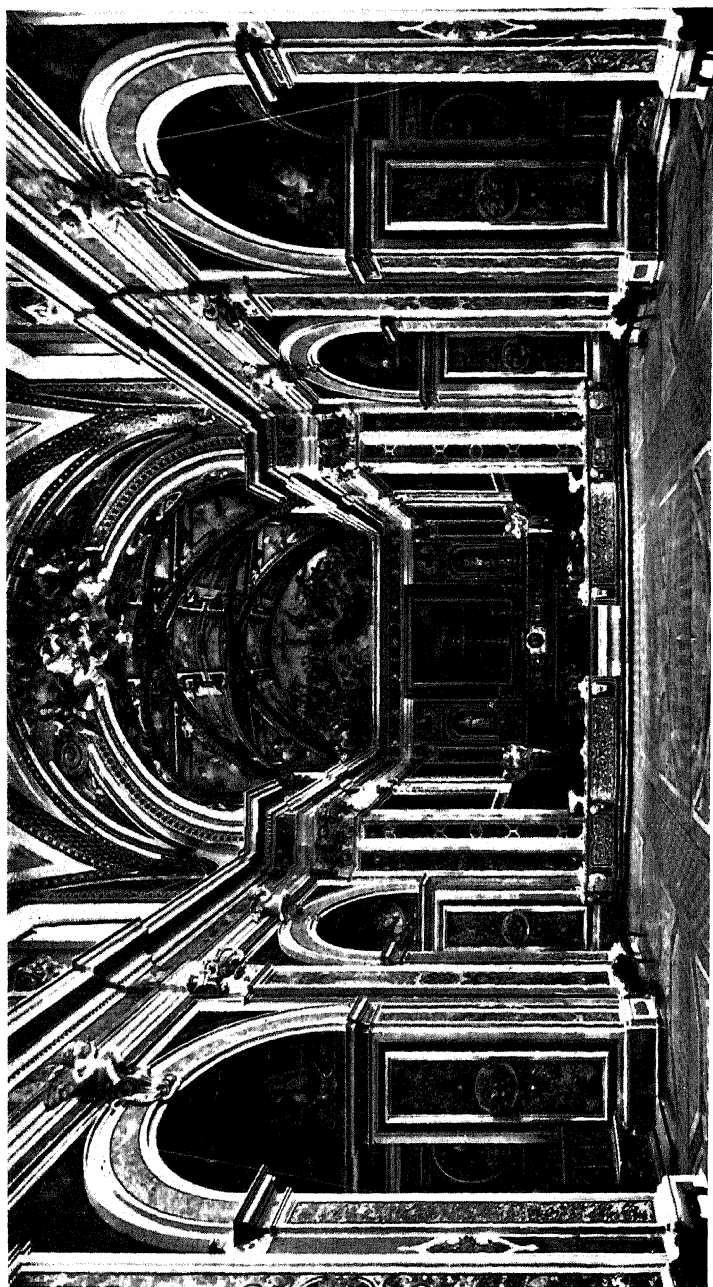
masquerade of knights-errant, each with a lady he claimed to have carried off.

Don Garzia d'Avellaneda had a truly Neapolitan passion for pageantry. In Carnival all the Court officials at the Vicaria had to mask, assemble in the courtyard and march through the city. There were silver-clad trumpeters, masks with comic inscriptions fastened on them, a car with Bacchus spurring wine into the faces of the crowd, surrounded by nymphs, bacchanti and musicians, who kept themselves going by eating macaroni in handfuls from a huge bowl. We also read of a car drawn by eight horses caparisoned in silver. On it was a mountain from the summit of which the Sebeto flowed into the Tyrrhene, where were nine Sirens singing. When it reached the Viceroy's palace the top opened and a number of birds flew out, while the Sirens sang a song in his praise.

Naturally any event in the lives of the chief nobles was a topic of absorbing interest, more especially the scandals. Of these the one that was probably the most notorious concerned Carlo Gesualdo, Principe di Conca, who killed his wife, Maria d'Avalos, and her lover, Fabrizio Carafa, in 1590. The Prince was a distinguished musician and well known in artistic circles. He had entertained Tasso, and Tasso, like Marino and other poets, celebrated the tragedy in a sonnet. For some time afterwards the people living near declared that they heard a piercing and agonized shriek from the deserted Palazzo Sangro di Sansevero, in the Via S. Biagio dei Librai, and saw a white ghost flitting about the neighbouring streets.

The chief addition to the city after the Masaniello rebellion was the Strada di Chiaia,¹ which was laid out by the ambitious Medinacoeli in 1697 and adorned with statues and fountains. The old fashionable drive had been up Poggioreale, which, till the end of the eighteenth century, was beautifully laid out with trees and fountains, but it had long been a custom to drive along the shore in this direction in the cool of the evening. The district was inhabited entirely by fishermen, whose wives, good-looking, except for their teeth, which were spoilt by the water, would come flocking out to sell the catch to the exalted Signori, who took it home in their coaches. Unfortunately the sanitary arrangements were

¹ "Chiaia" is said to be a corruption of Plaga, the Plaga Olympica, where a festival of Zeus was held in ancient days.



CHURCH OF S. MARTINO

successfully occupied her, being received with rapturous joy by his new subjects, who were heartily weary of Imperial rule and quite willing to try an independent sovereign of their own.

CHAPTER VI

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (1734-99)

CHARLES AND FERDINAND OF BOURBON

THE St. Luke's summer of the eighteenth century in Naples which preceded the upheaval of the revolution embraces the reign of Charles III (1734-59) and the first part of that of Ferdinand IV (1759-99), though we should probably not extend the latter beyond about 1790, as the repressions due to the reaction against the effects of the French Revolution under the influence of Maria Carolina and Acton cast a deep shadow over the later years. Naples once again had a king of her own, the Infante Don Carlos, who thoroughly appreciated the privileges of his position. He made his state entry by the Porta Capuana, and along the crowded Tribunali on horseback, escorted by the chief nobles of the kingdom and his own suite in great splendour, preceded by a number of beautifully caparisoned horses, led by grooms, while horsemen at his side showered money among the crowd, then down the Toledo to the palace. The festivities with which he was welcomed stand out in the annals even of festa-loving Naples as memorable. He was duly blessed in the Duomo by Cardinal Pignatelli, where he won all hearts by throwing a collar of rubies over the head of S. Gennaro.

Charles was quite a favourable specimen of the benevolent despot of the eighteenth century, probably, on the whole, the best ruler Naples has ever known. Conscientious and possessed of a strong love of justice, he or his able minister, the Florentine Tannucci, did his best to promote the interests of his subjects according to his lights. Tannucci began by devoting his energies to abolishing many of the privileges of the nobles, whose feudal rights weighed so heavily upon the peasantry. In some places

there were even dues to be paid for the right of dying and for throwing rubbish out of the windows. He was especially eager to curtail the judicial powers of the land-owners. He also sought to weaken the privileges of the Church, particularly the right of asylum, while brigandage was put down with a strong hand. In the hope of still further undermining their authority, Charles encouraged the nobles to live more and more in the capital, away from their estates—a disastrous policy, the full effects of which are being reaped by the present generation. The Concordat with the Pope, Benedict XIV, struck a severe blow at the privileges of the clergy.

Hunting was Charles's one passion. It was by the chase and by a healthy open-air life that he successfully fought the morbid melancholy which the singing of Farinelli alone had charmed away in his father and grandfather. To this passion we owe the palaces of Capodimonte, where he went to shoot becafichi, and Caserta, which was confiscated from its anti-Bourbon duke. Caserta is Luigi Vanvitelli's masterpiece, perhaps the finest palace of its day. The cascades can hardly be rivalled, even in Italy. The island of Procida Charles acquired for its pheasants. No cats were allowed on the island for fear of their harming these precious birds, which were protected by the most rigorous of game laws, with the consequence that there was soon a plague of mice. Indeed, his year was largely a tour of his hunting-lodges, broken by an occasional visit to the capital. When the proximity of Vesuvius was objected to his proposed palace at Portici—"son Fontainebleau", as the *Président De Brosses* calls it—he answered, "God, Maria Immacolata and S. Gennaro will see to that," and to this day, it has never been damaged by an eruption.

All this weighed heavily on the Treasury, for Charles had the Bourbon indifference to expense, but his example resulted in a good deal of building in Naples. The triumphal arches and other constructions for important celebrations were often designed by the best architects of the day, such as Vanvitelli or Ferdinando Sanfelice, who is also responsible for a number of palaces, into which he often introduced his double winding staircases. Vanvitelli especially did not a little to improve taste by banishing the worst Barocco exaggerations. Naples, however, has never succeeded in acquiring a distinctive architectural

character of her own. Nor did the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii which played a considerable part in the reaction against the Barocco have any great effect in lessening Solimena's influence in painting. Giuseppe Bonito was probably the best of his school, and his frescoes especially abound.

In 1740 Naples made her first characteristic acquaintance with the English fleet. Charles was preparing to help his father when Admiral Martin appeared in the Bay and gave him two hours to decide whether he would remain neutral or not. He took the more prudent course, though afterwards, under family pressure, he revoked his decision.

The sorrow at Charles's departure to assume the crown of Spain in 1759 was deep and genuine and well founded, for the Neapolitans have never had better cause for regretting a king.

Ferdinand was a man of very different stamp. During his minority all power was in the hands of the regency, which meant Tannucci, who was thus free to carry out his reforms undisturbed. Indeed, he is said to have deliberately encouraged the boy's natural indolence and dislike of all brain-work in order to increase his own authority. Ferdinand had the family passion for hunting. One remembers the great collection of Bourbon sporting guns at Capodimonte. Casanova says that when he kissed the boy's hand at a Court function, it was covered with chilblains. His wife, the beautiful, ambitious, dominating, able daughter of Maria Teresa, asserted her right to take part in councils of State as soon as she had given birth to a son. She it was who brought about Tannucci's fall in 1777, and she kept her influence by relieving her husband of all affairs of State. Ferdinand, the "*Re Lazzarone*", deserved his name, for he had the tastes of the *lazzaroni*, with whom he was immensely popular. He talked only in dialect, expressing himself with difficulty in Italian. He ate macaroni in orthodox style with his fingers, even in his box at the S. Carlo. He would sell the fish he had caught in the royal lake at Fusaro in the open market, imitating to perfection the gestures of the local dealers and taking care to get the highest prices, and then distribute the money among the poor.

Ferdinand was a marvellous shot and a skilled spearer of the tunny, while he could outrow any boatman on the Bay. He had the family long nose, not unlike that of

Pulcinella, and was often known as "Re Nasone". He was, says Dumas in his characteristic style, "l'homme le plus fin, le plus fort, le plus adroit, le plus insouciant, le plus indévot, le plus superstitieux de son royaume, ce que n'est pas peu dire". Naturally the Court was more lively, even brilliant, in his reign. Spanish solemnity went west with his father. Maria Carolina was gay and pleasure-loving, not *dévot*e, like her predecessor. At bottom Ferdinand was easy-going and kindly, but he had a great idea of the royal dignity.

MUSIC AND ART

Though Scarlatti's first opera was produced in Naples in 1685, when he was twenty-five years old, the eighteenth century is the real flowering-time of the Neapolitan school, with Porpora, Scarlatti, Pergolese, Jommelli, Leo, and the rest. It was in music alone that the Barocco century could hope to express itself, when everything but feeling seemed to be banished from the art of the day amid the general repression of all freedom of thought, and modern music, towards which Scarlatti has contributed not a little, sprang into life in Italy in the midst of the decadence of the other arts.

Medinacoeli had been an enthusiastic patron of music and musicians, and he brought the great singer, La Giorgina, with him as his mistress from Rome. It was in Naples that Metastasio began his career with the "Orti Esperidi" in 1721 under the Austrian viceroys. Here he had already made a mark as an improvvisatore when little more than a child, and his lyrics were well known. Marianna Bulgarelli, La Romanina, who was soon to become devoted to him, sang the title rôle, and the music was by Porpora. In the following year the famous trio of friends was completed by Carlo Broschi, Farinelli, when the great male soprano made his début in Metastasio's "Angelica", for which Porpora, who was Farinelli's master and the greatest teacher of singing that has ever lived, also wrote the music. But it was in 1724 that Metastasio found his true bent in "Didone Abbandonata", the first of the long series of music dramas to come from his pen, leaping at once into the first place as a writer of opera books. La Romanina played Dido. Sarra's music was not remarkable, but Scarlatti wrote a new score in Rome, for

at that time the book was considered to be of more importance than the music and might be used by half a dozen masters. These operas and many others were given at the S. Bartolomeo Theatre, which was closed in 1737. In its place rose the little church of La Graziella, which you pass as you go down the steps of the Via Medina. So Croce tells us in his invaluable book on the theatres of Naples.

The *virtuose* often gave the viceroys trouble now that the opera was becoming fashionable. In 1729 one of them had her successful rival shot dead on her own doorstep as she was returning from the theatre by a youth, who escaped with a fine, the money being appropriately laid out in re-decorating the ceiling of the criminal court of the Vicaria. More than one of these ladies was banished to prevent young nobles from marrying them.

Naples owed her position as the great home of vocal music in Italy not a little to the four great Colleggi di Musica for the training of poor children in music. But the opera found its most munificent patron in Charles III. Not only did he begin the State subsidies, but in the short time between March and October, 1737, the Teatro S. Carlo sprang into being at his orders. The architect was Giovanni Antonio Medrano, a Colonel of Engineers, who also built the palace of Capodimonte. Angelo Carasale, upon whom so much sympathy has been wasted because he was allowed to die in prison when he became bankrupt, was merely the impresario. Apocryphal also is the story that on the opening night Charles summoned him to his box and congratulated him, adding there was only one thing wanting, and that was a covered way connecting the theatre and the palace, whereupon he improvised one complete in every detail during the performance. Not that Charles cared for music, though he enjoyed the ballet. De Brosses saw him talk through one half of the opera and sleep through the other, and it was said that he had built the largest opera-house in the world—the Scala at Milan is a little bigger—only to keep away from it. Leo and Porpora were the first chapel-masters; Caffarello, over whose house was the motto, "*Amphion Thebas, ego domum*," the great soprano; and it was ordained that the first three *libretti* of each season must be by Metastasio. The building of the S. Carlo already marked the turning of the tide.

The first thirty years of the century were the classical period of Neapolitan serious music. By the middle of the century the school was already decadent, as Jommelli, perhaps its greatest product, saw on his return from abroad. His own music was above the taste of the day.

However, the decay of one branch of the art meant only the transference of the artistic energies of Parthenope to another, if lighter, one, the Opéra Bouffe. Though it was neglected in the theatre and only received official recognition when it was beginning to decline, the best masters were all writing for it. Opéra Bouffe was local ; its scenes were laid on the Vomero or at the Porta Capuana. It thus filled a gap, now that the *Commedia dell'Arte* had sunk back to its original position.

We read of an odd mixture of coarseness and superstition at the booths of the Mask Comedy. A shrine of the Madonna with a light burning in front of it was often to be found outside the theatre, and the company would recite the rosary behind the curtain before giving the most outrageously indecent performances. The *Largo del Castello* was the scene of its activities. Booths of all kinds abounded there and pickpockets plied their trade vigorously among the audience.

However, the Opéra Bouffe may be said to have begun with Pergolese's "*La Serva Padrona*" in 1733. Such is the enthusiasm of the *Président De Brosses*, that he declares that he will not miss a single performance of Leo's "*Frascatana*", though the book is in atrocious dialect, and he declares that, had it been possible to die of laughter, the "*Serva Padrona*", with its heavenly music, would have killed him. Neapolitans could not understand his enthusiasm, for, as often, superior persons sniffed at this lighter opera, but time has justified it. Cimarosa is generally held to be the greatest of Neapolitan Opéra Bouffe composers. According to Scherillo, there is a naturalness and a spontaneity about his fun, without a shade of the pale cast of thought, such as we find nowhere else ; and the crumbs the Russian ballet has recently given us in "*Cimarosiana*" have at least shown us something of his charm. "*Il Matrimonio Segreto*", based on Garrick and Colman's "*The Clandestine Marriage*", was his best.

But it was Paisiello who wrote the music for what was to be the most famous of them all, "*Socrate Immaginario*".

The book was always the weak spot in the Opéra Bouffe ; anything was good enough ; as a rule it appears to have been no better than that of an ordinary comic opera or review of our own day. This one, however, was by Giambattista De Lorenzi, a master in the craft, and was written at the suggestion and with the help of that great economist, the witty Abate Galiani, who had lived long in Paris and whom Diderot called a treasure on a rainy day. It was produced at the Teatro Nuovo in 1755, but prohibited by the King as indiscreet as soon as he had seen it, because it was known to satirize the quarrels of a respected university professor and his wife. The licensing committee were actually made to refund the money for the impresario's expenses out of their own pockets. However, the ban was soon removed, and it became extraordinarily popular. One remembers Ranieri's description of the poet Leopardi at the Teatro del Fondo, shading his eyes with his hand as he listened to the chorus,

ἀνδρῶν ἀπάντων
Σωκρατῆς σοφοτατοῦς

when Lablache was the Socrate. Caricature of the serious opera was a regular feature of this Opéra Bouffe, which doubtless borrowed not a few of the *lazzi* from the Mask Comedy.

Paisiello, who was born at Taranto, had the true Southern facility, as, indeed, had most of these composers. I suppose "Tre Giorni son che Nina in letto se ne sta", from his "Nina Pazza per Amore", his best known opera and the best of those based on the comédie larmoyante, is the one song that may be said to live and still enjoy popularity out of all the Neapolitan Opéra Bouffe. It was sung admirably by Celeste Coltellini, "the pearl of Naples", the delightful prima donna of Opéra Bouffe during the decade before the Revolution, the last incarnation of the Siren Parthenope before the passing of the old régime. Emma Hamilton made a great hit with it in London. Peacock's heroines are fond of "Nina Pazza per Amore".

The brilliant illumination with candles reflected by looking-glasses in front of every box was one of the most novel features of the S. Carlo at this time, which was universally admired, though Mrs. Piozzi complains that the mirrors were never clean, and the smell and glare was such that

people often put them out when the King was not present. If he were in the royal box no one might applaud till he set the example, and no one might hiss the singers he patronized, as Stendhal relates with indignation. In 1743 the elephant which the Sultan had presented to Charles, and which was usually housed in his palace at Portici, appeared on the stage in "Alessandro nelle Indie".

It was Charles who began the excavations at Pompeii when some statues were found by peasants there in 1748, and they were continued under Ferdinand, but it was only in the days of Napoleonic rule that they have ever been lavishly supplied with funds. Charles brought the great Farnese collections with him from Parma to Naples, and the valuable pictures and antiques formed the nucleus of the Museo Reale Borbonico, as it was called after 1816, now the Museo Nazionale. It was housed in its present home in 1790, when the University was moved to the Gesù Vecchio. The palace is still sometimes known as Palazzo degli Studi. Ossuna had built a cavalry barracks where is now the Museum in 1586, which Lemos gave to the University in 1615.

Capodimonte owes its fame, not to its becafichi, but to the porcelain factory which Charles established there in 1743. His wife, Maria Amalia Walburga of Saxony, gave him a fine Dresden cup from which he drank his chocolate for nearly half a century. This is thought to have fired his ambition. But he would have no mere imitation of Dresden, and the porcelain of his reign, in the designs for which he took the keenest interest, is closely linked with the art of the day. When he went to Spain he took everything with him he could, destroying even the furnaces, and set up his factory at Buen Retiro. However, Ferdinand established a factory of his own at Portici, reviving the art with considerable difficulty. The *biscuit* of this second period, which owes so much to the classical revival and the Pompeii excavations, and continually reminds one of Canova, is admirable in its way. Its real masterpiece is the service presented to George III, with designs from Etruscan vases, which cost 22,012 ducats. Nelson was also given a fine set, the plates of which represented his victories. Cardinal Ruffo was honoured in the same way. The French, as usual, plundered and wrecked the factory. Only its size saved the splendid Michaelangeloesque centre-



THE PRESEPE AT S. MARTINO

piece of the Battle of the Giants, now in the Capodimonte Museum. The S. Martino Museum possesses a good collection of Capodimonte, including the Hercules and Deanira and the Farnese bull in *biscuit*. Charles also founded the tapestry factory, of which Cupid and Psyche, in the Naples Museum, is the masterpiece.

Not the least interesting possession of the S. Martino Museum is the splendid Presepe, or representation of the Nativity, dear to every Neapolitan. The figures are the work of the best masters of the day, when the craze was at its height in the eighteenth century. According to Mrs. Piozzi, a Presepe sometimes cost £1,500 to £2,000, such was the rivalry among the great families to possess the best figures. The gifts of the Magi might be of finely worked gold and silver, while the carvers of the dolls, which were either of wood or of terra-cotta, were well-known artists who devoted their lives to the work. Padre Rocco had one in his cell, continually adding to it and improving it by getting new figures or substituting better ones. Pulcinella, who survived the evil day on which the *Commedia dell' Arte* had fallen as the embodiment of the Neapolitan and who was the most popular person in Naples after the King and the Madonna, according to Lady Morgan, was often to be found quite close to the manger. The figures in these Presepi were dressed in Neapolitan costumes, and an inn with peasants feasting was one of the stock features. Ferdinand, of course, had his own, which was regularly set out at Christmas. Almost to within living memory the Child was often removed from the manger before Christmas. Then a lively Christmas party would be given, with music and the reciting of poems, ending at midnight, when a priest among the guests led the prayers, finally handing the Bambino to the youngest daughter of the house, who would replace it in the manger. The Presepi were often set out on the flat roofs of the houses, and Goethe preferred them there with the beautiful view of Vesuvius and the Bay as a background.

The best artistic energies of Settecento Naples find expression in music, and the S. Carlo should be its most characteristic monument. The influence of France had succeeded that of Spain; the Rococo was driving out the Barocco. Art had become social instead of mystical or religious; its true home was the drawing-room, not the

church. The churches of this period often remind one of ball-rooms. S. Chiara, restored in 1752, is the classical instance at Naples. Similarly S. Lorenzo, which was severely damaged by the earthquake of 1732, is largely the work of Sanfelice. De Brosses, indeed, will not admit that there is a good piece of architecture in Naples, while the fountains are poor. The churches are "fort vantées et non vantables, ornées sans goût et riches sans agréments". The royal palace alone possesses some merit.

To me, however, the Capella di Sansevero, or S. Maria della Pietà de' Sangri, which dates from 1590, will always be the church of the Settecento, thanks largely to the additions made by Raimondo di Sangro in 1766. If you ask a cabman to show you the chief sights of Naples, he will probably drive you here after the Duomo, to see the three famous statues. Though in taste they may fairly be ranked with the worst of the *guglie*, they are wonderful pieces of workmanship. "Il Disinganno", by Francesco Queirolo, which shows a man struggling to free himself from the temptations of the world, symbolized by a net, a monument to Don Raimondo's father, who became a monk, is all in one piece of marble. So is the veiled Pudicitia, the monument of his mother, in the same style, by Antonio Corradini. The Dead Christ covered with a white marble shroud is lying on a grey marble bier, and as he gazes upon it your guide will smile triumphantly, and glance up as if asking, "Now where in the world will you find a work of art to equal that?" And you give an answering glance of admiration, so as not to hurt his feelings.

But the monument I like best is that of Cecco di Sangro springing out of his tomb fully armed with amazing vigour, over the door. The story goes that this warrior, when fighting for Spain in the Low Countries, grew tired of besieging an impregnable castle; so he shammed dead, like Robert Guiscard when he wanted to get into Monte Cassino, and was carried into the chapel of the castle and buried; but at night he broke out of his tomb and threw open the gates to his friends. The people of the district know better. He is "'O Principe", none other than Don Raimondo himself, who did actually carry out elaborate experiments in pottery and colour-printing. The groaning of the presses, which he constructed himself, in the basement of the palace, was heard with terror in the neighbourhood. Don Rai-

mondo, we may add, was also a patron of the amateur actors who were such a feature of the day, De Lorenzi being the poet of the troop which played in his palace. Naturally his neighbours soon built a very different legend round this rare phenomenon of a noble with such original tastes. After all, he was a contemporary of Cagliostro. 'O Principe has become a great magician who lived far back in history when such things were possible and who determined to escape death. So he packed his family off to his country estate and wrote a number of letters which were to be dispatched to them regularly by a Moorish slave, promising to join them soon. Then the slave, obeying instructions, cut him into pieces and buried him. Unfortunately, not being able to read, he got mixed in the order of the letters. The family grew anxious and hastened back to Naples, where they were horrified to learn that 'O Principe was dead and buried. From seven to nine months were necessary for the proper working of 'O Principe's spell. But his sorrowing relatives insisted on having the tomb opened at once to make sure that he was actually there. 'O Principe sprang up and was in the very act of climbing out, when he fell back dead with a diabolical groan. Altogether, 'O Principe was a terrible person. Like the Eastern potentate, he had the sculptor of the Christ blinded to prevent him making others like it.

With the delicate grace of the Rococo Settecento into which the more extravagant Barocco was gradually refined the artistic energies of Naples seem in no small measure to have run out. Masaniello's rebellion had destroyed much, and the revolutionary movements with the French invasion not only destroyed more, but helped towards breaking up the old feudal life. The decorations and furniture of a typical apartment in the palace of an old Neapolitan family usually date from this period, or possibly from the Napoleonic era, for the Empire style owes its origin and its stiffness to the excavations at Pompeii. The suite of rooms leading one out of the other will be furnished with gilt-legged Louis XV sofas and chairs, the walls hung with red damask. At the end will be the bedroom of the young couple, with the wife's boudoir beyond. The pictures mostly date from the eighteenth century, as does the stuccoed ceiling. Round the bedroom may run a shelf of the choicest Capodimonte, above it a row of prim, characterless ancestors, suggesting

Angelica Kauffmann, in oval gilt frames. Were they to step out of them in their wigs and patches and hoops and knee-breeches, they would be quite at their ease in their old home. If the apartment happens to look on to the courtyard, the view from the windows would hardly be more changed; except the uniform of the porter, all would be familiar, until the car appeared to take the lady for her afternoon drive instead of the great gilded coach with its four horses and its running footmen.

SOCIAL LIFE

During the eighteenth century Naples was becoming much more familiar to travellers from the North, and there was a steady increase in those who included it in the Grand Tour. In the years before the Revolution we have Goethe, Casanova and Mrs. Piozzi, a trio as varied as one could desire. The nobles were, on the whole, well-to-do and lived much in Naples, where they gave gorgeous entertainments on special occasions, though otherwise they lived very simply. They had troops of ill-trained lackeys, who were paid next to nothing, in their service. Their horses were their special pride. The coat-of-arms of Naples was an unbridled horse, and her horses had been famed since the days of Andreuccio da Perugia. In the previous century the breed had been in danger owing to mules becoming fashionable, till the Viceroy interfered with a stringent decree against them. One remembers Portia and the Neapolitan Prince—"Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself". As many as ten horses were sometimes harnessed to the great coaches in the afternoon promenade, which was most fashionable on Fridays in March. They were preceded by running footmen, often very dirty, whose duty it was to clear a way, adjust the complicated reins, prevent people from being run over, and carry torches at night. When at last the number of horses was limited by decree, the Principe di Stigliano is said to have harnessed every horse he possessed to his coach, each of those in excess of the limit carrying a bag round its neck with the money for the fine in it. "You know, this is the land of horses," writes De Brosses. "They are small, thin and ugly," but "fins, diligents, malins et pleins de feu."

The popular cab of the day was a little gilt triangular, two-wheeled, one-horse sulky or gig, with the reins round the animal's nose. It was driven by the fare, and the harder he pulled, the faster the poor animal went. The driver was behind to control it with whip and voice. Then there was the "*corricolo*", after which Dumas called his delightful book, meant for one horse and two people. It generally had two horses and a dozen or more passengers, a continual stream of *lazzaroni* clambering in and out. There was always a monk or priest in the best place with the prettiest girl on his knee, and three or four children or a beggar or two swinging about in the cloud of dust in the net underneath. "You can go everywhere on foot in Naples, almost everywhere in a *corricolo*, in a coach only in three streets, the Chiaia, Toledo and Forcella," says Dumas.

The eighteenth century is the period when social life, largely following the lead of France, reached its highest development throughout Europe, and Naples is no exception to the rule. The outstanding personage of the day is the wealthy Principe di Francavilla, who entertained lavishly in his splendid villa on the Chiaia, even during the famine of 1764, when, however, the guests had to bring their own bread. His car was always among the most magnificent in the Carnival processions. Casanova met Sir William Hamilton at his house and the famous Duchess of Kingston. After dinner they went down to the shore and saw the priest who was unable to sink in water, apparently one of the marvels of Naples at that time, and a swimming display by the Prince's handsome pages, which the Duchess thoroughly enjoyed. A day or two later he gave a similar display by some nymphs in a pond in his villa at Portici, which was more appreciated by the men than by the Duchess.

Then there were the Goudar couple who ran a gaming establishment in their pretty villa at Posilipo, where Casanova once met three princes, eight dukes and seven marquises. Goudar had already introduced him to the fair Sarah, when she was a barmaid in London. Though an Irish Catholic, she had been converted with great pomp at Naples at her husband's suggestion, and, thanks not a little to this clever advertisement, they were soon launched. She was ultimately driven from Naples by the jealous Maria

Carolina, as she was beginning to attract the King, her villa passing into the hands of the royal family.

She has left an interesting account of Carnival at Naples, printed at Lucca in 1774, written for General Alexis Orlof. The opera was "Alessandro nelle Indie" and the singer Pacchierotti. "Je ne sai si c'est parceque je suis femme, mais je n'aime point les Eunuques." The realistic ballets were more to her taste. A regular Carnival feature was the Cuccagna, dating from Spanish days. This was an erection in the Largo del Castello, stuffed with food of all kinds, which was stormed and sacked by the mob when a gun gave the signal. It took different forms on different days—the Golden Age, the Garden of Armida and the like. She also describes the dresses she wore at the masquerades.

Far more important was Sir William Hamilton, the English ambassador. He was one of the ablest art experts of the day. His collection of Greek vases formed the nucleus of that of the British Museum, and he knew how to put his knowledge and taste to good commercial use. "His hotel was a broker's shop," says Pryse Gordon. An admirable dancer, courteous and tactful, he soon became immensely popular in Naples, entertaining freely in his noble apartment in the Palazzo Sessa a Capella Vecchia, which then had an uninterrupted view over the Bay. It consisted of two floors, and on the upper, which was given to Nelson after the battle of the Nile, was the octagonal boudoir with the round window, the magnificent prospect from which was reflected in the mirrors that lined the opposite wall.

Being an excellent shot, Hamilton was *persona grata* with the King. He was a perfect Neapolitan both in mind and manners, declares Gordon. And when his nephew passed on to him his lovely mistress, Emma Lyon, the ex-nursemaid, with her perfect mouth and her magnificent auburn hair which reached to her feet, and which she often wore loose, she made a positive sensation. People crowded round her wherever her coach stopped, exclaiming, "Com'è bella! Pare la Santa Vergine!" Her naïve descriptions of her success to the lover who had cast her off with their original spelling make entertaining reading. It was not till later that she developed the Junonian proportions which rather marred the effect and her attitudes.

"I walk in the Villa Reala every night. I have generally two Princes, two or 3 nobles, the English minister, and the King with a crowd beyond us. The Q. likes me much, and desired Prince Draydrixton to walk with me near her, that she might get a sight of me. . . . But, Greville, the King as eyes, he as a heart, and I have made an impression on it. . . . On Sunday he dines at Paysilipo, and he always come every sunday before the casina (Sir William had one there) in his boat to look at me. We had a small deplomatic party, and we was sailing in our boat, the K. directly came up, put his boat of music next us, and made all the French horns and the wholl band play. He took of his hat, and sett with his hatt on his knees all the wile and when we was going to land he made his bow, and said it was a sin he could not speak English. But I have him in my train every night at the Villa or Oppera." "But, Greville, fleas and lice their is millions."

Mrs. Piozzi, by the way, derives Pulcinella from *pulce*, a flea.

On the triumphal progress she made with Sir William to Sorrento and to Ischia, where the people almost fell down and prayed to her as the Madonna, she gave a nightly concert to all the nobility, and she generally sang "2 searous songs and 2 buffo". "Yesterday the King and me sang duetts 3 hours (at Caserta)," she writes later. "It was but bad, *as he sings like a King*." "I am singing a duetto now of Paisiellos, that makes every person cry," she says elsewhere, with the first man of the opera.

Emma, while still unmarried, counted even nuns among her conquests in the easy-going Naples of that day, among them the lovely Beatrice Acquaviva, belonging to one of the greatest Neapolitan families, whom she met when she visited the Convent of S. Romita.

"Oh, Sir William, she is a pretty whoman. She is 29 years old. She took the veil at twenty, and does not repent to this day, though, if I am a judge of physiognomy, her eyes does not look like the eyes of a nun. They are allways laughing, and something in them vastly alluring, and I wonder the men of Naples would suffer the onely pretty whoman who is realy pretty to be shut in a convent. But it is like the mean-spirited ill taste of the Neapolitans. . . . I stopt one hour with them, and I had all the good things to eat (Emma was a hearty eater and had a passion for champagne) and I promise you they don't starve themselves. But there dress is very becoming, and she told me that she was allowed to wear rings and mufs and any little thing she liked, and endead she displayed to-day a good deal of finery, for she had 4 or 5 diamond rings on her fingers and seemed fond of her muff."

Emma quickly picked up a smattering of the arts and a considerable knowledge of Italian and of music, for she

was naturally clever and eager to learn, and had a good ear. Her naturalness, which Sir Gilbert Eliot called "the ease of a barmaid, not of good breeding," and her great good nature, made her popular. "In short, I am universally beloved," she tells Greville. If she preferred flattery laid on with the trowel, like her hero, she was quite ready to return it in equally liberal quantities. But she could not brook a rival. Had Beatrice Acquaviva been in the world instead of in a convent, she might have used different language, or preserved a discreet silence upon her beauty. As a rule, however, women speak well of her.

Goethe dined with Hamilton and "seine schöne", Miss Hart, who sang to them. The Queen did not receive her till she was married, but she liked her for keeping the King at a distance and showed her many indirect kindnesses. Her recognition of her the moment she became Sir William's wife was doubtless a matter of policy, for she was eager to please Hamilton and induce him to help her against France, but she soon conceived a genuine affection for his lady which lasted as long as she was at Naples.

Mrs. Piozzi's travels tell us more than most, because she takes less for granted. She entered Naples at night in the winter of 1786, when Vesuvius was in full eruption and the only other lights were the lamps burning before the shrines of the Virgin. These lights originated with Padre Rocco, the famous Dominican friar, who is still a legend in Naples and is one of the outstanding personalities of the day. He was a born popular preacher, racy and effective, Neapolitan to the core, but the truly remarkable theology of the sermon put into his mouth by Dumas, which might make even the creator of Penguin Island raise an eyebrow, could have originated only in Paris. His influence with the *lazzaroni* was extraordinary. He talked to them as one of themselves, and when other arguments failed he resorted to his powerful fists. He spent his life in combating vice in every form, notably gambling. He might often be seen in the *calesso* which the King gave him in his old age, driving off in triumph with one or two women whom he had converted by his preaching, from that terrible quarter near the Porta Capuana to which the prostitutes were relegated.

Endless stories are still told about him by the poor of Naples. He began this system of lighting the streets in the hope that it would diminish crimes of violence, and such

was his influence that there was keen competition for the privilege of supplying the oil for his lamps before the shrines of the Virgin or the crucifixes which he set up, beginning with the darkest and worst corners. He was liked both by Charles and Ferdinand, to whom he spoke with his habitual bluntness, and he was popular with Sir William Hamilton. He is said to have inspired the throne with the idea of many good works, such as the Casa dei Poveri, and the new cemetery at Poggioreale.

When the lively Mrs. Piozzi came to climb Vesuvius, the hermit who occupied the hut near the top at once recognized her. He was a Frenchman who had been a hair-dresser in London, and had often dressed her hair there, dating himself by saying that he remembered when black pins first came up.

There were two assemblies, Mrs. Piozzi found, the *Accademia dei Nobili*, something in the style of Almack's, as Cornelia Knight puts it, and the *Buoni Amici*. The nobles sometimes patronized the latter, but, no matter how well educated, the wife of a wealthy merchant had to stand in front of a titled lady who often could barely sign her name, like Ferdinand himself, who preferred to use a stencil, which he guarded with the utmost care. The others were never invited to the assembly of the nobles, and the nobles never troubled to dress when they patronized the *Buoni Amici*, the ladies of which might not even return the greeting of a lady of the aristocracy in the street.

For De Brosses Naples is the only town in Italy "*qui sente véritablement sa capitale*". The crowd and movement of foot-passengers and carriages in the streets, the brilliance and style of the Court and the nobility, all helps to give it the animated air of London or Paris, which is altogether absent from Rome. The Toledo is the largest and finest street in Europe, though it is spoiled by six inches of mud and the meanness of many of the shops.

In 1778 was begun the Villa Reale (now the Villa Nazionale), designed by Vanvitelli, which Dumas calls the most beautiful and certainly the most aristocratic promenade in the world. The people, the peasants and the lackeys were strictly excluded, except on one day in the year, the festival of the Virgin of Piedigrotta (September 8), when it was packed to overflowing with the peasants of the whole coast of the Bay in their national costumes.

The present formal little promenade, charming in its way, with its fountains, its bandstand and its great marble basin from Pæstum, is but a poor relic of the original Villa Reale, which was much larger and had a number of shady corners and arbours. The Aquarium, in the centre of the Villa, the best in Europe, was founded by Anton Dohrn in 1874. Admirable though the tanks are, it is not in the living fish, but in the contents of the Museum illustrating their life-histories that its scientific importance lies.

The church at Piedigrotta dates from the thirteenth century, and the festival can be traced back to the seventeenth. Under the Bourbons the great military review was the principal feature. It is uncertain when it became the custom to bring out the new songs at Piedigrotta. The first recorded date is 1835, when Raffaele Sacco had his "*Te voglio ben' assae, E tu non pienz' a me,*" which is still very popular, sung there; but it is probably much older.

CHAPTER VII

REVOLUTIONARY NAPLES (1799-1815)

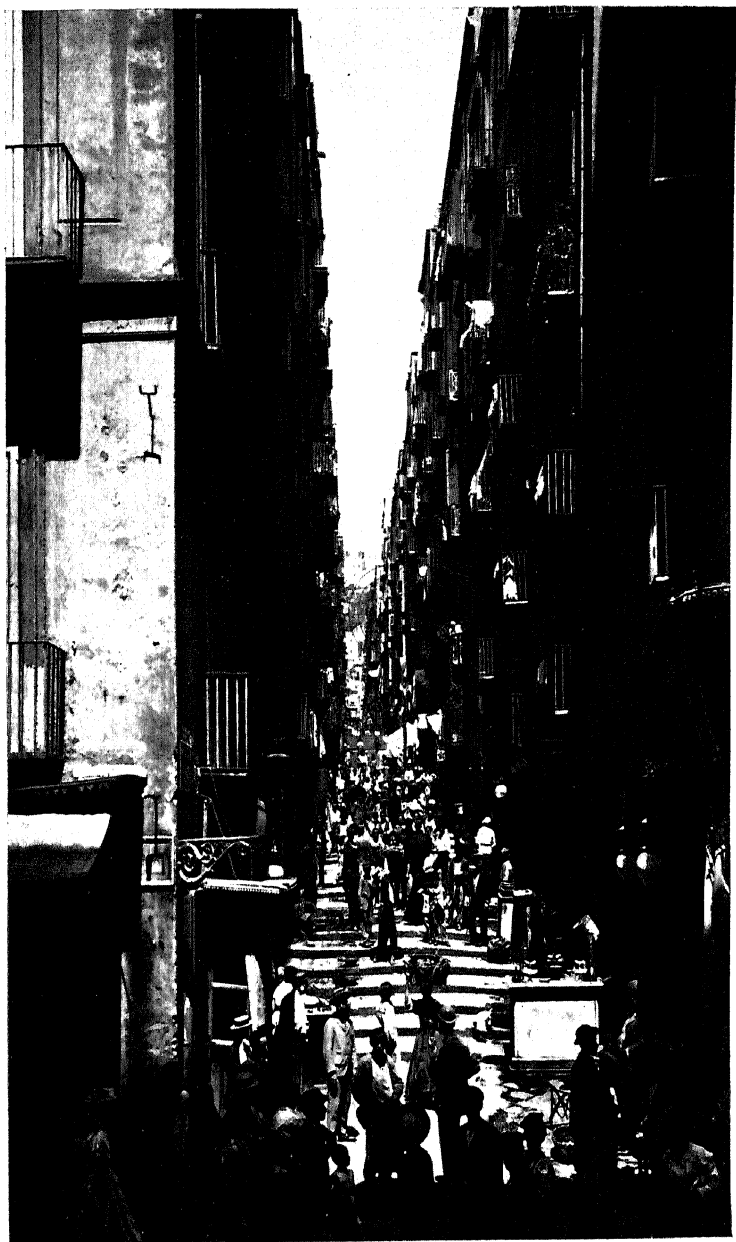
FOR some half a century now there had been a progressive movement, slow, but steady, towards reform, notably towards the abolition of feudal rights, among all thinking classes of the community, with the full support of the throne. This was violently checked by the outbreak of the French Revolution. The change became most marked in 1790, after the return of the King and Queen from Vienna, whither they had gone in state for the weddings of their two eldest daughters to the heir to the Austrian throne and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and for the betrothal of their eldest son to the Austrian princess, Maria Clementina. Maria Carolina came back determined, after all she had heard, not only to make every preparation for war with France, but to crush liberalism completely. The guillotining of her sister, Marie Antoinette, which she felt deeply, confirmed her still more in her resolve. An elaborate system of police espionage came into being and absurd severity was shown towards the slightest signs of liberalism. A couple of young men were imprisoned for appearing in public in trousers and without their pigtails, a sure sign of revolutionary leanings. By 1794 the prisons were packed to overflowing, the public prosecutor declaring that he had positive proofs against 20,000 persons, while there were 50,000 more suspects.

In this year there was another terrible eruption of Vesuvius, accompanied by complete darkness, and Naples became once more a city of the Middle Ages. There were long processions of barefooted suppliants, the women with hair dishevelled, the men with ropes round their necks, to the statue of S. Gennaro on the Ponte della Maddalena. A madman, Tommaso Amato, was hung for blasphemous and treasonable expressions amid universal

approval. The royal family retired to the safety of Sessa.

All this repression produced its natural results in some secret societies among the more hot-headed, cultivated young men, many of whom had shown their colours by fraternizing with the officers of the French fleet which came to overawe Naples when the Court refused to receive the Ambassador of the Republic in 1793. Of these Ettore Carafa, Conte di Ruvo, prospective head of one of the greatest of Neapolitan families, who had been to Paris, was the most prominent. He was duly thrown into prison at S. Elmo, whence he succeeded in escaping three years later by bribing his gaolers. He went north to fight for France. A commission had been set up, with the Marchese Vanni, the Judge Jeffreys of the Neapolitan revolution, at its head, to punish those implicated in a foolish, boyish plot against the Government, which could never have been put into execution by those taking part in it from want of means. For this escapade three young men of promise, the eldest just twenty-two, were hung in the Largo del Castello, where the most elaborate military precautions had been taken, as it was rumoured that 50,000 Jacobins were going to rescue them. An accidental shot created a panic among the crowd, which stampeded, leaving the last of the trio to be hung almost without spectators.

Meanwhile the army had been greatly strengthened, the heavy additional taxation necessary being used to stir up further hatred against the French, as the people were told it was they alone who were the causes of it. The news of the battle of the Nile sent the Queen into hysterics of joy. The whole town went out to welcome Nelson on the "Vanguard" in a long procession of boats headed by the King, who arrived after the wife of the British Minister had recovered from her fainting fit in the arms of the hero. He was received with almost royal honours on this occasion, but he soon wearied of "a country of fiddlers and poets and scoundrels". Naples now threw in her lot with the enemies of France, but her army under the incompetent Mack was hopelessly beaten, and the imminence of a French invasion, combined with the threatening aspect of the capital, decided Ferdinand to retire to Sicily. On December 23, 1798, the royal family and a number of persons of wealth and position embarked with a quantity of artistic treasures and the contents of the Treasury on the "Van-



GRADONI DI CHIAIA

guard", not on the Neapolitan flagship with Admiral Prince Caracciolo. The passage was so stormy that the youngest of the royal children died in Emma Hamilton's arms just as they reached Palermo.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1799

Prince Pignatelli was left as regent. Almost as soon as the King had gone all the frigates and other warships remaining in the harbour were burned, and Pignatelli saw that the powder stored in the Torretta was destroyed. Order was maintained as far as possible by the Municipality and the newly constituted National Guard, but the outlook was threatening. The appearance of the French officials to receive the money stipulated in the terms under negotiation roused the fanaticism of the *lazzaroni* to fury. After seizing their arms from the troops and plundering a shipload of them a loyal Bourbon mob was soon in possession of Naples and even of the castles. Pignatelli fled, only to be disgraced by his master. It was Masaniello's mob again, defending a king who had deserted them, with cries of "Viva la Santa Fede!" "Viva S. Gennaro!" for the French attitude towards religion had helped the priests to fan the intolerance of the superstitious Neapolitans into a flame. Unsuccessful attempts were made to lynch the traitors who had signed the armistice, but they had disappeared. The choice of Prince Moliterno as leader and the selection of other nobles to command the castles suggested a possibility of order. Processions of barefooted girls with hair flying over the shoulders went reciting prayers through the city, while monks preached without cessation at the street corners. Severe penalties were proclaimed against plundering and a dozen gallows were set up in different parts of the town.

But Pignatelli's flight was soon followed by a complete breakdown of all discipline, though an appeal to the religious feelings of the crowd by the exposition of the blood and relics of S. Gennaro and other similar measures restored it for a moment. Shortly after, the Duca della Torre and his brother, Don Clemente Filomarino, two venerable and highly cultivated noblemen, were seized by the mob, placed in chairs on the Marinella and shot, their bodies being burnt. The valuable collections in the Filomarino palace, including

a number of pictures by the greatest masters, were completely destroyed, among them, by a strange irony of fate, the many treasures of the noble library which had been collected by Masaniello's Archbishop, Cardinal Filomarino.

The liberals and most sensible persons saw that the one hope of a restoration of order lay in the French, whose sympathizers managed to get the Castel S. Elmo into their possession by a trick. General Championnet marched on the city at once, expecting an easy conquest with his 20,000 men, but the *lazzaroni* fought as they had fought against the Spaniards in 1647, keeping him at bay for three days and exposing their lives with a heroic courage which won Championnet's admiration, "ces héros enfermés dans Naples", as he calls them in a letter to the Directory. On January 20, however, he captured the Ponte Maddalena, and two days later the Porta Capuana, after being sharply repulsed, when the Castel S. Elmo opened fire on the rear of the Neapolitans. The French lost 1,000 killed, the *lazzaroni* 3,000. Championnet's tact and the respect he showed to S. Gennaro did much to conciliate the *lazzaroni*, who were soon fraternizing with the French and gaily dancing round the tree of liberty in front of the palace, which they had succeeded in sacking before the French entered. He also spoke Italian well and harangued the people from the balcony of S. Lorenzo with excellent effect. S. Lorenzo had always been the headquarters of the Municipality. The great hall of the monastery was the meeting-place of the five Eletti of the nobles, while the deputations had met in the refectory in the days of the viceroys. Olivarez had ornamented it with twelve pictures of the provinces of the kingdom.

One of the oddest phenomena of the revolution was the behaviour of the Carthusians of S. Martino, who proved to be strongly Republican in sympathy. The new flag of Naples, red, blue and yellow, the emblem of the Parthenopean Republic set up under French protection, was made from some of the ecclesiastical hangings of the monastery. They even gave a great supper to forty of the leaders of both sexes, who afterwards danced in the Prior's rooms, while the brethren looked on. No wonder they found themselves under a cloud after the Restoration.

What exactly are these *lazzaroni* who now for the first time really emerge into the light of history, and long re-

maintained a notable feature of Naples? There has always been something rather hazy about them. The word is first found in the days of Masaniello, when, according to the Duc de Guise, the people in revolt called themselves *lazzari*. Croce tells us that it means the lowest kind of beggar and is probably of Spanish origin. "The lowest class is that of the porters, the famous class of the *lazzaroni*, about whom such a quantity of nonsense has been written, which travellers have copied from each other," says Galanti in his guide—as that there were 40,000 of them, who never did any work at all. There has always been much abject poverty in Naples, for the climate made it possible to live on very little, and the Neapolitan is naturally frugal. Even in the eighteenth century some of the *lazzaroni* still went, apparently, stark-naked, for Madame De Genlis describes how the Ambassador played her party the trick of taking them along the quay where they habitually lay in a state of nature. Dumas actually dates the decay of the class from the day when they began to wear a single garment, a ragged shirt. It was the porters who slept in their great baskets, and they and the dock-labourers constituted the majority of the *lazzaroni*. These were, in fact, casual labourers, such as one may see asleep in the London parks on a fine day.

Goethe, who fell in love with "joyous, free, lively Naples", and could quite understand a man forgetting his own country there, made a careful investigation into the lives of the poor. He found no one who could point him out a single member of this vast host of beggars, and some half a century later Fucini dispelled the myth that, so long as they had enough to support them for the day, they would not work, proving, to his sorrow and shame, that there was hardly anything to which a *lazzarone* of 1860 would not stoop in order to earn a soldo or two. Goethe began his investigation early in the morning. He found porters and cabmen at their stations, fishermen and sailors smoking on the Mole, many people hurrying in every direction, all obviously with a definite object. Then there was the great host of street-hawkers, with the purveyors of vegetables from the *paduli*, the fertile lands to the east of the town, which are one large market garden, who took back the manure they collected so carefully in the baskets in which they brought in their wares. Even the children

were all busy. He concludes that the *lazzarone* was someone who was either looking for work or resting after it. In fact, the idea that the Neapolitan, one of the hardest of workers, is an idler is a delusion of the Northerner, who does not realize the hour at which his day begins and often ends, making the midday rest an absolute necessity.

Lady Morgan, who visited Naples in 1800, relates that, on returning home late, she would find the filthy portico of the old palace where she lived strewn with *lazzaroni*, some lying on the ground, others flung over a cask or gathered round a charcoal brazier, just bright enough to show up their strongly marked gargoyle-like features. Nothing could be more courteous or cordial than their manner of making way for her party and wishing it good night. Such was the honesty of the Neapolitan *facchino* that objects of high value were often entrusted to him without his ever having been known to steal, Galanti assures us; and he rightly considers that this is a trait far more worthy of record than their scanty wardrobe.

Championnet, in that spirit of true liberalism which one has come to associate with the preachers of the doctrine of liberty and fraternity, now imposed a fine of 2,500,000 ducats on the capital of the fledgling Republic and 15,000,000 on the Regno, sums which they were powerless to raise; and when a deputation came to protest, he interrupted it impatiently with "Væ Victis!" Yet when the commissioner Faïtpoult, sent by the Directory, decided that all the royal property of every kind, even the unexcavated treasures of Pompeii and Herculaneum, belonged to France, Championnet indignantly gave him notice to quit within ten days—a piece of independence which was the cause of his being relieved of his command.

The attempt to set up a Republic in Naples was doomed to failure from the first. The city was far, indeed, from having attained the level of the Two Chambers, as Stendhal would have put it. And it would be hard to imagine people less fitted to grapple with the difficulties of the situation than the high-minded idealists and intellectuals who were at its head. The *lazzarone* was quite as ready to dance round a tree of liberty as round anything else, so long as S. Gennaro was duly respected, but he was at heart thoroughly loyal to the King and the Church, symbolized by the gun and the crucifix that hung on each side

of the bed of the poorest Calabrian peasant. Even the enthusiastic Colletta admits that he set no store by liberty. The steady, if slow, progress of the Tannucci régime was far more suited to the backward Regno. Outside the capital the authority of the new government was never more than nominal, though everywhere it had the support of the best and most cultivated elements.

So when Cardinal Ruffo started upon his famous crusade of the Santa Fede from his family estates in Calabria, offering the very mixed warriors who flocked to his standard and were duly decorated with the white cross and the red cockade of the Bourbons, eternal bliss in the next world and absolution for the appalling crimes they might be led to commit while sacking the towns he delivered over to them in this, he made astonishing progress. The Cardinal, naturally a humane man, obviously had no love for these excesses, but he knew his Calabrians too well to think he could check them. In any case, there is little to choose between the French and Ruffo's Sanfedisti. If the latter sacked Cotrone, the former were no more merciful to Andria, which, like Ruvo, belonged to the Carafa. Ettore Carafa, one of the few Neapolitans who showed real military talent and genuine gifts of leadership at this time, was with them and did his best to persuade Andria, which was his birthplace, to surrender and then to induce the French to spare it, though he fought with the utmost bravery in the attack. He even went on his knees to General Boussier, but in vain. The Cardinal's advance was irresistible, and the withdrawal of the French owing to the Austrian successes in North Italy sealed the doom of Naples.

Macdonald, who had succeeded Championnet, came back for the feast of S. Gennaro on May 4, as there was some fear that the blood would refuse to liquefy. Two companies of grenadiers were on duty. When it was dangerously delayed one of the representatives of the Republic is said to have approached Archbishop Zurlo with a pistol, whispering, "Another moment's delay and you are a dead man". Zurlo passed the phial to his Vicar and the miracle promptly took place.

June 13, the feast of S. Antonio of Padua, was chosen for the assault of the Sanfedists on Naples. Not only was St. Anthony a favourite saint with the Cardinal, but he was the second patron of Naples, leading the procession

of saints which escorts St. Januarius on great occasions. S. Gennaro's behaviour under the Republic had, in any case, rather dimmed his popularity, and the choice of his rival's day may have given rise to the story, repeated by Dumas, that he actually ousted S. Gennaro from his privileged position for a time after the Restoration. The attack was made at the Ponte della Maddalena, and the hopeless resistance was continued well into the afternoon, when General Wirtz was killed while trying to induce his small force of cavalry to advance. The Republican troops withdrew into the castles. The garrison of the Carmine, the only one to surrender, was massacred to a man.

The excesses of Ruffo's cut-throats when they got into the town may be imagined. After the continuous licence he had given them hitherto, it would have been hopeless to try to control them. He was in despair, but helpless. Prisoners of every age and sex were stripped naked and crowded into buildings where there was not space for them to lie down, or were slaughtered wholesale. A number of lunatics from the *Incurabili* were shut up in one of the *granili*, the great corn-barns near the Ponte della Maddalena where the prisoners were kept, with the liberal medical students of the hospital. The mob plundered almost unchecked for several days. In fact, the struggle became a class war such as we have witnessed in our own day.

Chi tiene pan' e vino
Ha da esser giacobino,

sang the *lazzaroni*, who had now joined the Calabrians.

Naturally, Ruffo was anxious for the surrender of the castles in order to save the capital. Terms were agreed upon. The garrisons were to receive the honours of war and either to remain in the city without molestation or be allowed to depart to Toulon on ships provided for them. The agreement was signed by Ruffo and by a Russian, a Turkish and a British officer, Commodore Foote. Then Nelson appeared with the Hamiltons and the English fleet. He repudiated the agreement absolutely, declaring that a King does not treat with his subjects, surely the most serious blot in his record. Whether Ruffo exceeded his authority or not, the terms he gave do honour to his humanity and his statesmanship, his grasp of the position and his understanding of the true interests of the Crown, and

it is impossible not to admire the courage with which he stood up against Nelson, though he was powerless to prevent what followed. He realized the folly of proceeding to extremes against a Republic so constituted, which had no real hold on the people. Nelson called him "the great Devil who commanded the Christian army". The easy-going Ferdinand would probably have accepted the conditions, but the fanatical Queen was not to be balked of her coveted vengeance. As Napoleon told her, she treated affairs of State as if they were "*affaires de cœur*".

Then came the trial of Prince Caracciolo, the admiral who had gone over to the Republic, by court martial. There had long been bad feeling between him and Nelson, and Nelson appears to have been quite determined to make an example of him. The court martial was held on the British flagship. Caracciolo was condemned at 1 p.m. and hung at 5, though by law there should have been an interval of twenty-four hours between the passing of sentence and the execution. It is comforting to know that Nelson and Lady Hamilton did not row round to see him hanging from the yardarm of the "*Minerva*", the Neapolitan frigate, as they have been said to have done. Not that this would have been quite inconceivable with Emma. At a big dinner at Palermo in 1799, a Turk who had brought dispatches from the Czar actually produced a sword with which he had cut off the heads of twenty French prisoners. Pryse Lockhart Gordon, who was present, says her eyes beamed with delight, and when the sword was handed to her, she kissed the encrusted Jacobin blood still on it and passed it to Nelson. When an English lady present fainted at this exhibition, she said it was affectation. Many of the guests cried "Shame!" and Nelson himself hung his head, while some of the guests got up and left the room.

The story is well known how, when the King came to Naples and was living on his yacht, Caracciolo's body suddenly rose half out of the waves and was driven swiftly towards him by the wind, the hair disordered and a threatening expression on his face. "What does the dead man want?" asked Ferdinand, much moved. "I should say he has come to ask for Christian burial," said his chaplain. "Let him have it," answered the King, going below; and he was buried in S. Maria in Catena at Sta Lucia, the body being carried by the fishermen and sailors who

had loved him well. The King soon recovered and joked about the incident, saying Caracciolo had come to beg his pardon. Caracciolo was by far the best of the Neapolitan naval commanders of his day, and after his death the Barbary corsairs once more gave trouble.

While in Naples Nelson again lived with the Hamiltons in Palazzo Sessa, No. 31, Cappella Vecchia a Chiaia. A lady staying there not long ago declared that she had seen him in her room when she awoke in the morning, but her hostess maintains that it was only herself bringing in the coffee, for her guest was ill in bed at the time.

The executions in the Piazza del Mercato now began. The Queen had a list of prisoners whom she claimed to have exempted from the armistice and who were fetched from the ships before they were allowed to sail. They were confined in the Castel del Carmine, and the trials were a mere mockery. Among the victims were the fighting men Massa and Monthoné, Domenico Cirillo, a distinguished scientist and Court physician, and the jurist Mario Pagano. As Courier put it, the King had hung his Academy, for among the victims were the ablest and best educated men of the kingdom, and the supply at Naples was not so large that they could be easily spared. The greatest of Neapolitan jurists, Gaetano Filangieri, of whom Goethe speaks with so much respect, would certainly have been among them, had he not died in 1788. As it was, his works were publicly burnt by the hangman.

Then there was Monsignor Natale, Bishop of Vico Equense, who had written a Republican catechism. In the missing place among the medallions of the bishops in the cathedral at Vico is an angel with its finger to its lips. The method of execution was primitive. The criminal was led blindfolded up the ladder by the rope and then pushed off by the assistant, who held his legs while the executioner jumped upon his shoulders, amusing the mob with all kinds of vulgar buffoonery. With the portly Monsignor Natale he was particularly merry, saying that he might never have the luck to ride a bishop again. The Queen showed ruthless animosity against the talented Eleonora Pimentel di Fonseca, who edited the "Monitore", which did not spare her, under the Republic. She had asked to be beheaded, for she was of noble birth, but her request was refused on the ground that she was of Portuguese origin. She insisted



S. MARIA DEL CARMINE

on having a cup of coffee before mounting the ladder, exclaiming as she drank it, "Forsan et haec meminisse juvabit". She is buried in S. Maria di Constantinopoli.

Ettore Carafa was treated with special brutality. In prison he was not only heavily manacled, but fastened to the wall by an iron ring round his neck. He disconcerted the executioner by insisting on lying face upwards on the block. "O duchino ha fatt' o guapp'¹ sin' all' uldemo," exclaimed the Re Lazzarone, when he was told—the little Duke swanked to the end.

A case which aroused universal pity even among the Sanfedist mob was that of Luisa Sanfelice. She had given information of a Royalist plot which had been revealed to her by her lover, a Baccher, being distressed at the proposed massacre of Republicans. The plot was consequently frustrated and two of the Baccher shot. Even the judges wished to let her off, and as a last resort she declared herself to be with child. It was usual for the King to grant three requests to the wife of the heir-apparent when she bore an heir to the throne, but when Maria Clementina asked for the life of Luisa Sanfelice, Ferdinand dropped the boy on the pillow, exclaiming angrily, "Anything but that", as he went out of the room. The father of the Baccher had gone expressly to Palermo to implore the King not to balk him of his revenge. It was a Major Baccher who, when Settembrini's father brought his sister to visit him in prison and she fainted on catching sight of him through the bars, exclaimed "I'll soon bring her round" to the father who asked him for help and cut her twice across the face with his whip. Luisa Sanfelice was executed in September, 1800, a year after the Republic had fallen, having undergone the ordeal of being placed *in cappella*, in the chapel where criminals under sentence of death spent the last twenty-four hours of their life, no less than three times.

Croce points out that the majority of the nobles who joined the Republic belonged to families who had always been in opposition to the Bourbons and had taken part in the Macchia conspiracy in favour of Austria, a good instance of the persistence of party feuds. There were some 300 executions, while the confiscations reduced many

¹ For "guappo," see p. 210.

families to beggary. Crosses were erected on the spots which had been defiled by Trees of Liberty. Even the *seggi* were abolished as dangerous checks on the royal power.

Ferdinand had lost all faith in his wife's policy since the flight from Naples and refused to listen to her advice any longer. She went off to Vienna in the hope of being able to help Naples there. The royal couple did not return to the capital till after the Peace of Amiens (1802), when they met with a cordial reception. Good use was made of the confiscated money and of church property in restoring the finances of the kingdom. A queue was now the proof of loyalty, and the *lazzaroni* in the Toledo amused themselves by pulling the pig-tails of the gentlemen to test their genuineness.

There was danger ahead, though it was staved off for a time by letting the French occupy Puglia and the northern parts of the kingdom. At the time of his coronation as King of Italy Napoleon gave vent to one of his violent attacks on the Neapolitan envoy, declaring that he would make Maria Carolina pay for her uncompromising hostility. As soon as Austerlitz gave him a free hand, he set about punishing Naples for her treachery in signing the treaty of neutrality and then calling in the allies on the ground that it was signed under compulsion. She had only three small contingents of English and Russians to help her face the advancing Masséna. The capital was abandoned and the King and Queen once more crossed to Palermo. The mob got out of hand and began plundering, but the regency wisely allowed responsible citizens to arm and admirable order was maintained till the entry of the French on February 4, 1806.

Then followed the long and ruthless war in Calabria, which Paul Louis Courier's brilliant letters bring so vividly before us. The most horrible outrages were perpetrated on both sides. "The Neapolitan peasant is a savage, happy as they were at Otaheite before the coming of the Methodist missionaries," says Stendhal with considerable truth. Some of the irregular leaders of the *masse*, notably those on the Royalist side, were monsters of cruelty. The best known is Michele Pezza, Fra Diavolo, who was at last caught by the French and shot in the Piazza del Mercato. It was during this war that the English inflicted on the French the severe defeat of Maida on July 4, 1806.

NAPLES UNDER NAPOLEONIC RULE

Napoleon's eldest brother, the kindly, clever Joseph, soon made himself liked in Naples. His Court was splendid, though some observers found it rather bourgeois. He fully shared the classical tastes of the day and was keenly interested in the excavations of Pompeii. Both he and Murat gave them liberal support. His taste for moderation, not altogether pleasing to his brother, was counterbalanced by the vigour of Masséna and Saliceti, the Minister of Police. Religion was respected and S. Gennaro received a collar of diamonds from Joseph himself, though the Archbishop, like the Pope, refused to recognize him. Many prominent men took service under the new government, and a threat to confiscate the property of landlords over the water brought quite a number of them back from Sicily. The many political prisoners and Maria Carolina's ceaseless plotting made Saliceti's task no sinecure, and not a few executions were necessary; but he was quite equal to it, though an attempt was made to blow him up in his own apartment.

From the Napoleonic era dates the beginning of nearly all that was best in the reform movement in Naples before the union with the kingdom of Italy. The whole financial system was reorganized, good use being made of the confiscated property and the possessions of the Church. In 1803 the ecclesiastics still numbered 1 in 68 of the inhabitants of Naples. Slow but steady progress was made with the abolition of feudal rights, while the law-courts were actually thrown open to the public. Under Murat the burden of taxation on landowners was steadily increased, while the "dazio consumo", the *octroi*, which fell on the poor almost entirely, was proportionately diminished, though the continental blockade was a severe handicap. A beginning was also made with the introduction of the Code Napoléon.

Joseph's reign was not to be of long duration. The chief mark he left on the city was the extension of the Toledo to Capodimonte. Napoleon had other work for his favourite and least self-assertive brother, and in 1808 Naples once again gave a king to Spain.

He was succeeded by the Emperor's brother-in-law, Joachim Murat, the handsome cavalry officer, the "beau

sabreur", who also had his full share of the fashionable sensibility of the day, the most romantic and picturesque figure among the marshals. The son of a Gascon postmaster, he had all the impulsiveness of his people and a rare charm of manner. It was said of him that no other king looked better fitted for his part. Naturally he caught the eye and was at once taken to the heart of the emotional Neapolitans, and the first enterprise of his reign, the capture of Capri from the British under Hudson Lowe, struck the right note. Murat and Caroline did not agree too well, each having their own party at the Court. Caroline sided with her brother, under whose authority Murat was often restive. Napoleon was continually asserting it, even in details, writing, for instance, that he had heard with regret that "vous avez fait des singeriees pour St. Janvier".

King Joachim's reign belongs almost entirely to the kingdom, not to the city of Naples. But it was in his day that the beautiful Strada Nuova di Posilipo, following the cliff from Mergellina to Posilipo, was begun; it was not completed till 1823. The half-hearted attempt to seize Naples for the Bourbons by the English under Sir John Stuart, Count of Maida, resulted in the occupation of Ischia and a revival of the brigand warfare in Calabria. It also provided the city with the spectacle of a running fight between an English and a Neapolitan frigate, which was pursued right into the Bay, till the enemy was driven off with heavy loss by the shore batteries. But the attempt was abandoned after Wagram.

Murat's own elaborate preparations to invade Sicily also came to nothing, owing, it is thought, to the Emperor's secret orders to the French commanders. The breach between the brothers-in-law steadily widened till it became complete after Murat abandoned the command of the cavalry in the retreat from Moscow. Then followed his vacillating attempts to come to terms with either side which culminated in the defeat at Tolentino in 1815. He reached Naples alone, where he saw Caroline, who behaved with a dignity and a pluck worthy of her name, and then fled to Corsica. Refusing an Austrian safe-conduct, he made his fatal landing at Pizzo on the Calabrian coast, dressed in his most splendid uniform, in the expectation of being able to raise the country in his favour. After being shamefully mishandled by the half-savage villagers,

he was seized and imprisoned in the castle. There was no spark of chivalry or hope for mercy in the restored Ferdinand. The end came in the little courtyard. He asked the firing party to spare his face and fell trying to draw the muzzles of the muskets into his chest—the courtyard was too small for the men to line up properly—with his right hand, while he held a miniature of his wife and family in his left. He was buried in the church which he had benefited generously in happier days.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BOURBON RESTORATION (1815-60)

THANKS to Caroline's courage, the presence of some English troops and the energy of the Civic Guard, the restoration was effected without any trouble from the *lazzaroni*. Ferdinand, who now styled himself Ferdinand I of the Two Sicilies, had been told that there must be no renewal of the executions of 1799 and that property was to be left undisturbed, but some of the religious orders were ultimately reinstated in their possessions. Maria Carolina had died suddenly at Vienna in 1815, regretted by no one, and Ferdinand marriedmorganatically the handsome Duchess of Florida two months later. The Villa Floridiana on the Vomero, with its delightful garden and its wonderful views over the Bay, was laid out for her. On June 9 Ferdinand made his state entry into Naples, being welcomed with the usual enthusiasm by his *lazzaroni*. The only changes he introduced are said to have been the replacing of the crucifix over the royal bed in the palace, and the startling innovation of the removal of his queue, which was effected by the influence of the Duchess of Florida. A man's political opinions at this time might almost be gauged by the amount of hair he wore on his face. Leopardi laughs at the "liberaloni" with their beards, and Ferdinand once sprang out of his chair at a Court ceremony at Palermo, almost purple with rage, and seized a young noble, who had ventured into his presence before visiting his barber, by his offending whiskers, and shook them vigorously.

One of his first official acts was to lay the foundation-stone of the new church of S. Francesco di Paola in 1816. When he had heard in Palermo of the destruction of the old church and monastery, which had been built on ground given the Saint himself by Ferdinand of Aragon, under Joseph, in order to widen the Largo del Palazzo Reale, now

Piazza del Plebiscito, he vowed that, should he recover the capital, he would build a new church. It is modelled on the Pantheon, while the wide arcades are copied from those of Bernini outside St. Peter's. S. Francesco di Paola is the last building of real architectural interest in Naples.

In the same year the S. Carlo was burnt down, in spite of the altar to S. Antonio, specially erected in the portico, where the Saint had his annual festival, to preserve it from fire. But it rose from its ashes, rebuilt exactly according to the original plan, within seven months. The fire almost seems to mark the break between the old era of music and the new. It is worth remembering that Cimarosa was imprisoned after 1799 for his patriotic hymn and his Republican sympathies, his harpsichord being thrown out of the window by the *lazzaroni*, while Paisiello had to sue for pardon in a petition which was not a strictly truthful account of the facts of his case. Rossini is the greatest name in the new period and he was a Marchegiano, while Bellini was a Sicilian, showing how loath the goddess of music was to leave the Regno. Donizetti alone of the great trio was a Northerner, from Bergamo, but he was nowhere more popular than in Naples.

Stendhal was an enthusiastic admirer of Rossini and of the Neapolitan school, declaring that the first three hundred composers of the world were born in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius. The S. Carlo was his chief interest during his visit in 1817, and he lost the tails of his coat in the crush for a gala performance. He calls it a *coup d'état* which attaches the people to the King far more effectually than the Sicilian constitution. He was at first enraptured with the house, but characteristically his enthusiasm cooled somewhat as he becomes more familiar with it. He finds the tone of Naples society much like that of Paris, only far more noisy. Following De Brosse he calls Naples the only capital of Italy. The rest are "des Lyons renforcés". Macfarlane, who, like Stendhal, reminds us what capital company Rossini could be, tells us that the bald head of James Mathias, the scholarly English writer of Italian verse, who then lived in Naples, was a familiar feature at the S. Carlo, shining out brightly on gala nights in the pit, where it was pointed out to him as "il lampione" by a lively Neapolitan girl. A Neapolitan to-day would prob-

ably call it "o fanal", which means the same thing. Anyone who saw the performance of "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" at the S. Carlo last season will realize how completely at home Rossini still is in Naples, and how admirably the Southerner can catch its spirit.

Shelley and Keats visited Naples at this time, where Macfarlane met them both. Shelley was in poor health in 1818. The first thing that he saw was a man stabbed and killed before his eyes in the open street, but he was almost more horrified to find that women of quality actually ate garlic. Here he wrote those "Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples" which will continually rise to the mind of everyone who spends any time there. Keats came in 1820 with Severn on his way to die in Rome and was as delighted with the macaroni-eating *lazzaroni* as he was disgusted at some roses that had no smell.

Discontent was rife in Naples. There was widespread terrorism by bands of brigands, often discharged soldiers, in the provinces. A renegade priest named Annichiarico was at the head of a gang called the Decisi, who terrorized Puglia. When he was asked at his trial how many men he had killed, he answered, "E chi lo sa? Somewhere between sixty and seventy."

A succession of bad harvests had not a little to do with the outbreak of the Carbonari in 1820, which had the sympathy of Byron and which Shelley celebrated in a noble ode. At the beginning of the year they greatly increased their influence in the army, thanks largely to the encouragement of General Guglielmo Pepe. The proclamation of a constitution in Spain soon reacted on the almost sister kingdom. A revolution broke out at Nola, led by a priest called Minichini, who was Grand Master of the Carbonari there, and a few officers of the garrison. A little display of energy would have crushed it easily, but it was allowed to spread and became dangerous when Pepe, fearing arrest, threw in his lot with it. A huge crowd assembled outside the Palace and Ferdinand was summoned to grant the Spanish constitution, which none of his Ministers and probably none of the demonstrators had ever seen. Gabriele Rossetti, who then held a post in the Museum, was improvising to the excited crowd outside the Palace.

On July 9 there was a great march of Carbonari into the city. Pre-eminent among them were General Guglielmo

Pepe and still more Minichini, fully armed, on a white horse, his priest's robes covered with the insignia of the highest rank of the Carbonari. There was a widespread fear of the excesses of earlier revolutions. Shops and houses were barricaded and Ferdinand went to bed in a fever of terror. However, all went off peaceably and the heir-apparent confirmed Pepe in his rank as Commander-in-Chief. Carbonaro lodges sprang up in the strangest quarters, even among the women and in the prisons of S. Elmo, where the Governor himself was made an apprentice. The red, blue, and black—fire, smoke, and charcoal—were everywhere. A parliament was elected and the King took a solemn oath in the Church of the Spirito Santo to observe the constitution. The new assembly had much to do. All things in heaven and earth came within its cognisance; whether it was constituent or constituted, whether the kingdom was to be the Regno d'Italia, or d'Italia Meridionale, were questions settled only after prolonged debate. They even decided that the Universe was the work of God the Father, rejecting the claims of the other members of the Trinity by a narrow majority.

Ferdinand was a member of the Holy Alliance, and Metternich at once set about rousing the Powers to put down the constitution, which Ferdinand had undertaken not to grant. At Troppau in Bohemia gathered the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Czar, with representatives of the other Powers. They decided to intervene. But Ferdinand had to be rescued first, so he was summoned to Laybach. He went with the utmost alacrity, declaring to his Ministers that he was going to defend the constitution, though the Carbonari, whose colours he wore as he boarded the British ship that was to convey him, were very loath to let him go. As soon as he was safe at Laybach the Powers felt they could act.

Meanwhile all was not well at Naples. Public order was deteriorating; robbery and burglary were increasing, while the extravagance of the new Government was sadly impairing the finances of the kingdom. The clergy were also in opposition. Austrian troops were chosen for the work of crushing the Liberal régime at Naples. The task was not difficult. Pepe attacked the Austrians at Rieti, but his men proved quite unreliable. On March 23 the Austrians were already in Naples, the step meeting with the approval of

public opinion, on the whole. A "To Let" bill was posted outside the parliament.¹

Though it failed, the Carbonaro revolution is an index of the progress made since 1799. The leaders lacked the idealism of their predecessors, but the revolution was a genuine movement with a hold on the people, so far as it went. It was not something imposed from without, like the Parthenopean Republic.

Ferdinand was spared to punish those who had ventured to try to limit his divine rights in characteristic fashion. There were wholesale executions, floggings and imprisonments in the worst dungeons on the islands, but there was no Gladstone to rouse public opinion on behalf of the prisoners. Probably, in any case, public opinion would have supported him, at least among the Powers of the Holy Alliance. He was seventy-six years old when he was found dead in his bed in 1825. Francis I, who reigned only five years, was a true son of his father, bigoted and narrow, a rigid reactionary.

FERDINAND II

The accession of Ferdinand II (1830-59), who had made himself popular with the army, for he was a keen soldier, awakened high hopes. No Bourbon ever started with greater popularity, which he increased when he publicly denounced his father's reign, dismissing many of his advisers and liberating a number of political prisoners. His first wife, Maria Cristina of Savoy, was too refined for his coarse taste in practical jokes; but with his second, the Austrian Maria Teresa, he was quite happy, proving a model husband and a typically indulgent Neapolitan father. When one of his ministers came to an audience with a specimen of the bread the people had to eat once

¹ The following amusing letter from Pulcinella, who had deserted his regiment to join the Revolution, is given by Johnston in his "Napoleonic Empire in Italy".

Movimento, parlamento,
Giuramento, pentimento,
Gran fermento e poco argento,
Armamento e nel cemento
Tra spavento e tradimento
Siam fuggiti come il vento.
Me ne pento, me ne pento.
Mamma cara, mamma bella,
Prega Dio per Pulcinella.

during a scarcity, he had the last (for the moment) of the long family whose heads appear round that large mosaic table in the Palazzo Reale on his knees. So obstreperous was the infant that His Majesty told the Minister to give it a bit of the bread to quiet it, or they would never be able to do anything. The Queen hated Court ceremonial as much as he did. Latterly they lived largely at Caserta in bourgeois simplicity, much like Victoria and Albert at Osborne, macaroni being the staple dish at table. "Terè", a poco a poco finimo cu servirci nui stessi!" exclaimed Ferdinand once—we shall gradually end by waiting on ourselves. He disliked having to talk Italian. The dialect was his mother tongue, and it gives point to many of his recorded sayings. He was probably the greatest bigot and the most superstitious of all the Bourbons, and he was firmly convinced of his divine right. He kept all the power in his own hands, treating his ministers as mere secretaries and interfering in the smallest details. He told Louis Philippe that he did his subjects' thinking for them. He was narrowly educated, but he had an iron memory and worked hard, rising habitually at four, and he was blessed with the true Neapolitan's shrewdness and common sense. He was really interested in railways, and the line from Naples to Portici (1834) was the first in Italy, while Naples was lit with gas as early as 1839. He resented foreign interference with his affairs as much as he did that of the liberals or the Church.

The poet Leopardi came to Naples in 1833 with his devoted friend Antonio Ranieri, who was one of the amnestied exiles. He found the intellectual atmosphere, with its optimistic belief in progress and its neo-Catholicism, far from sympathetic, and the Neapolitan men of letters failed to appreciate him. He of course made some friends, largely in Ranieri's circle, and among them was the German poet, August Platen. He died in Via Capodimonte in 1837 during the first great cholera outbreak, when the Neapolitans behaved much as they had done under the visitations of the plague, and Ranieri managed to save his body from the common grave and bury him in the church of S. Vitale Fuorigrotta within sight of the spot

Ove la tomba

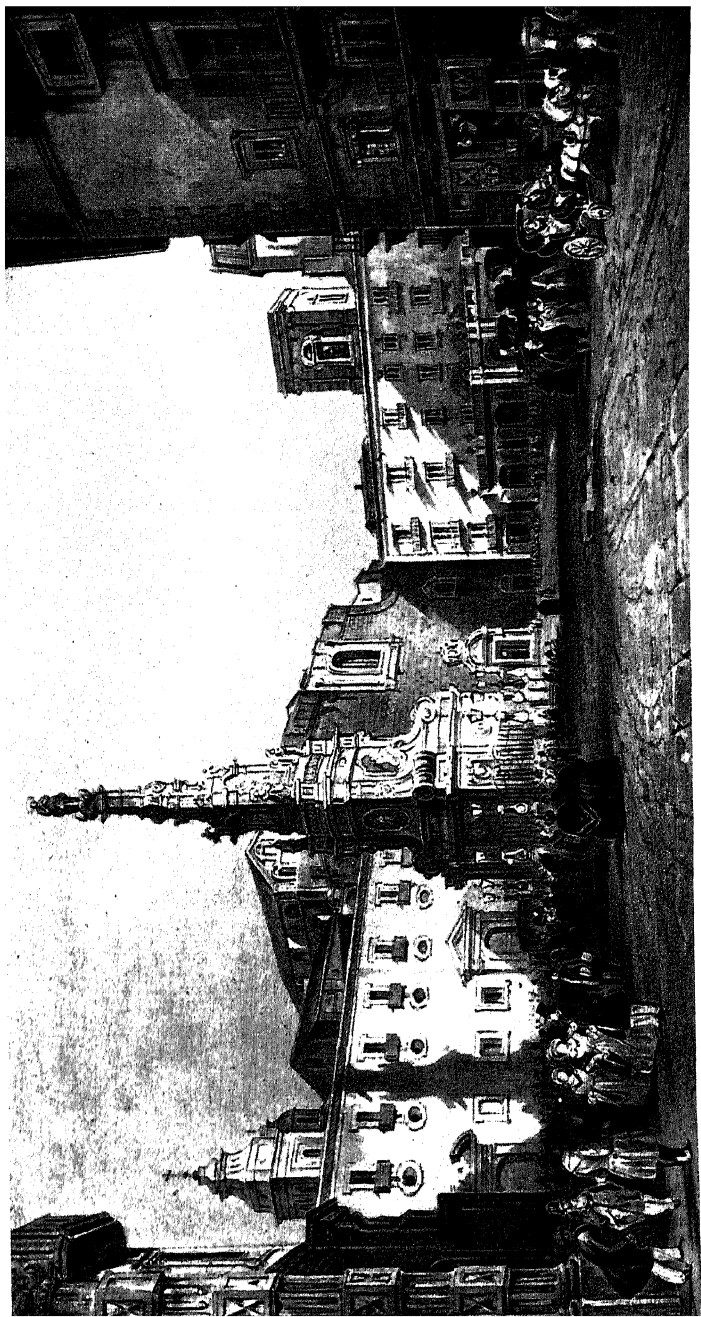
Pon di Virgilio un'amorosa fede

and also of that of Sannazzaro.

Naples is sketched in some detail in Leopardi's satirical poem "I Nuovi Credenti" and is severely handled in the "Paralipomeni della Batracomiomachia". But the greatest of all the Neapolitan poems is "La Ginestra", the poem of Vesuvius, written while he was at the Villa Ferrigni, on the lower slopes of the mountain, above Torre del Greco, to escape the cholera, surely a spot above all others where his bitter scorn of the insignificance of the human race, so utterly at variance with the easy optimism of the day attacked in the "Nuovi Credenti" and the "Palinidia", will find its justification, if anywhere. In Santa Chiara is a striking monument to Paolina Ranieri, erected by her brother, Antonio. She had for a time helped him in nursing Leopardi, and after her death his glorification of her memory amounted to a positive mania and led him into many extravagances.

Not till 1848 did Ferdinand show his true character. When the Sicilian Revolution spread he found himself compelled temporarily to grant a constitution and swear to it with the usual Bourbon solemnity in S. Francesco di Paola. There was something half-hearted about the movement at Naples, which displayed none of the enthusiasm of Sicily and Calabria. No one trusted the King. Carlo Poerio, just out of prison and Minister of Police, said he was his own "primo sorvegliato". Ferdinand treated his ministers with scant ceremony, disconcerting several of them once by welcoming them with "Nè, pagliè, che vult'?" ("Now then, lawyers,"—*paglietta* is a contemptuous nickname for a lawyer in Naples—"what do you want?") Parliament never had any real authority and the *lazzaroni* were hostile to the liberals, though the ready-witted Don Michele, a character who seems to be incarnated in the Neapolitan people for every revolution, so regularly does it recur—Padre Rocco shows it at its highest—obtained an extraordinary ascendancy over the mob, using his influence to keep order and preserve respect for Ferdinand, who rewarded him with imprisonment.

After Novara Ferdinand had nothing to fear. He restored the old absolutism and earned his title of Bomba by the merciless bombardment of the heroic Messina. His name will always be associated with his treatment of the liberals, men such as Poerio, Settembrini and Castromediano, of whom the Contessa Martinengo-Cesaresco has



PIAZZA TRINITÀ MAGGIORE AND GESÙ

given so interesting an account. His Austrian wife was said to have encouraged him with, "Castigate, Fertinante, castigate". Luigi Settembrini's Memoirs, which reflect the true nobility of his character, are probably the best record of their sufferings. Unfortunately for Ferdinand Gladstone happened to be in Naples. He was taken to Poerio's trial and then shown the noisome cells of the Vicaria and the prisons on the lovely island of Nisida, where the politicals were sometimes chained to the worst criminals. He wrote his famous letter to Lord Aberdeen describing all he had seen and repeating the comment of an Italian that Bourbon rule was "la negazione d'Iddio eretta a sistema di governo", a phrase in which it will always stand condemned. There were some 20,000 of these politicals. As a rule they were treated with the utmost respect by the ordinary criminals, though there were rarely liberals. We hear of a Capocamorrista ordering the younger prisoners to entertain the politicals on one occasion by singing songs and telling stories, which, being true Neapolitans, they did with conspicuous success.

Ferdinand finally induced Pius IX, who had fled to Gaeta in 1848, to renounce all claims to the right of investiture of the Regno by giving 12,000 scudi to the monument in honour of the Immaculate Conception in 1855. Every year a white horse, *chinea*, with 8,000 gold ducats, had been sent to Rome, the last occasion being in 1787. It was received with becoming ceremony and led in procession, with a silver rose on its back, to St. Peter's, where the Pope awaited it. "The horse was then brought in," says Cornelia Knight, who witnessed the ceremony on June 28, 1780, "and led up to the altar, when he received a slight tap with a wand, and immediately knelt down, and the Pope gave him his benediction."

Those who would appreciate to the full the altogether beneficent and progressive rule of these later Bourbons, who are absolutely faultless and perfect in all their ways, should read that rare and remarkable volume "I Borboni nel Regno delle Due Sicilie", by Michele di Sangro, Duca di Cascalenda, their devoted servant. Bomba, a beneficent genius snatched prematurely from his people, is his favourite hero. Even the prisons were models of their kind. No wonder the Duke is disturbed at finding so many of his master's gaol-birds among the Ministers of the Kingdom

of Italy. One thing, however, is undoubtedly true. Ferdinand was a sound financier and economist. The taxes have risen enormously under the new régime, while the South complains, not altogether without reason, that its interests have been sacrificed to those of the more progressive North.

Between 1848 and 1860 Neapolitan culture was at its lowest. If Ferdinand I had hanged his Academy, Ferdinand II put his under lock and key in the most noisome dungeons or drove it into exile. Men who were to have the highest influence on the intellectual life of the new kingdom were either in prison, or, like Bertrando Spaventa and Francesco De Sanctis, in exile. In 1856, since he gave no sign of mending his ways, France and England recalled their Ministers. In that year the fanatic Agesilao Milano attempted the King's life at a review, when Ferdinand certainly showed courage; in the following year there was a bad cholera outbreak, when he showed none.

As we are concerned with the city of Naples, it is important to remember that Parthenope has lost something by the expulsion of the Bourbons. Till 1860 she had a court and an independent social life of her own, though Ferdinand hardly ever visited his capital in his later years. English visitors complain that the ladies had no conversation, but the intimacy and charm of this life are well brought out in De Cesare's "*La Fine di un Regno*", and it should be read as an appendix to the liberal histories, which tend to give one the impression that there was nothing in Naples but the prisons and the exiles. Politics or philosophy were dangerous; but, as everywhere else in Italy, this was the day of the epigram in verse, which, like the latest scandal, was passed with lightning rapidity from mouth to mouth; and there were a number of clever, short-lived papers, embodying the taste of the moment.

The small, low-roofed, but well-lit and well-decorated Caffè Europa was frequented by men of letters, wits, music-lovers and the best of the world of fashion, all talking at once. There were, of course, many other cafés, each with its own clientèle. The theatre and above all the opera were the master-passions of the day. They were safe topics, and every young man of brains and leisure could elaborate his tragedy or discuss the latest prima donna as the one matter of supreme importance. The best singers

were procured to sing at the S. Carlo and all the theatres were well patronized. It was at the S. Carlino, the well-known dialect theatre, that W. W. Story and a friend were the sole audience at a performance during the stormy days of 1848. They had taken it for granted that there would be none, but the manager poohpoohed the idea, and the actors, entering heart and soul into the fun of the thing, like true Neapolitans, played their very best.

An interesting figure at this time is the King's brother, the Count of Syracuse, whose life was as scandalous as his politics. He was the *Phillipe Égalité* of Naples, a professed liberal, who wore a ruby, diamond and sapphire ring on the Sorrento steamer, thus displaying the national colours, a crime that would have sent any ordinary citizen to the galleys.

Then there was the old Marchese di Pescara, whose titles would fill a page of this book. He was the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps and very wealthy, but he would never keep a cook. Every morning he lunched at the *Caffè Europa* and every evening he drove to the *Villa di Napoli*, at S. Brigida. There his footman got down from the box and put up a little table in the carriage, carefully placing two silver candlesticks upon it. He then went into the *caffè* and brought out his master's supper, which never cost more than 4 carlini (l.1.70). When he had finished the candles were extinguished, the table taken down and the carriage drove off.

A well-known feature of Naples at this time which disappeared with the union was the army of pigs that infested the streets, notably the Toledo. One of these became famous by insisting, in spite of all efforts to dissuade it, upon walking at the head of the funeral procession of an uncle of the King right through the city. So aptly did it symbolize the way of life of the deceased that loyal citizens were convinced that it had been specially trained for the part by the wicked liberals.

Ferdinand was not to reap what he had sown. This fell to the lot of his degenerate, neurasthenic son, Francesco II (1859-60), the only child of his delicate first wife, who seemed to have been made by nature to lose a crown; for his natural defects had been intensified in every way by his upbringing. He had neither the vigorous health nor the manly tastes of the early Bourbons. Had he con-

sented to grant a constitution and ally himself with Piedmont, he might possibly have kept his throne, but his stepmother's influence and the whole tendency of his education made this impossible. The revolt of the Swiss Guards, which was put down not without bloodshed, was an evil omen, and led to their being disbanded. The spirited young Bavarian Queen, at last independent of her stepmother-in-law, who had forbidden her even to ride, was able for a moment to enjoy her position to the full. The brilliancy of the Court ceremonies during this short reign, enhanced, no doubt, by their novelty, suggests the early years of Edward VII in contrast with the gloom of the English Court during the last years of Victoria. De Cesare speaks enthusiastically of the New Year reception in 1860 and of the gala opera and ballet at the San Carlo that followed, as of the delight in it all of the lively young Queen Maria Sophia.

Not till after Garibaldi's capture of Palermo on June 1, 1860, were any concessions made and a constitution granted, largely owing to the influence of the Queen, who succeeded in over-riding the Queen Dowager, and then it was too late. Of the new Ministers the most important was Don Liborio Romano—Don Libò—the Minister of Police, a typical Neapolitan bourgeois, who, in the absence of an efficient police force, decided to enroll the Camorra, in order to ensure order being maintained and prevent the plundering and other excesses of earlier revolutions. The chiefs of the Camorra shared the responsibility of maintaining order with the National Guard. The experiment proved highly successful, thieves and cut-throats thus working in perfect harmony with the most respectable citizens. But its consequences were disastrous, as it helped still further to strengthen this powerful organization for evil-doing.

THE CAMORRA

The Camorra now steps into the limelight, as the *lazzaroni* had done during the Revolution of 1799, and it is time to give some account of it. The last years of Bourbon rule were the heyday of this remarkable institution. A foreigner who landed at Naples at that time would notice a sturdy and evil-looking ruffian go up to his boatman and be given a *soldo* or two. If he had the curiosity to ask

who this prosperous-looking individual, far better dressed than his victim, wearing, as likely as not, a number of rings and chains, might be, that he should behave thus like a master and share as of right the earnings of his boatman, he would be told, "O Camorrista". As he approached his hotel the porters carrying his luggage would be accosted by another stranger who levied a *soldo* upon each of them, while the cabman would have to hand over a similar sum before starting on his "corso". "Signò, è o camorrist'," would come the inevitable answer to any further questions. "At every corner in the poorer quarters, at the railway station, at the gates of the city, in the markets and taverns, everywhere he will meet this same bravo, with his high-handed manner, his head erect and his broad-bottomed trousers ('a campanella', bell-shaped), forcibly interfering with the businesses and amusements of the poor, especially the vicious amusements and the shady businesses, and acting, according to circumstances, as broker, middleman, go-between, or police-inspector—playing, in fact, more or less, the part of those higher authorities who are concerned with other people's affairs."

So much Marc Monnier, a clever Swiss manager of the Hôtel de Genève at Naples, tells us in what is distinctly the soundest and certainly the most readable account of this interesting organization, which, with the possible exception of the *lazzaroni*, has probably aroused more curiosity than anything else in the city. I make no apology for beginning in this way and borrowing freely from Marc Monnier, since virtually every other writer on the subject has done so, and very few of them have added anything fresh of importance. The Camorra levied tolls on market-stalls and hawkers, exacted 10 per cent. on gambling profits and batted upon houses of ill-fame and upon prostitutes, who were proud to have the protection of a Camorrista, as well as on professional beggars.

What exactly was the Camorra? It was "an association of men of the people, corrupt and violent, which levied tribute by intimidation from the vicious and the cowardly". As to its origin, it dates almost certainly from the period of Spanish rule, from the days of the hired *bravi*. The word means a short jacket, such as was worn by them. During the revolutionary period the Camorra adopted some of the characteristics of the Carbonari and other secret

societies, with an elaborate ceremonial of initiation, which was gradually discarded. The "head of the Lazzerony an old friend" with whom Emma Hamilton had dealings on behalf of Ferdinand was probably the Head of the Camorra, and it was to him that Ferdinand applied when Madame De Genlis was in Naples with the Duchesse de Chartres and their panniers were stolen as they entered the city. They were returned gratis, thanks to Ferdinand's intervention, but they had to pay for their servants' liveries as they had not been included in their application to the King.

The Camorra was first organized in the prisons and it was there that it lingered longest and had the greatest power. Indeed, according to Monnier, it was not till 1830 that it really left them and began to obtain a hold on the life of the city as a whole. Ultimately it was organized in twelve divisions corresponding to the twelve quarters of the city, each with its own head. During the early part of the nineteenth century the prisons were entirely ruled by the Camorra, which was openly recognized by the authorities. The Camorristi alone could give and refuse the right to carry arms and it was they who superintended the distribution of food and clothing. If they were at times insolent and disorderly, they at least prevented disorder among the other prisoners, while they used their authority to protect those who submitted to them and to make it hot for those who did not. As usual they began by levying contributions. The new-comer was at once met by the Camorrista and asked for something "for the oil of the Madonna", i.e. for the oil for the lamp in front of the shrine of the Madonna, which was always kept burning. The Camorrista was highly superstitious. Nowadays he is probably a free-thinker and possibly a Freemason, though no less superstitious, but before 1848 he was devout, and would often refuse to steal on Wednesdays and Fridays.

The Camorristi had a special cult for the Madonna del Carmine and the Souls in Purgatory. The chief of the Mercato Camorra possessed a picture of these Souls warding off the blows of the adversary whom he had killed in the duel that gave him his rank as a "picciotto di sgarro", which he showed the liberal historian Niccola Nisco in prison. One of their superstitions was that, if you cut

your arm and placed a consecrated wafer upon it, you became invulnerable.

It went ill with the unfortunate prisoner who failed to comply with this demand. The poorer prisoners would sell half their food, their blankets and the clothes distributed free to them twice a year, to the Camorrista, who shared the profits with the gaolers, for the right to drink, smoke or gamble, and for other indulgences, and the profits, even in prisons, were considerable. Each room had its Camorrista, who would collect every morning the fee for the extra bedding the richer prisoners hired from him. At Avellino, where the prison was cold and the air fresh, the prisoners were allowed by the Governor an extra loaf a day, but the Camorra never permitted them to receive it. Some of them were driven to chew straw and stray pieces of cotton to appease their ravenous craving for food. In fact, the Camorra robbed the prisoners in every conceivable way.

Sometimes, however, they met their match. A burly Calabrian priest, sent to prison for a scandalous love adventure, was met at the door, as usual, by the Camorrista who asked him for money for the oil of the Madonna. When he said he was penniless, the Camorrista threatened him with a stick. The priest, being a Calabrian, was no coward and said that if he had been armed, the Camorrista would never have dared to insult him in such a way. The Camorrista at once went to the secret store of arms belonging to the society and came back with two daggers, one of which he offered the priest, doubtless expecting him to refuse to fight. But he had mistaken his man. The priest had him stretched dead on the floor in a moment. He fully expected to expiate the murder with his life, but not only was nothing more heard of it—the authorities systematically winked at such little accidents where the Camorra was concerned—but on waking next morning he found a comfortable sum by his bed, the share of a fully fledged Camorrista in the week's takes (*barattolo*). Much of our information about the Camorra in the prisons comes from the political prisoners under Bomba, who were, as a rule, treated with real respect by the society, in spite of its being strongly Bourbonist. When Michele Persico and Carlo Poerio entered a prison on one occasion, a companion came forward and, with a profound bow, offered them each a dagger,

saying, "Take them, Excellencies, we authorize you to carry these arms".

Naturally, when the Camorra began to extend its activities outside the prisons it retained its criminal character. The Camorrista, we are told, is a do-nothing on principle, a thief, a pick-pocket, a cheat, a stabber, anything. His object is to live by sponging on some one else, and he is merciless to anyone who stands in his way. The Camorra was thus the controlling and organizing power among the forces of evil inside the city, which supported it because of the protection it gave them. Every article stolen in Naples was instantly brought to Headquarters. A refusal to do so might mean the forfeit of his life by the offender. Hence those who knew how to go to work could always recover an article stolen by paying a reasonable price, from the King downwards, as we have seen, whereas an application to the police would have been worse than useless. Augustus Hare recovered a watch in this way within twenty-four hours in 1857 and Marion Crawford a fur coat, which had been stolen from a cab, only some twenty years ago, with little more difficulty.

The Camorra had its regular grades. The lowest rank, the apprentices, if we may so call them, were the "*giovani onorati*" or the "*garzoni di malavita*", among whom the aspirant was enrolled only after most careful inquiries had been made. As a rule he had been in trouble with the police, or had shown himself to be a youth of dash and spirit in some not very desirable way. The hilly region round S. Maria della Sanità, below Capodimonte—"o monte", as it is called—was said to furnish many recruits to the Camorra, as its inhabitants were quarrelsome and unruly. The next stage was the "*picciotto di sgarro*", the class of whom we hear most, and finally the full Camorrista. Promotion to the rank of "*picciotto di sgarro*" was secured not merely by diligence and obedience, but also by bribery of the superiors. All the work and the danger fell to the lot of the lower grades, especially the "*picciotto*", and it is generally a "*picciotto*" that is meant when a Camorrista is mentioned. A defaulter in the lower ranks was punished much more severely than a full Camorrista, since absolute obedience was the first essential in such a society. Sentence of death was not uncommon and often carried out amid the greatest difficulties, even in prison.



ARCO DELL' ACETO ALLA MARINA

Marc Monnier gives a number of interesting cases. The *sfregio*, the slashing of the face with a razor, was not unusual, but it was a punishment more often inflicted on women by jealous lovers, especially on prostitutes by their bullies, and the girls were frequently proud of it as a sign of love and devotion. It was always almost impossible to get evidence against the Camorristi, and in any case you could arrest only the Camorrista, never the Camorra. So long as it was securely rooted in the support of public opinion and looked up to by the people of Naples as a whole, no power on earth could put it down.

The full Camorrista only directed or received and divided the profits. He rarely fell into the hands of the police because, should he commit a crime, a junior would be ordered to take it upon himself and bear the full penalty and would be delighted with the honour thus conferred upon him. The position of a Camorrista was, in fact, ideal. He was a real gentleman, living at ease without work, universally respected and looked up to by the whole populace of Naples as a hero and a great man. A Capo-Camorrista such as the notorious Salvatore de Crescenzo was a power in the land.

But this position was not easily reached. The "picciotto di sgarro" who had shown promise was first obliged to fight a duel with another Camorrista with knives, taking care to wound only in the arm, not in the breast. The duel was carefully umpired by some one in authority, similarly armed, who might even kill either of the combatants if they showed signs of turning it into a serious duel by aiming at the breast. The winner sucked the blood from the wound he had given and then embraced his opponent. If the "picciotto" lost, he had to fight another duel. If he were beaten three times, he was suspended till he had won a serious duel, fought in earnest.

The Camorrista or the "picciotto" was generally to be distinguished by a great lock of hair hanging over his eyes and his trousers cut, as we have seen, "a campanella". He carried a cane which he swung continuously, and wore his hat tilted over the left side of his head. He also displayed a certain Barocco flamboyance in the colour of his ties and handkerchiefs and the showiness and quantity of his jewellery.

Women have won fame as Camorristi, just as they have

as Fascisti, more especially under the Bourbons. There was the famous Marianna la Sangioiannara, for instance, who, with her tricolor scarf and her dagger, marched at the head of popular processions in 1848. In 1860 she was no less conspicuous in her red shirt, leading the patriotic processions in the quarters round the Port. In the next generation her vigour and energy made Carmella Schiavetta, a seller of cooked meat, almost a Princess of the Camorra.

The Camorra was often looked upon as a beneficent institution by the poor it oppressed. At least it protected them against other exactions and bullying, and they knew where they were; for a Camorrista would risk his life, or at least get some one else to risk his for him, in order to maintain his authority and protect those he fleeced. A Deputy of the Left told Marc Monnier that in his own district a Camorrista was a kind of Justice of the Peace. There was no appeal from his sentences, which were often conspicuously fair and were never disobeyed. He often prevented expensive litigation. Often, however, his demands were extortionate to a degree and the Camorra invariably pressed most heavily upon the poor and the weak, treating the rich and the powerful with servile deference.

The one thing the Camorrista must possess was courage. Hence he occupied a place in the romantic affection of the people not unlike that of the brigands. His good deeds stuck in their minds like those of an eighteenth-century highwayman in England. Bitter experience had long taught them that there was small help to be expected from the many Governments that had oppressed them for so long. The Southerner has always respected the man who has killed his man in single fight, and the Camorrista, like the brigand, somehow symbolized for them a champion of their own class who stood up against their worst oppressor, the Government.

THE COMING OF GARIBALDI

Unfortunately for the King the time for concessions had gone by. The Bourbon Government had long stood condemned in the eyes of the civilized world. No one attached the least importance to Bourbon oaths. Poerio, then an exile in Turin, said that Bourbons had to swear to the Constitution, as otherwise they could not perjure

themselves. Cavour had not the slightest intention of allying himself with Naples. Once Garibaldi had crossed the Straits and was embarked on his triumphal march through Calabria, the end was in sight. On September 6 the King fled to Gaeta. The Queen left her wardrobe behind, declaring that they would soon be back. On the following day Garibaldi made his triumphal entry into Naples, almost alone, driving right past the Carmine, which was held by Bourbon troops. Not only did they not open fire, but some of them saluted him. This was in accordance with the King's strict injunctions, that the garrisons of the castles, which amounted to from six to ten thousand men, were to remain severely neutral. The line from Portici to Naples had been so densely crowded with people eager to catch a glimpse of the General that his train could hardly proceed. The vast cheering crowds along the Marinella were even more enthusiastic and Garibaldi actually stood up bare-headed, being clearly moved as he drove through them. Probably no change of government has ever been welcomed with wilder enthusiasm, for Garibaldi was in every way a hero likely to appeal to the Neapolitan. But it is highly probable that a Bourbon restoration a month or two later would have been welcomed with hardly less enthusiasm by the *lazzaroni*.

Garibaldi took up his residence in the Palazzo d'Angri, the handsome eighteenth-century palace built by Vanvitelli, which stands at the angle formed by the Toledo and the Strada S. Anna de' Lombardi. He addressed the vast crowd that swarmed round it on his arrival from the balcony. He duly attended the Piedigrotta festival, and even inspected in tactful silence the relics of S. Gennaro. More important, he remained loyal to Victor Emmanuel, thus falsifying Cavour's fears, in spite of the presence of Mazzini and the fatal influence of Bertani. In his dictatorship, for the exercise of which Bertani was largely responsible, he inevitably failed to keep out of the slough of corruption of Naples.

The army remained loyal to Francesco almost to a man, but Garibaldi's brilliant victory at the Volturno delivered Naples from all immediate danger of a Bourbon restoration. An overwhelming majority in the plébiscite, which has given its name to the Piazza del Plebiscito, declared in favour of annexation to Piedmont. Then the victory of

the Garigliano made it possible to besiege Gaeta, though it held out till February, 1861. Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel drove in state through Naples in pouring rain which spoilt the decorations. They were both in bad tempers, and the King was particularly incensed because Garibaldi was obviously so much more popular than himself; for in spite of the weather the streets were crowded and the enthusiasm was frantic. When his requests were refused, Garibaldi retired to Caprera as poor as he had left it, remaining nobly loyal to Victor Emmanuel to the end.

CHAPTER IX

NAPLES AFTER THE UNION

BY 1860 the great westward swing of the city was well on its way towards completion. The original town had stood in the plain to the east of the Pizzofalcone, which Toledo had made a part of it. During the nineteenth century the fashionable quarter had steadily moved beyond it to the Chiaia region in the gradually narrowing plain enclosed by the hills, of which Posilipo is the western boundary. The Toledo has now replaced the old Via Mezzocannone as the virtual centre of the town and the Strada di Chiaia rivals it in importance as the great thoroughfare between east and west.

The Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, a road begun by the Bourbons for military purposes, was finished in 1875. It skirts the hill of S. Elmo, dropping down to the sea in the neighbourhood of the Torretta. There is nothing more beautiful, even in Naples, than the views along this road. Indeed I should advise anyone who arrives for the first time in the afternoon—the views are best towards sunset—and wants to carry away an ideal impression of this queen of the South, to get straight into a carriage and drive thither. After the teeming life of the Toledo and the rather commonplace Via Salvator Rosa, he will enter the Corso and the Bay will be slowly unfolded before him. The view is at first often interrupted by houses. Not till he finds himself right under S. Elmo does the whole wonderful panorama lie revealed before him; first Posilipo, then Capri, possibly caught in a slight haze, if the day be fine. Somehow Capri, with its two great crags, sets its seal on the picture, stamping its character more than almost any other feature. The Bay never seems complete without it and when it is visible we may be sure that everything else will be there also. Then comes the Campanella and the

Sorrento peninsula with S. Angelo, the highest point of the Apennines here, towering above it, and the great expanse of blue waves touched to gold by the late sunshine. Last of all is Vesuvius, with the stretch of towns along its base, and the Naples we have left behind us. You may clinch the view from the Villa Floridiana, for which a pass can be obtained at the Palazzo Reale, and you may transcend it from the world-famous terrace at S. Martino, but you will never surpass it, for S. Martino closes at four, and the impression left by this gradual unrolling of its splendour is one that will remain. "When I propose to write words, it is always pictures that rise before my eyes," says Goethe, "pictures of the teeming earth, the free, open sea, the rustling hills, and the power to reproduce it all fails me."

As you drive back along the Villa and the sea towards Vesuvius, the blue sky slowly changes to purple till all in a moment the light fades from the Castel dell'Ovo, where it always lingers longest, as the sun drops behind Posilipo, and the dusk is upon you, in almost tropical suddenness. If you have the luck to spend some time here and your window looks over the Villa and the Bay, the Castel dell'Ovo will be the first thing to catch your eye as you raise yourself on your elbow in bed in the morning, and it will soon acquire a symbolical importance as the harbinger of the day and the prophet of the weather it has in store for you.

Yet in essentials the old part of Naples had changed but little. A subject of the Great Viceroy, certainly, would have found himself quite at home in the city even in 1880. In the heart of it, in Porto or Pendino, the narrow mediæval streets, with the great houses rising six stories and more, built on no plan, the balconies on different levels shutting out the sunlight almost completely, while the lines of washing stretched from window to window at every angle only helped to increase the gloom, were just as they had been in the days of Andreuccio da Perugia. Such a street was the famous Orefici, the street of the goldsmiths, where there was hardly room for two people to pass; and at this time a street was still often inhabited by the craftsmen of a particular trade almost entirely, as in the Middle Ages. And the general condition of the poorer classes, absolutely illiterate, ignorant and superstitious to a degree, was on a par with them. One has only to turn to Renato Fucini's

"Napoli a Occhio Nudo" for a picture, or to Jessie White Mario's "La Miseria in Napoli". She is convinced that the poor in Naples are worse off than anywhere else in the world, and her book makes one hope so.

The homes of the *lazzaroni*, when they did not sleep in the open, were the *fondachi* of evil memory, especially in the slum areas round the harbour. A *fondaco*, so called because apparently it was built for a warehouse, was a "palace", or, more correctly, a blind alley, containing a perfect warren of rooms with only one aperture, which served as both door and window and into which the tenants climbed by every kind of stairway and ladder, in all stages of rotteness. The filth of ages lay accumulated in alleys which have now been swept away. To the same category belonged the five rookeries off S. Lucia, once the homes of the poorest of the fisherfolk, which ran back to the great rock of the Pizzofalcone from the sea. Fucini explored these. They were some forty yards long by about two broad and in them some 15,000 to 20,000 people were said to sleep. The houses were, as usual, very tall, and such sun as managed to find its way in between them was almost blotted out by the washing and other nondescript rags hung up to dry, while the space was further reduced by piles of fishing-nets and rods, coats and other miscellaneous articles heaped on the balconies and walls wherever an inch of space was available. The atmosphere in these dens can be imagined. In a cellar two stories underground Fucini found the grandmother of his hostess in almost complete darkness. She screamed angrily at him when he wanted to drive off the rats, "Sono creature di Dio anche loro" (they are God's creatures too), and her only companions, but he soon found that their presence was essential since they acted as scavengers.

Into the full horrors of this visit we will not penetrate, but fourteen inhabitants of a single room made a spare space on the floor where they could charitably put up a widow who had just lost her husband and her five children. In another cellar he found an orphan girl of about sixteen boiling twenty-two snails and as many chestnuts, which made the dinner of herself and her six brothers and sisters. The only philanthropist who ever troubled himself seriously about these poor wretches, says Fucini, providing them with clothing and disinfectants, warmth and health at all

seasons of the year, was that sovran beneficent Lord, the Sun. The sun and the climate alone made such an existence possible. And to them perhaps we may ascribe the fact that the pistol with which he had provided himself was quite unnecessary. The rolls and the *centesimi* were all the protection and the only passport needed even among the swarm of appalling hags who pounced upon him the moment he made his appearance.

Then there were the Rampe di Brancaccio with the caves cut in the tufa of the Pizzofalcone on Monte Calvario, from which the wretched inhabitants had been nearly all driven in Jessie White Mario's day to find refuge in the cellars of the *fondachi* of Albano Puerto. The mothers had to watch at night to prevent their children from being eaten by rats. Her descriptions are more harrowing than those of the buoyant Fucini, as one would expect from a woman. She has a touching picture of a family of orphan children trying to keep respectable and of the utter hopelessness of their being able to earn enough to live on and pay the extortionate rent charged for their "sottoscala", the damp cellar, right underground, into which not a breath of fresh air could penetrate. "So' muorte vinte? Ne so' nate ciento" ("Twenty dead? A hundred have been born"), says Di Giacomo of these *fondachi* at the time of the cholera outbreak. The women were more characteristic of the "funneco", as it was called in dialect, than the men, since it was the scene of their life and labours, whereas the men only slept there. Amid such surroundings they were naturally as ready with their hands as with their tongues, which were not often allowed to rust for want of exercise. Indeed, they were generally more quarrelsome than the men, "funnachera" being proverbial for a violent shrew, as in the dialect play "'A funnacher' abbastio puort'". "Abbascio Puort'" was the collection of rookeries at the beginning of the via del Porto. Their weapons were their nails or their clogs and the hair of their adversary was the favourite object of attack. After they had been separated the heated ladies would as likely as not go to the nearest barber for a "salasso"—to be bled, in fact, in the good old-fashioned way, by leeches, which are still kept by the barbers. And who shall say that the result may not be beneficial, when there is a dash of lava in the blood?

Salvatore Di Giacomo gives an admirable picture of the shady side of life in these "funnechi" in one of the best of his sonnet series, "'O Funneco Verde", which is, of course, "abbascio puort'", using the sonnet with great skill in the dialogue. In "O 'Nteresse" the hag of a usurers is exacting her appalling weekly interest of a *soldo* for each *lira* on her small loans, while in "'A Disgraziata" a mother is relating to a friend the story of her daughter who has gone on the streets. "'A suppresca 'o juoco piccolo" shows us the police surprising one of the partners in a "gioco piccolo", the illegal private lotto, the owners of which invariably welch if their clients have been lucky and they are likely to have to pay out large sums. And there are several stabbing affrays and Camorra duels. The finest of his poems of this kind is, however, "Assunta", in which Assunta's lover gives a passionate and moving description to the judge of how he was driven to kill her from jealousy. One almost sees the stabbing gesture which would accompany the final "E teh!"

One of the strangest phenomena of the union was the appearance of a vigorous crop of dialect literature throughout the peninsula, stimulated by the example of Zola and the French realists, and nowhere was it more vigorous or of higher quality than in the South, where Realism has always found its truest home in Italy. It was Southern in origin, and the greatest of Italian Realists was a Sicilian, Giovanni Verga. In Salvatore Di Giacomo Naples can boast the first of modern Italian dialect poets; indeed, he is undoubtedly one of the best of the very few real Italian poets now living, though he writes only in Neapolitan. And to him the Camorra duel seems to embody the deepest tragedy of the life of the day. That really fine sonnet series "A san Francisco", the famous prison just by the Porta Capuana, contains the very essence of the grim tragedy of a crime of passion among the lower classes of Naples, where the Spanish insistence on the point of honour still to some extent survives, while "Irma" is no less true to another side of life.

Matilda Serao is well known as one of the leading novelists of the peninsula, but her best work is to be found in her early Neapolitan sketches, before her inspiration had lost its freshness and she had given full rein to the diffuseness which has made her one of the most prolific of Italian journalists.

Volumes like "All' Erta Sentinella" or "Il Romanzo della Fanciulla" are admirable, fresh and true to life in every detail. The noble old Palazzo Gravina, the General Post Office of Naples, near the Trinità Maggiore, always calls up for me her "Telegrafista dello Stato", and her picture of the girls there, of whom she herself was once one. There is no one who can describe Naples and its poorer classes as she can. "Il Paese di Cuccagna", written in obvious imitation of Zola, with the avowed purpose of bringing out the evil caused by the Lotto in every class of Neapolitan society, contains some invaluable pictures of Neapolitan life, but artistically it is inferior to her shorter stories. The "sugo", the sap of it, as Manzoni would say, is contained in the excellent "Terno Secco" in "All' Erta Sentinella".

The poor were buried as they had lived in the old Campo Santo dei Poveri, which was not closed till 1888. It was the cemetery of the *fondachi*, and the horrors of the lives of the inmates were continued after death. In the great stone court was a hole for every day of the year, closed by a numbered slab, and every evening the corpses of the paupers who had died during the day were dropped into it at 6.30. The ceremony was open to the public, even to children. On Friday evenings there was always a large crowd of gamblers eager to get a tip for Saturday's Lotto from the number of the corpses and other details. Those who wish for a calm description of this ceremony should turn to Fucini. Yet in the daytime it was not uncommon to see relatives, generally women, come to mourn and pray over the pit where their dear ones were buried.

This was the Naples upon which the cholera fastened in 1884. Plague and cholera had swept it often before, and the death-rate, especially among infants, had always been appalling. But it was this last terrible epidemic which finally roused public opinion not merely in Italy, but almost throughout Europe. As in earlier days, the efforts of the doctors were often neutralized by the active opposition of the victims and their relatives, who were convinced that they had been sent to poison them by their enemy the Government, because there were too many of them, just as their descendants to-day believed that the European war had been made by the Signori for the same purpose. And they pinned their faith to the Madonna and S. Gennaro,

as Bomba would have had them do and had himself done.

THE REMAKING OF NAPLES

"Bisogna sventrare Napoli," said De Pretis in a phrase which has become historic—Naples must be disembowelled. He was rewarded by having his name bestowed on the new square which is situated more or less where was the old Sellaria, though it has since been re-christened after a local worthy, Nicola Amore. Who can keep pace with the bewildering changes of name which each generation inflicts on an Italian city? And Matilde Serao, then quite a young writer, wrote her "*Il Ventre di Napoli*" to urge the necessity of the work of "*risanamento*".

The "*ventre*" consisted more or less of the four oldest regions, Porto, Pendino, Mercato and Vicaria. The process of clearing away this terrible slum area was slow and the methods may not always have been of the wisest, but it is now complete, and even those who sigh most deeply over the mediaeval city that has gone for ever, with all its associations, are bound to admit the enormous benefit of the change. Ask any old labourer with whom you may chance to fall into conversation and who can remember Naples before the cholera. His answer will invariably be to the same effect, and he will probably sigh and shake his head as he thinks of the homes of his class in those days.

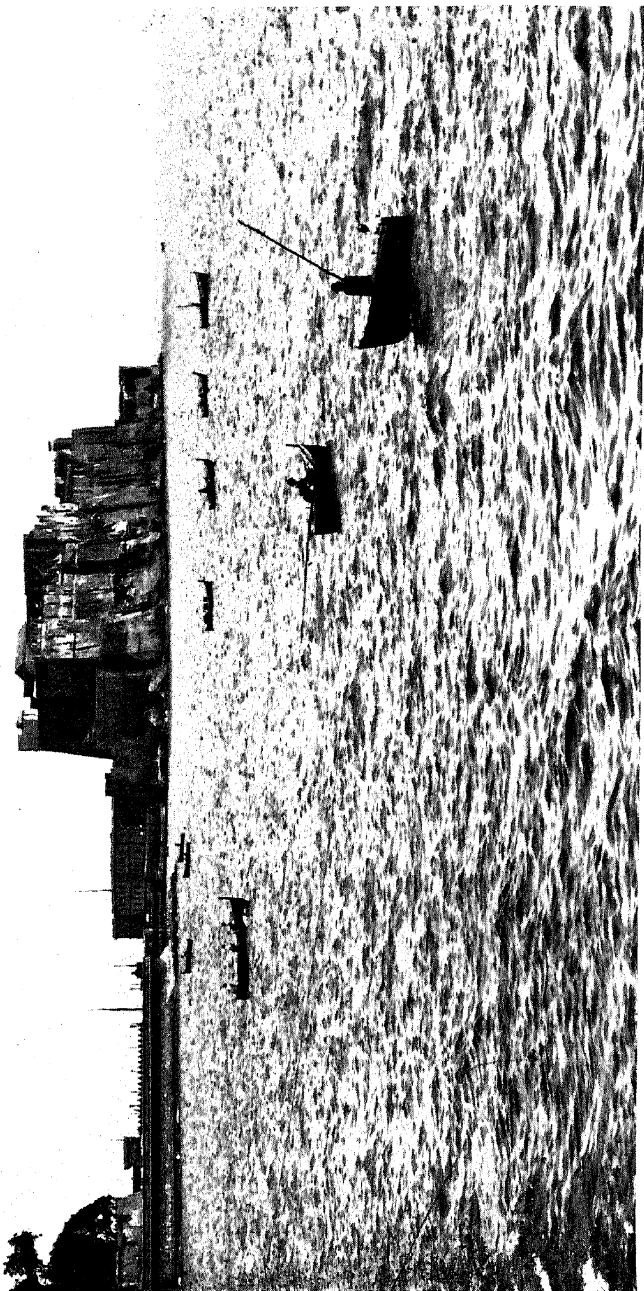
But the break with the past is complete. Before the "*sventramento*" Naples was still a mediaeval city with her past history, Angevin, Aragonese and Spanish, writ large upon her. Now the historic record is shattered, except in a few streets. The generation that has grown up since, changed though it is, differs far less from the old than does the new city from that of its fathers. Only in those three famous streets, the Anticaglia, the Tribunali and the Trinità Maggiore, can we get any clear idea of what old Naples must then have been like at its best—the tall, gaunt houses tapering away in the distance along their narrow length, the long vista of balconies where the women lived their whole lives; and also, in spite of the noise, something of the peace and restfulness that can only come to a building when time has done its work of mellowing it like old wine.

The first and most important thing to do was to give

Naples pure water, for most of her ills could be traced to the impurity of the supplies of those days. So the *Acqua di Serino* was brought underground from a subterranean lake in the Apennines. The five great reservoirs containing the main supply are just outside the palace of Capodimonte. The water of Naples is now as pure as that of any city in the world, and may be drunk without the slightest fear.

Then there was the actual "sventramento" which was begun by driving broad new thoroughfares through the old quarters, letting in air and light and clearing away the worst of the rookeries. Of these by far the most important is the *Corso Umberto Primo*, or *Rettifilo*, which runs right through the region of *Porto*, absorbing the *Sellaria*. In constructing the approaches to it by the *Via Depretis* not a few famous old streets, like the *Via del Porto* and the *Lanzieri*, were destroyed. At right angles to it the *Via del Duomo* and the *Corso Garibaldi*, flanking the *Piazza del Mercato*, were opened out with the same object of letting light and air into this area. In addition, the whole district has been almost entirely rebuilt. One has only to turn to a map of Naples of the seventies to realize how completely it has been transformed. Streets bearing the old names and following the old directions, like the *Via Mezzocannone* or the *Rua Catalana*, contain hardly a single old building, having been altered past recognition. Thus the *Mezzocannone* is a wide, airy, modern street, contrasting oddly with the *Strada di Nilo* from which it debouches. The difficulties in the way were formidable. The ground slopes up from the sea, the foundations for building were often far from secure, and there is always the danger of earthquakes. But the result shows how skilfully, on the whole, they have been overcome, though of course some injustice was inevitable, and doubtless influence, for Naples is Naples, had more weight than it should have had.

With these reforms went the renaming of old streets and the christening of new. The task was entrusted to a carefully selected committee. There is the inevitable *Corso Garibaldi* or *Vittorio Emmanuele*, with other streets called after the heroes of the *Risorgimento*, round which gyrate the names of local celebrities since 1870. One cannot help hoping that the time has nearly come when the kingdom of Italy will feel itself secure enough for a city like Naples to be allowed to display, instead of concealing, its age-long



CASTEL DELL' OVO

history in the names of its thoroughfares. A beginning is being made in the new quarter on the Vomero, where the main streets are being named after Neapolitan artists and musicians.

One of the most characteristic parts of old Naples to disappear was S. Lucia, once the fisherman's quarter, now a region of fashionable hotels. No part of the town was dearer to the tourist, and the well-known song added to its fame. Mergellina, at the other end of the Villa, has lost its individuality almost as completely, though fishermen still linger there. But Mergellina was never S. Lucia. At S. Lucia was the fountain of sulphur-water which was once hawked all through the town by the "mummerara", herself impregnated through and through with sulphur-fumes, like the Orci round Bauli in Pontanus's "Lepidina". The boys who helped load her cart would go right into the fountain with their dirty feet to fill the pails. The water was considered healthy by Neapolitans, especially in spring and autumn. And here it was dispensed in glasses to such of the inhabitants of the district as desired to drink it, by two presiding goddesses, who were the clearing-house of local gossip. Along the quay ran the line of sloping fish-stalls, each with its number and its owner's name above it, each with a flare or a coloured lantern to light it at night, where the best oysters and the choicest "frutti di mare" were to be had. Further down, close to the sea, were the tables, each with a sheet stretched on poles to protect it against the wind, where they were served with sulphur-water from the fountain and *tarallini* (aniseed cakes) by the sturdy women of the tribe of fishermen of S. Lucia.

Here the gay young bucks would often come to sup after the opera, as you may see them in their high, straight-brimmed tall hats, so appropriately called "cilindri" in Italian, and their flowing ties, their whiskers and Newgate frills in the delightful prints of the mid-nineteenth century, amid a strong, pungent odour of salt fish and sulphur. while the smooth waters of the Bay beyond the reach of the flares caught the silvery moonlight as they barely rippled on the rocks beneath, and the dull glow of Vesuvius smouldered sulkily under its wreath of smoke and the "canzone nuova" rose passionate on the high tenor voice of a young fisherman further along the quay. On such a

night in spring or summer it would be a love-song, and you may be sure he would be wooing a seemingly reluctant "nennella" at her window, reproaching her for killing him by her cruelty or her desertion. The life of Nennella was all at her window in those days. Here she sewed, here she made her bargains with the hawker below in the gesture language, eked out occasionally by a shrill comment in dialect, letting down the basket from her balcony six stories above with the necessary *soldi* when it was concluded and drawing it up with the fish or fruit or vegetables in exchange. Here by signs will she "correspond" the passionate outpourings of the swain with the mandolin beneath in the straw hat who is wooing her on the cover of the song as we should see it to-day in the languishing music of Costa. And the voice of the fine young fisherman, who dreams of one day finding himself on the stage of the S. Carlo, singing "Il Trovatore"—was not Caruso himself from "abbasci" o puort', and have not many tenors of mark been picked up from here before now by managers who know their business?—is sending in imagination these young men, as they silently puff their cigars, to some well-known window in the city beyond, and the elder ones to other windows, or perhaps even to the same window, some thirty or forty years earlier when the Re Lazzarone was king.

CHAPTER X

NAPLES TO-DAY

THIS is a subject which a foreigner is bound to approach with considerable diffidence, but at least this chapter has been read by Neapolitan friends. Of the advance made by Naples since the union and the further progress since the War there can be no question. The change is not all gain. While gradually getting into step with the rest of Europe, Naples has necessarily sacrificed not a little of her individuality, and above all of her colour. The beautiful national costumes, with their wonderful variety and richness, once worn by the meanest of the *lazzaroni* on every important "festa", are now relegated to the opera chorus or the tarantella troop. The men appear in all the drabness of the felt hat and lounge suit, born in our duller Northern climates, the women in imitations of the Paris fashions, with variations to suit their own far from contemptible taste. However, the burial fraternities, of which there are so many for all ranks of society, do not yet follow the funerals of their members "in borghese"—the very word seems to reflect the humdrum character of the costume. One still sees the long monk-like cloak and cowl covering the whole person and face, excepting the holes for the eyes, of various hues, which makes such a delightful, if rather grim, patch of colour in the streets.

The change is easy to trace. If we take a book like Renato Fucini's "Napoli a Occhio Nudo", written just after the union, and compare it with, say, Rolfe & Ingleby's well-informed "Naples in 1888", when the Risanamento was in its infancy, we can see at once how great had been the advance, while anyone who remembers Naples at the beginning of the century will be struck by the change to-day.

Education accounts for a good deal. The last of the public letter-writers, the *Scrivani Pubblici*, has vanished from under the arches of the San Carlo. His trade was decaying rapidly ten years ago, and his days of importance were already over when he abandoned the shabby tall hat and the flowing tie of the old prints. He was always out at elbows and unkempt, but his scholarly attainments once assured him the profoundest respect from his illiterate clients, to say nothing of the Barocco splendour of style—one ought almost to write the word with a capital "S"—of his compositions, especially in love-letters. His usual charge for a letter was 5 *soldi*. Towards sunset he would gather up his umbrella—he always possessed one—and his little trestle-table, his pen, ink and paper, to vanish before the evening star of the seller of opera *libretti* and special editions of the "Pungolo". One likes to think that the last *Scrivano Pubblico* to survive was the one impersonated by Edoardo Scarpetta the elder in "Miseria e Nobiltà", one of the best of his plays, as of his parts. The Cavaliere, who now lives in retirement in his palace in the fashionable Amedeo quarter, was pleased at my reminding him of it, and we laughed together over the monster bowl of macaroni on which the curtain goes down, while the young man is falling upon it, whipping it up with uncanny deftness with his walking-stick and devouring it in huge mouthfuls.

Gone, too, is the Rinaldo, the elocutionist who recited the "Reali di Francia" or the "Guerrin Meschino", or even Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata", on the Molo, so long as it was a fashionable resort, and later on the Marinella or near the Porta Capuana, generally of an afternoon. He was a classic figure of old Naples, who appears in most of the travellers' accounts. He was almost always old, and of course poor, though not ragged, and clad in a long mantle. But in hot weather he might be caught seated in his cane-bottomed chair with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, for his work involved plenty of healthy exercise owing to the violence of the gesticulations. In his excitement he has been known even to hit one of his admirers a violent blow in the face. His audience was ranged in three rows, first the small boys, then the aristocracy on chairs, who were bound in honour to contribute a *soldo* when the assistant passed round the hat—very few of the rest of the audience ever did—and then a ring of listeners

on foot. They would all be scratching vigorously. Who was it who said that if the Neapolitans were made of cheese, there would be nothing left but their nails in twenty-four hours? To-day, however, there is a marked and welcome falling-off in the insect population of the town.

Fucini surpasses himself in his description of these Rinaldi, especially of the one whose eyes, if they did not look for all the world like a pair of false oaths, suggested a boiled stockfish, so completely did he turn them up. He gives a delightful rendering of his dialect commentary on the "Gerusalemme", which included a severe admonition to the *quaglio* who failed to uncover at the mention of the name of Il Nostro Signore Gesù Cristo. Refreshments would be supplied by an "acquaiolo" with his water-jar and his lemons or a vendor of lupins. In old days the audience would be wrapped in ecstatic admiration and enthusiasm, especially the boys. Some of them might even correct the Rinaldo when he made a mistake, so well was the story known. But latterly there was sure to be a sceptical black sheep or two among them who came only to mock. Eloquence with endless action was the first essential. People would say of an energetic and moving preacher, "sembra Rinaldo sul Molo" (he might be Rinaldo on the Mole).

The last remains of this audience may be seen at the popular marionette theatre. But the picture palace is killing even this, and the "Reali di Francia", which is its only stock-in-trade, may be bought on any bookstall and devoured at leisure by a generation that has learnt to read. One still lingers, sole survivor of the half-dozen or so which flourished some twenty years ago. It is in the Via Foria, and the Neapolitan whom I asked to accompany me thither consented unwillingly, saying that it was "molto infimo". The theatre, a deep horseshoe with two shallow galleries, probably made out of a shop, like the old S. Carlino, was primitive, but the dolls were as gorgeously dressed as ever, and the elocution, especially in the pathetic death-scenes, excellent. The manipulation of the dolls was, naturally, not as clever as in the company we have recently had over here in London, but they were well managed on the whole. The sword duels, as always, suggested knife-sharpening; the battle-axe is a far more effective weapon in the hands of a marionette,

The audience consisted mainly of old men, who had probably listened to the Rinaldi in their young days, obviously tired after their day's work, and of a few boys in the gallery. There was not a woman to be seen ; there never is ; why, I can never make out, for there is nothing in the performance to account for the exclusion, and they flock to the picture palaces. Probably it is a survival of the old Spanish habit of secluding women, of the days when the theatre was hardly respectable for decent men. Towards the end a group of young men came in, rather patronizingly ; clearly they belonged to the new generation of the Pictures, for the *Arte Muta* has caught on amazingly in Italy, where it should have a future before it among a nation of born actors in a climate ideal for the photographer.

The performance was followed with rapt attention by the old men, still able to lose themselves in this ideal world of romance, as they had done in their boyhood, and forget the hardships of their lot. Charlemagne and the King of the Saracens were a head taller than the others, and one could see how much the angel from heaven, who might have been the loveliest of ballet-girls, meant to these old fellows, wearied with a lifetime of hopeless struggle. The *traditore*, who sought to betray Charlemagne to the Saracens, was loudly execrated. When at last he met his death an old man stood up and, pointing to the drooping doll, said solemnly, " Now you will go straight to hell ". On the whole my companion thought it might be safer for our pocket-books if we went before the crowd. So we left when the orator, like the Rinaldo on the Mole, began to announce the subject of his story for the following day. The stout old lady in the box office set me thinking of Donna Peppa, the famous mother of the *Petito* clan, who occupied this important post at the family theatre when she was past dancing.

Donna Peppa sends one straight back to the dialect theatre and *Pulcinella*, " nato in Acerra da Paolo Cimella ", as the Neapolitan jingle has it. All writers assure us that the great actor Antonio *Petito* raised him to a higher power, investing him with a quality he had never before possessed. For one thing, he dropped most of the coarseness. In *Petito's* hands *Pulcinella* became something highly personal, often anything but comic, Croce tells us. " When you

talked of Antonio Petito, you meant Pulcinella, and when you mentioned Pulcinella, you were understood to be talking of him," says Del Balzo. And with Petito, of whose death on the stage Di Giacomo has given us so moving a description in his history of the S. Carlino theatre, Pulcinella may be said to have passed from it and from his leading place in the hearts of the Neapolitans. The S. Carlino, the outside of which looked like an ordinary shop, may have been an oven, an impossible theatre, but it was loved by all true Neapolitans as the home of the romance of their boyhood. All those who remember it write of it with a sigh of wistful regret and look upon its disappearance in 1884 in the improvements for the widening of the Piazza Municipio as the end of an epoch, the passing of the old improvised dialect comedy.

Edoardo Scarpetta is the last survivor of this famous company, having retired from the stage after a career of fifty-five years which began with an engagement at the S. Carlino at a *lira* a week. It gives one quite a shock to see his portrait among them in the S. Martino Museum. Old Neapolitans may shake their heads over his substitution of his own mask of Don Felice Sciosciamocca for Pulcinella, but he reopened the S. Carlino and kept it going with brilliant success for the last four years of its existence with a series of farces of his own, often adapted from the French, and it is largely owing to his efforts that the Neapolitan dialect comedy still flourishes. Don Felice, who might be a lineal descendant of Dumas's Don Filippo Villani, with his inimitably insinuating manner and his huge smile, appears in all Scarpetta's plays and was always his own part.

The dialect play still flourishes at Naples at the Teatro Nuovo, where the Scarpetta farces are the mainstay. There are two performances nightly, and the acting is as good as ever, but Edoardo Scarpetta has left no successor and they lack the touch of distinction he knew how to give them. An amusing skit on Fascismo, "*Giovinezza, Giovinezza*," was produced there last year. The Neapolitan dialect theatre, unlike the Sicilian, is essentially comic, thriving on lively farces and good realistic acting, redolent of the life of this fascinating town. Dialect tragedies have never taken real hold of the stage, not even those of Salvatore di Giacomo, such as "*A Santa Lucia*" or "*Assunta*

Spina". It is still in the modern substitute for the *lazzi* that the Neapolitan excels, or at least it is for these that his audience looks.

Not that Pulcinella is dead, by any means. He may have been banished from the boards, but as the tram draws up, squeaking painfully while it makes its final circle round the Piazza Trinità Maggiore before coming to a standstill, you will catch his unmistakable "A-i!" followed by "Quaglio', sta attent'!" And there, close to the "guglia" of the Gesù, hardly a stone's-throw from the home of his historian, Benedetto Croce, he is to be found, much as he is in London to-day, surrounded by a crowd of boys and of elderly men, some of whom may have made their first acquaintance with him at the S. Carlino, on several afternoons in the week. Punch has never been a stereotyped character in Naples, nor is his story so conventional as it is with us. He is always up to date, in touch with the problem of the hour, though he is not so brilliantly topical as in Goethe's day. Now it is his wife's brother who is trying to get money out of him. "You see, he will fail. Punch is far too clever (*furbo*)," says an admirer, placing his first finger over his right eye to indicate his cunning. And for some twenty minutes his brother-in-law certainly tried in vain, using every kind of stratagem, even calling in the dog—he has no name in Naples, and is not a living animal like our Toby—to seize him by the arm. I did not stay longer, for Mr. Punch's dialect is rather more than I can follow with ease. Clearly, Pulcinella is an up-to-date Neapolitan, but, thank Heaven, he has not yet become affected with the vulgarity of the American accent and outlook of the Southerner who has spent a few years in a town across the Atlantic, a vulgarity which contrasts oddly with the perfect manners that are second nature to a people which has for its heritage the highest civilizations of the world.

Much that is characteristic still, of course, remains. The goatherd still brings his goats into town every day, driving them up the stairs of the *palazzi* and milking them at the doors of his customers; and their taste in diet is as varied as ever. Nothing in the street escapes their attention, and you may see them even browsing on the cinema advertisements on the walls. Similarly the dairyman still appears

with his cows and milks them in the street, his claims on the milk often being vigorously disputed by a jealous calf. The housewife, or, more usually, one of the children, stands by till the bottle is filled. The cows are treated as befits their greater dignity. They do not have to go in search of the customer. They have their own stations and the customer comes to them for supplies. It is the cow that has given rise to the well-known Neapolitan saying, "Pass' 'a vacc'", accompanied by the gesture of the left hand held out with the thumb and finger extended, which implies hunger—too hard up to be able to afford to stop the cow and take one's daily milk.

The Neapolitan is certainly as rich and varied in his gestures as ever. He can still talk with his hands, or rather with his arms, hardly less readily than with his tongue. You may see a couple of acquaintances dispensing with words altogether and carrying on a long and complicated conversation over the side of a steamer entirely by gestures, almost certainly on business matters; anything else could wait. Words would be wasted because they would be quite inaudible. These gestures are not impromptu, devised on the spot to meet the needs of the moment. They are as fixed as the written language, and undoubtedly much older. They are never more effective than when used by an energetic lawyer pleading in dialect in a criminal court, or, more familiarly, when a man settles down for a long, uninterrupted exposition of some utterly trifling point on, say, the local Capri boat with a friend. He usually prefaces his discourse by pushing back his hat from his brow slowly and deliberately with both hands and poking his face right up to that of his victim.

The Neapolitan quarrel, which is as often as not carried on for the benefit of the spectators or in order to keep up self-respect, will generally evaporate in a cloud of impressive words and gestures. Again the hats go slowly back; the combatants get so close to each other that their noses are almost touching and shake their fists right in each other's faces, so that it would be impossible for anyone who really meant business to refrain from hitting. They will then begin to heap abuse on each other in loud, impressive tones, but just as you think they are going to begin in earnest they will go off in opposite directions. In a moment or two they will spin round, as if at the word

of command, and close up for another bout of words. If by this time they have let off all superfluous steam, they will go off and be the best of friends next time they meet. If, however, they do pass from words to deeds, there may be an appalling general mix-up. But the average Neapolitan does not get as far as knifing, except when there is some very serious question at stake, especially now that he is forbidden to carry a knife with a blade more than two fingers long, i.e. of not sufficient length to reach a vital spot such as the heart. In any case, the revolver has largely superseded the knife in these quarrels.

A local saint is still awakened on the day of his festa by the letting off of countless *mortaletti* as vigorously as ever; the greater the occasion the louder the noise. "Sarà una funzione religiosa," you will be told if you inquire the reason for a whole quarter being shaken with what sounds like a heavy bombardment. What is the origin of this custom, I wonder? I have never seen an explanation.

These *botte*, or explosions, are loudest at Christmas. Indeed, to a Neapolitan, Christmas means *bancarelle*, *capitone* (a special kind of eel), *botte* and bagpipes. Fireworks and the flares of Bengal lights are everywhere in the streets, crackers jumping about among foot-passengers and horses impartially, as on a Fifth of November a generation ago in London. Only at Christmas and Easter are the *bancarelle* allowed along the Toledo, those little wooden stalls filled with cheap goods or second-hand books that spring up as if by magic all along the edges of the pavements. The whole stock-in-trade of some of these, such as the post-card stalls, does not look worth five shillings, though the books are sometimes said to be of value, and one asks oneself how the owners can possibly make a living out of them, as one does of the hawkers of boot-laces whom one passes laying out their wares with such beautiful precision and neatness on the pavements of the less crowded streets as one starts out early in the morning.

As with us, Christmas is the feast of good cheer rather more than other feasts. The shops are decked out at their best, the oranges and even the weird little joints in the butchers' shops in the Tribunali and other streets in the poorer quarters being ornamented with rosettes and greenery, while the great piles of macaroni in the countless shapes

and sizes in which it appears here in its true home vanish in no time. All the markets are busy, the one near the Porta Capuana no less than the Piazza del Mercato itself, and the Toledo is crowded as at no other time of the year, especially if the season is blessed with a fine, mild "scirocco chiaro". "Capitone" may be the old-fashioned dish for Christmas, just as roast beef is in England, but the more delicate taste of to-day prefers turkey or fowl, and in Naples, too, there are clubs like our goose-clubs to provide the poorest with Christmas fare. The "susamiello", or honey-cake, is another Christmas speciality.

To a visitor, Christmas is essentially the season of the bagpipers, the rough, wandering "zampognari" from the Abruzzi, who work the same district year after year, playing the wonderful old pastorale in front of the little shrines in the streets. Every shopkeeper, almost every artisan who could afford it, once prided himself on having his own *novena* played before a local shrine of the Madonna by a bagpiper and a flute-player, though the flute-player has now almost disappeared. They visit private houses when they are invited and paid during the *novena* before Christmas. Other tunes they can play, even cheap music-hall songs long out of date, but their uncouth-looking bagpipes seem meant only for the beautiful, haunting pastorale, which, like their instrument, must be an integral part of the wildest portion of their own primitive mountainous country.

The bagpipers live most truly in Di Giacomo's "Nuttata 'e Natale", where a group of them are asleep in a cellar on Christmas Eve, their year's round finished, with the pipes hung on the wall. But it is not yet midnight. The *mortaletti* may bang, the Bengal lights flare, the whole district be alive with dancing and singing, but

'o Bammeniello non è nato ancora

—the Child Jesus is not yet born. A surly old pipe on its nail begins grumbling to its fellows at the monotony of their work, every year the same round, the eternal "lamiento".

Ullero, ullero (the sound of the bagpipe)
È nasciuto il Re del Cielo,
Che nel candido suo velo
Sulla terra calerà.

Never anything comic, never a love-song. One of the younger pipes announces that he knows a love-song. It is old, but love cannot change, so that it can never be out of date. He is sure the wind will oblige him by blowing him up, if it is in a good temper. The wind gladly does him this little service, and he strikes up his song. The old pipers snore on, but the younger ones begin to stir uneasily in their sleep. Then all is quiet again. A cock crows and Christmas Day dawns. The oldest piper wakes and rouses the others, bidding them make haste or the steamer will be gone. The younger men wake slowly and unwillingly and take down their pipes. The old men go off in couples or groups, but the young ones drop instinctively behind, preferring to be alone, while through their heads runs the refrain of the old love-song :

Aimmè! L'ammore è comm' a na muntagna
e ce sta ncoppa n'arbero affatato.

(Ah me, love is like a mountain
And on the top grows a magic tree.)

Easter is the feast of the *struscio*, seemingly so called from the sound of garments trailing in the street. The custom probably dates from Spanish days, possibly earlier. After midday on Holy Thursday and the whole of Good Friday the Toledo from S. Spirito downwards—it is only here, by the way, that the *bancarelle* are allowed—is closed altogether except to foot-passengers. Hence the word *struscio*, which may refer either to the shuffling of feet or the sound of trailing garments, or both. The custom originated in order to make it more easy for the Neapolitans to visit the Sepolcri in the various churches. These Sepolcri are often beautifully set out, and there is much the same rivalry as with the Presepi; indeed, when the craze for these was at its height, the Sepolcri also had their share, and private families set theirs out also. In the Middle Ages this visiting was done amid wailing and scourging, the highest in the land walking in procession with dust and ashes on their heads. But it has long been largely a social function, where the young girls delight to show off their charms and their clothes, often appearing in a new frock for the occasion. There is, however, plenty of genuine religious feeling. The Sepolcri are visited with reverence

as well as with curiosity, and the churches where there is a sermon are full to overflowing. It is almost impossible to get into the Gesù, where there is always good and dramatic preaching.

This is clearly the correct explanation, but some good Neapolitans maintain that the Toledo is closed because Christ is underground and it would be sacrilege for carriages to drive over Him, though not apparently for foot-passengers to trample upon Him, or for carriages to drive elsewhere in the city. The crush of traffic and the confusion in the side-streets off the Toledo can be imagined, especially as many of the lesser bourgeoisie and many of the more prosperous artisans do not join in the *struscio*, but hire cabs for the occasion and are only too eager to be seen in their temporary splendour. For the Neapolitan has lost none of his respect for carriage-folk as superior to those who only walk.

Easter, again, is the feast of the lamb. You come across them everywhere, even in the poorest neighbourhoods, tied up to the door outside the *bassi* eating grass, petted and fondled by the children, or running after a little boy as tame as a puppy. In the Piazza del Mercato there are whole flocks of them, from among which you may see the hard-worked father of a family carefully selecting his own, trying to give the impression that he is an expert in its points, and then carrying it off under his arm. On Easter Sunday comes the massacre of the innocents. By Easter Monday you will see hardly a dozen of them alive during a stroll through the principal streets. The rest will have been converted into Neapolitans of varying ages, all that remains being the skins hanging over chairs in the air to dry. Somehow this wholesale slaughter of the family pet in honour of the peace of Easter strikes one as positively cannibalistic. For once I was almost converted to vegetarianism.

Then there is the Whitsun pilgrimage to Monte Vergine, the monastery that sits astride the Apennines above Avellino with its famous church built upon the site of a temple of Cybele. The picture of the Virgin by that most prolific of painters, St. Luke, has a special value from the fact that the arm with which he painted it is preserved there. This relic was brought from Constantinople by Catherine of Valois, who is buried here with her son, Luigi di Taranto,

a husband of Giovanna I. The return of the pilgrims from Monte Vergine along the Marinella and S. Lucia in the evening is one of the sights of Naples, the women in their latest dresses and most showy ornaments, the men decked out with chains and flags and brilliant ties, as they pass in every kind of vehicle at full gallop. They are all wearing medals and other relics of the Madonna, the carriages often wreathed in boughs. The long procession suggests a scene of Bacchic revelry. Did their forebears return similarly adorned from the old Temple of Cybele?

The festival of the Vergine di Piedigrotta is held on September 7-8. It has been shorn of its former official splendour. After the union it languished altogether, but a vigorous and successful effort was made to revive it in 1876, when the newspaper-sellers were organized in a comic procession in fancy dress. It is a merry festival, and the fun is fast and furious in the Posilipo grotta, lasting all night. No carriages are allowed; the tunnel is bright as day and every kind of musical instrument is to be heard, as in the Piazza Navona in Rome at Epiphany. Its chief interest to the outside world is still due to the fact that the "canzone nuova", the song which will be the Neapolitan song of the year, is chosen on that night. *Maestri* with new songs go round with their bands of music playing their productions, and the one that catches the popular ear most surely wins the day. There is rarely any doubt on the point. "Funiculì, Funiculà" first burst upon an astonished world at this festival in 1880. As a pilgrimage church S. Maria di Piedigrotta has been largely ousted from popular favour by the more modern Madonna di Pompeii, to which every bride expects her husband to take her. It is this and not the buried city that a Neapolitan means when he talks of going to Pompeii; and it is certainly a good modern church in excellent taste.

The greatest of the Neapolitan religious festivals is that of the melting of the blood of St. Januarius, which takes place twice a year, on the first Saturday in May and on the 19th September, and continues for several days. In May the phial of the blood is carried in procession through Naples by the Archbishop to S. Chiara with the statue of the Saint preceded by those of all the other saints who form his court. Each saint is brought out of the Cathedral on a platform carried on the shoulders of four bearers.

S. Antonio, the second patron of Naples, comes first, then St. Michael and then S. Rocco, with his dog and his bare knee, Santo Rò, who protects people from illness and, according to Matilde Serao, is received with laughing, affectionate familiarity by the crowd. S. Pasquale Baylon, who is the patron of young girls and finds them husbands, has flowers rained upon him by them in handfuls amid shouts of "Come voi, tale quale, o beato S. Pasquale"—a husband the very image of yourself, blessed S. Pasquale. There are five San Francescos and another Bishop of Naples, S. Biagio, who protects the throat. He blesses the people as he passes with outstretched hand. All the forty-five are grouped round S. Gennaro in front of the high altar at S. Chiara. Thus much we learn from Matilde Serao's "Il Paese di Cuccagna", which gives a vivid account of the ceremony.

The church is crowded, the relatives of the Saint, who belong to the poorest classes, being grouped together close to the altar. "The priest on duty," says Renato Fucini, "shows the people the phial, which is shaped like a little carriage lamp, looks at it and immediately begins to turn it in his hand, exclaiming in a stentorian voice, 'È duro—it is hard' ". And then begins the recitation of the Creeds amid a scene of extraordinary religious enthusiasm.

"The Saint is slow in performing the miracle: then the shouts redouble and tears of agony pour in such numbers down every cheek that there is a danger of my melting myself. Round me I saw faces and brows on which rested such a gentle peace and such serenity of faith that they really seemed to send out rays of light: I saw tears shed so sincere and so spontaneous that I should have been positively moved, if the scene as a whole had not worn the appearance of the most disgusting of bacchanalian revels."

These bacchanalian features are now much less prominent. The longer the miracle delays, the worse the omen. Irreverent outcries against the saint are often heard amid the prayers, according to Matilde Serao: "Faccia verde! Faccia gialluta! Santo malamente! Fa il miracolo! S. Gennaro, faccia d'oro, non ci fare aspettare più!"

"After twenty-nine minutes," continues Fucini, "we at last saw the priest, the clergy and the spectators nearest them fix their eyes attentively on the phial and gesticulate with outstretched arms towards the yelling crowd, as if to say: 'Perhaps . . . another

minute . . . it looks like it . . . who can tell ?' Then there was a moment of general suspense and a short interval of silence broken here and there by half-stifled sighs and sobs. The signals continued for some seconds, tear-stained faces and trembling hands were waved above the kneeling crowd, when suddenly every arm was uplifted in the air with the palms pressed together, the clergy in token of joy waved a white cloth and, like a bursting hurricane, the organs rolled out their harmonies in full strength, the bells rang in peals, and the vaulted roof of the church, filled with a cloud of incense, re-echoed to the deep roar of the crowd as it intoned the Ambrosian hymn."

The mystery of the melting of the liquid is not to be disposed of quite as airily as some people imagine. The phials are set in a silver stand and are never brought into contact with the priest's hands during the ceremony. After the melting takes place they are shut in an iron case which can be opened only with three keys, kept by the clergy, the nobles, and the mayor respectively. A Professor of Chemistry in the University of Naples not long ago placed a thermometer on the altar, first without, then with, the permission of the priests, and a friend of mine, at that time a student, helped him with his experiments. The melting took place sometimes at a temperature of 18-20° Cent. (65-68° Fahr.), sometimes at 15-17° Cent. (59-63° Fahr.), once at 3° Cent. (38° Fahr.). Together they tried every chemical formula that has been suggested and found only one that gave anything approaching satisfactory results, but it would work only at blood heat, a temperature never to be found in the church or on the altar. The liquid often continues to boil after the miracle. My friend has himself touched the silver stand and found it quite cold during this boiling. Then there is the difference of time required for the melting and the difference of the colour of the liquid, which ranges on different occasions from rich chocolate to blood red, to be explained. There is no conscious trickery by the clergy. Croce says that there were other phials of liquefying blood in Naples in the sixteenth century.

S. Gennaro's most formidable rival is undoubtedly the Madonna. At one time her image was to be found in every household with a lamp kept burning before it. Matilde Serao has counted 250 different attributes of her and she knows there are more in Naples. The choice of the right attribute is often as difficult a question as it was to an old Roman and is of the utmost importance. When in trouble

a Neapolitan woman of the poorest classes makes a vow to the Madonna. This she fulfils by putting on a new dress, which is blessed in church and which she wears till it falls off in rags. For the Addolorata it is black with white ribbons; for S. Maria del Carmine, puce with white ribbons; for the Immacolata, white with blue ribbons; for S. Maria delle Salette, white with pink ribbons; and so on. If she cannot afford a dress, she makes an apron. Failure to fulfil the vow would bring disaster untold.

The favourite way of celebrating a holiday or any kind of *festa* in Naples is still to go and eat out at one of the restaurants in the beautiful outskirts of the town, especially round Posilipo. The most famous of them all is probably Marechiaré,¹ down by the sea below Posilipo.

You get the spirit of the place best in Di Giacomo's poem

Si Dummeneca è bon tiempo, . . .

If Sunday is fine he will go to Marechiaré, where you can be alone and talk in peace, as you can never do in the Toledo or the Chiaia; and already he seems to see and smell the green water, and the smooth and dry sand, the nets neatly folded, and the boats and the caves in the cliffs, so cool in summer. There in the inn close down by the waves he will teach his lady all the verses of the "Canzone di Marechiaré", the fine song by Tosti, and Di Giacomo himself,

Quanno spont' a lun' a Marechiaré,

which you are sure to hear sung there. Here one goes to eat macaroni; indeed, Marechiaré may be said to set the standard for the cooking of it, to have inherited the recipe of Cicho il Mago. In Naples macaroni is rather less cooked than we are accustomed to eat it or than one usually finds it in other parts of Italy. At Marechiaré it is served either with tomato sauce, *alla napoletana*, or, better still, with *vongole*, the speciality of the place.

Vongole, shell fish, are one of the staple foods of the Neapolitan. You may see them in many varieties in the Piazza del Mercato or outside Porta Capuana, where they

¹ Marechiaré, formerly Mare Chiano, a corruption of "Mare planum". Cp. "chiagnere," dialect for "piangere".

are on sale till close on midnight, at stalls like the winkle-stalls in London, while everywhere you find the hawkers, with their bright metal pots and their charcoal fires for boiling them, serving them out in little saucers with salt and pepper to their customers for the midday meal. The best of these *frutti di mare* are the sea-urchins, as they were in Boccaccio's day, and it is quite likely that he came to Marechiaro himself on one of those delightful picnics with Fiammetta.

Personally, I prefer to lunch there in the noonday heat, when the waves seem almost too lazy to break over the rocks below and the voices of the boys playing about among them break in sharp and clear upon the gentle doze induced by the bottle of Posilipo, which is as much a feature of the place as the spaghetti. Should you be at Posilipo or Mergellina, or even leaving the S. Martino Museum about four in the afternoon, you are sure to catch sight of one or two Neapolitan families having a hearty meal at that old-fashioned dinner-hour, a small shop-keeper, for choice, square and solid, with coal-black hair, bright, lively eyes, expressive, if rather animal, faced, loud-voiced and gesticulating; his wife, still managing to keep some kind of control over her vast figure, in black, with a good deal of gold in evidence, and a comfortable family of half a dozen or so to fill in the picture.

Is the Neapolitan song dead? This is a question one sees asked and discussed in the papers to-day, for the Neapolitan papers find plenty of room for local matters, antiquarian and other, it is pleasing to observe, notably the "*Mezzogiorno*", which has really valuable articles on local history and antiquities. The question is quite natural, the result of the rapid transformation of the life of the town in the gradual process of levelling up with the more progressive North and, indeed, with the rest of Europe. Foreign influences of necessity make themselves felt far more easily than in the old days of illiteracy and slow communications, and even the Neapolitan song has not escaped. The song of last year (1923) is, I was told, a "*focus*", a fox-trot, but even in this hybrid import from America there is the unmistakable Neapolitan note, the touch of gentle melancholy leavening it through and through; at least, so it seemed to me, though I make no claim to being a musician.



THE OLD GROTTA

We must not forget that, in any case, Neapolitan songs of universal popularity have appeared only occasionally; the last to go round the world was, I imagine, "O sole mio". The oldest songs sprang direct from the people. "Fenesta vascia e patrona crudele" is four centuries old and still sung, as also is its companion, "Feneste che 'lluceva" and, according to Del Balzo, Bellini used them both in the second act of "La Sonnambula". The great change came with the nineteenth century, when the Neapolitan song passed into the hands of *maestri*, professional musicians, who wrote consciously for Piedigrotta, and now there is danger of exploitation on purely commercial lines.

To me it seems that the Neapolitan song still has its truest life in the restaurants, especially those frequented almost exclusively by Neapolitans, where a favourite tenor is enthusiastically applauded by regular patrons much as he might be at the San Carlo. And his audience want the new songs, the songs of the day. "Funiculì, funiculà" or "Santa Lucia" or "Addio, mia bella Napoli" are served up only for the foreigner, who is considered incapable of appreciating anything else. The superior person may sniff, but if you spend any time on the Bay you will come to associate these songs indelibly with it, as one hears them sung on summer evenings by merry boating parties or by a solitary fisherman as he lounges along the sea-front in his boat on his way home past the Villa to Mergellina, or at an outlying restaurant as one gazes across from Posilipo past Nisida towards Baia and Miseno.

Whatever may be the fate of the Neapolitan song, it is not likely to have another genuine poet of genius to provide it with words, nor *maestri* superior to Tosti or Mario Costa. Cussovich was not Di Giacomo, but the old song will always call up the Bay in all its magic :—

Sul mare luccica
L'astro d'argento.
Placida è l'onda,
Prospero è il vento.
Venite all' agile
Barchetta mia,
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

O dolce Napoli,
O suol beato,

Ove sorridere
 Volle il creato :
 Tu sei l'impero
 Dell' armonia
 Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

Many of the old street traders still remain, besides the hawker of "*vongole*", though they do not cry their wares as loudly as once they did. Most important of all is the Acquaiolo who, at his greatest, behind his or her roomy stall festooned with lemons still wreathed in their green leaves, is a person of some moment. Besides his lemonade he sells cocoanuts and barley water, sherbet and cakes. How long, I wonder, will it be before he dubs his establishment a soda-fountain? Already one finds the American system of buying checks for coffee and other drinks in some of the more popular cafés well established. Indeed, considering the close connexion that has so long subsisted between Naples and the opposite continent, one would expect to find America exercising an influence approaching that of Spain in earlier days, though the new emigration laws in the States are bound to diminish it considerably. However, he is only the aristocrat among the Acquaioli. In the poorer parts of the town you still find his humbler brother or sister, whose stock in trade consists of a couple of earthenware jars of water (*mummarelle*), a glass or two, and a basket of lemons, as he has probably existed from time immemorial.

The *pizza* beloved of the Neapolitan, with the little fish and the tomato sauce standing out clearly among its many ingredients, may still be seen at almost every corner, cut in slices on a round metal plate. I could never bring myself to try it, but they say it is not at all bad for a change. The "*estomacs forts*" who wish to sample it should go to the unpretentious, but well-known, *pizzeria* in Piazza Carità, where it is to be had of the best.

Then there is the *maruzzaro*, the seller of the snails which have always formed an important item in the diet of a Neapolitan. After all, a snail is land cousin to a shell-fish, and the number of his shells found at Pompeii shows that the *maruzzaro* is descended from a long line of ancestry. The father of his race must have been well known to Trimalchio's porter as Petronius shows him us shelling peas in the gateway of that princely establishment. He boils

his snails into a rich soup, which is quite palatable. But he has declined from the meridian of his glory. You no longer meet him carrying his wicker basket on his head with his three bright copper pots. Under the middle one which contained the snail soup was a sputtering stove to keep it hot, while the side copper held the bread upon which he spread it. Over the whole was a metal hoop, decked with greenery, and protected by medals and images of saints and charms against the Evil Eye. The edifice was crowned by a flaring lantern, often coloured. Nor does one hear his melancholy cry any more.

The girl who sells the cuttle-fish still slices the great coarse tentacles into the salt water in her big-bellied cauldron with her formidable knife and adds red *pepperoni* and pieces of ship's biscuit. She will be much less of a slattern than her mother, her face less dirty and her hair less dishevelled, at least till she is married and blessed with a large family. As likely as not she will be moving about in shoes and stockings, instead of barefoot, as she fans the little charcoal stove to boil her pot. These little stoves are one of the most characteristic sights of Naples. You come across them everywhere in the poorer neighbourhoods in the open street, and the duty of looking after them seems to devolve especially on the daughter of the household. They are used for every kind of work from roasting coffee to washing the family linen and cleansing the hair of the ladies of the establishment, who keep them going so vigorously and skilfully with their fans.

The *polpo*, the coarse-fleshed cuttle-fish, often of gigantic size, is very different from the *calamaretto*, the little squid, one of the best of Neapolitan fish—"the *calamaro*, or ink-fish, a dainty worthy of imperial luxury," as Mrs. Piozzi calls it. It is said to be easily caught by letting down a looking-glass, upon which its curiosity makes it fasten at once, but a favourite way is to tie a white pigeon's feather to a line and drag it through the water. The method of killing it by biting it in its centre of vitality, its heart or whatever one may call it, completely cured an artist's taste for it on one occasion—"triste animale", as the sailor, who was watching the operation with him, put it, shaking his head thoughtfully. The ink is contained in a little bag.

And of course there is the *melonaro* in summer, with his

piles of slices of bright red water-melon—"Pe' 'no sordo magni, bevi e te lav' 'a faccia," as he tells you,—eat, drink and wash your face, all for a ha'penny; only to-day with present prices it will be four soldi at least. Fruit-stalls of all kinds abound then, cherries and nespoli (Japanese medlars) in April and May, with figs in August and oranges in winter. The fig-eating powers of a healthy Neapolitan sailor in the season, when they are almost his only food, must be seen to be believed.

A number of trades once plied by hawkers have now ceased to wander or been absorbed by the factories. Such is the *solacchianiello*, the itinerant cobbler, who appears in old travel books. But the survivors migrate to the street as soon as summer, or spring appears, or even when there is a bright sunny day in winter. One may find the shoe-maker or the smith or the carpenter at his bench ankle-deep in shavings, busy with his trade outside his home in the open street, just as one does in the East or in any warm country where the climate makes life out of doors preferable, especially when the homes are as dark and dreary as they often are in Naples.

The car has, of course, come to stay, and is as popular in Naples as everywhere else in Italy. Before it has fled the famous *trottata* along the Riviera di Chiaia, which was fashionable for centuries and has often been described. It was as democratic as the Villa Reale was the reverse. Here, every evening, came the whole of Naples that could afford to drive, and many of those who could not, to see them. Some of the nobility would go without a meal to keep their coach or carriage, like an Irish gentleman; the bourgeoisie and the small clerks would imitate the sacrifice of their social betters in order to be seen jogging round for an hour or so in a hired *carrozzella*; and among them would parade on an equal footing the lowly donkey-barrow, loaded to the breaking-point. But the narrowness of the winding streets, the absence of pavements in the older quarters, and the genius for placid, imperturbable obstruction possessed by the donkey of Naples have done wonders in keeping the road comparatively safe for pedestrians, even though the driver of a motor vehicle is, as often as not, looking in quite a different direction from that in which he is going. The little cab never achieved anything more than the privilege of disputing the roadway with the *ciuccio*, who has doubt-

less ruled it from the dawn of history ; and even to-day, in the Tribunali and the older quarters, a dig in the back from the nose of a mule is not uncommon and rarely leads to disaster.

The pedestrian has not become the mere quarry of the car, as in London. Indeed, if he would recover his rights there, the best thing he can do is to let loose a few thousand of these sturdy little donkeys among the traffic. A tram may be held up for ten minutes while his master, assisted by everybody round in the road, endeavours to induce his donkey to come off the rails with his overloaded cart. The only absolutely indifferent spectators will be those whom you would think to be most nearly concerned, the driver and conductor of the tram. The ox has disappeared almost altogether from the town, where I doubt whether he was ever very common, but you occasionally see a team of oxen pulling a heavy dray in the market quarters, round the Ponte Maddalena. I never saw him yoked with any but his kind, though a team of ox, mule and donkey was common enough in the country round Naples before the war and may well be still. The wonderful jolting Neapolitan *carrozzella*, with its energetic little nag, a drive in which over the irregular pavement is almost as good exercise as a ride on horseback, is happily with us still. But the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which still has a good deal of leeway to make up, has put an end to the cruel little saw-bits with which his driver had such absolute control over him in earlier days. Even Fucini speaks of them as the most natural thing in the world.

The car has done but little to diminish the din of the streets of Naples or to lower its record as the noisiest city in Italy, if not in Europe. There is a noticeable diminution of the endless cracking of whips—indeed one misses this genial and hearty method of salute of one coachman to another—and of their ceaseless “A ! A !” (or rather, “ia,” for “iammo,” “andiamo”) to their fiery little steeds in the old days. But the rattle of wheels over the cobbles is as loud as ever, and to it is added the perpetual blowing of motor-horns, pitched in a key that seems to go straight for one’s nerves and recalls Astolfo’s horn in the “Orlando Furioso”, especially in the older quarters where it is difficult even for a car to make headway, and the hardly less persistent tram-bell. The casualness and independence of

foot-passengers, combined with the general congestion of traffic, makes this continuous blowing necessary. Every now and then there will be a blare of that most melancholy of sounds, the braying of three or four donkeys in chorus, and an occasional street cry or the noise of voices uplifted in altercation or merely in friendly discussion. The buzz of conversation with the shouts of the newspaper boys and girls echoing back from the roof of the Galleria Umberto I at midday or at the busy afternoon hour might give a visitor from the North the idea that a revolution is in progress. The Galleria again is essentially a man's place. You see very few women there except beggars or hawkers. "Bella figliola, esc'" was the persuasive flattery with which a waiter pressed a hag of a beggar to leave his tables, adding as a threat in reserve that the proprietor would be there in a moment.

In his "Storia di Napoli" Croce takes occasion to urge his good fellow-citizens not to make the lives of those in charge of their affairs too intolerable with their quarrels and their flights of fancy, their much talking and little doing, their appalling chatter and speechifying. These things have a way of passing into history, he says, and do not tend to raise the esteem in which Neapolitans are held. He knows men who, having had a taste of the Babel of the Palazzo S. Giacomo, have resigned at once, since their physical no less than their mental strength would be wholly unequal to the strain.

Yet at night by the Villa off the Via Caracciolo is the sea and the calm light of the stars and the cool, fresh evening breeze, where all is as quiet as in the remotest corner of the Bay and where one may steep oneself at ease in the peace which Nature alone can give. Well, if Naples is noisy, it is certainly cleaner than ever before. The change since the first year or two after the War, when the streets were often very unpleasant, to put it mildly, is another welcome step in advance.

The receipts from the State lottery are said to be diminishing, but it is still an important safety-valve, the Pandora's box that makes life endurable to numbers of Neapolitans, offering them the chance of acquiring at a single stroke the ease and comfort they can never hope to win by honest toil, the flower of romance that blossoms eternally every Saturday afternoon at four o'clock, when the drawings

take place. Matilde Serao has shown up its evils almost too tragically in her "Il Paese di Cuccagna". Yet if State recognition were withdrawn, the people would always find means to gamble, as they do in a thousand ways in England.

Every kind of superstition has gathered round the Lotto. There is something of the beauty of the opium-eater's dream in the attitude of some players, something almost mystic. For them the everyday world is little more than a symbol by means of which certain beneficent Powers are endeavouring to help them to grow rich beyond their wildest dreams by prompting them with the right numbers. It is this that gives his power to the "Assistito", the man who is reputed to be in touch with these Powers and able to reveal the numbers; it explains the belief that monks have the gift of foretelling them. You often see a monk at the head of a Lotto tipster's advertisement in the papers.

According to Matilde Serao, a girl who has no dowry prays to S. Pantaleone in her room alone at midnight with the door and window wide open. She repeats several Aves and Paters and then

San Pantaleone mio,
Per la vostra castità,
Per la mia verginità,
Datemi i numeri, per carità.

Then a step is heard and the Saint knocks the numbers on the door. And is there not always the Smorfia, wherein is registered the number of every conceivable occurrence? only the trouble is to find which of the many aspects of an event is the one to play, so the expensive aid of the Assistito must be sought. Thus blood is 41, fear 90—" 'a paura, è novanta," you will hear one little boy call to another who is running away. Should a lady so far lose her self-control as to call another lady with whom she has had an unfortunate difference of opinion a 76 and be violently assaulted in consequence, she can expect no redress from the magistrate, who will, in all probability, play the number himself for Saturday's drawing. A child dies of influenza and the mother plays the numbers and wins. "M'ha fatto bbene pure morenne," she tells her neighbours proudly and affectionately; her child has been good to her even in

death. A widow will curse her dead husband for his ingratitude in not appearing to her and giving her the numbers. Some play the same numbers every week, and most players have their pet numbers. There is the "terno della Madonna", for instance, or the famous ambo, 6,22, the appearance of which once brought some 2,000,000 lire to Naples in a single week.

The drawing is well worth seeing. It takes place at the *palazzo* of the "impresa" near S. Chiara, in the heart of the old town. On the balcony the tables and chairs are in readiness. The men are mostly talking outside, assuming an air of affected indifference. Here and there a little girl is playing ball against the wall of the courtyard. On a window-sill to the right is a shrivelled, walnut-skinned old woman with a hearty laugh, cracking jokes and lupins with a handsome young companion in a green shawl seated just below her. Towards them the gathering throng seems to gravitate, till the appearance of a funny man, clearly a well-known figure, with a couple of companions draws some of it off. As the hour approaches the men find it more and more difficult to conceal their eagerness, seeming to be drawn into the court by a kind of magnetic force. A nervous, seedy, cadaverous-looking individual of middle age, dressed in tight-buttoned, skimpy, black, worn respectability, is probably the most inveterate gambler present, a man to whom the Lotto has become a consuming passion.

The officials are greeted with loud cheers. On the left stands a man in uniform who takes the number printed on paper, calls it out and shows it to the crowd, then passes it to the first of the officials seated at the table, who folds it and passes it to his colleague, who places it in a kind of silver Easter egg. This the third seated official closes and passes to the boy. For every week a boy from the orphanage is brought to draw the numbers, receiving a fee for his services which is kept for him as a nest egg. He is dressed in a long white overall and white cap, symbolizing his purity. Pale and nervous, he takes the numbers and places them in the large transparent urn. As each batch of ten is deposited two more uniformed officials turn the handle of the apparatus, shuffling them vigorously.

The ceremony is not allowed to proceed in silence by the lively Neapolitan crowd. As the numbers are handed to

the boy, there are loud shouts of "Sta attent', quaglio' ! That one's mine ! " Or they will repeat the meaning of the members, " 22 ! The madman ! Like yourself ! "

When the whole 99 have been deposited in the urn and shuffled with extra vigour the tense excitement can almost be felt. The old woman on the window stops chewing lupins. Her merriment has gone now and she gazes up at the balcony with a drawn eagerness that betrays all her age. The white bandage round the boy's forehead is pulled down and he prepares to perform what is probably the most important task that will ever fall to his lot. The number drawn is handed to the officials, who take it out, read it aloud, display it to the crowd, and then place it in the stand on the other side.

Each number is greeted with wild excitement as it appears. The first two are highly popular, notably 48, " o morto che parl' ", the dead man that speaks, one of the best known of them all ; 47 would have been just the dead man. As it was held up a toothless hag with a few grey hairs straggling out from under a Saxe blue shawl began to dance with delight and throw kisses to the boy, wishing that he might be spared 1,000 years of Purgatory, a wish that always seems to me to suggest an appalling prospect before the good Neapolitan in the next world, unless it is a kind of unofficial indulgence. The *quaglio'* is obviously elated by his success and popularity. Alas ! he has tempted the gods too far and the next three numbers are received with groans of disappointment, all the greater from the bright prospects with which the afternoon had opened.

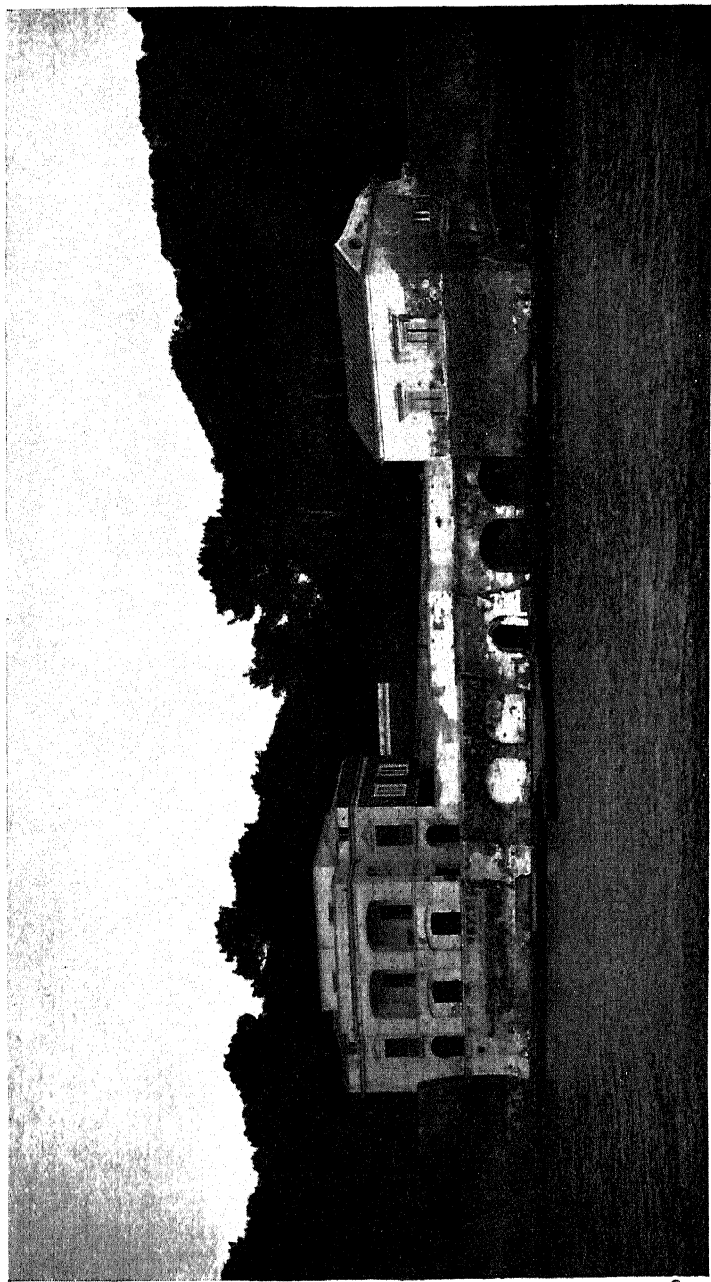
As soon as the last number has been drawn the courtyard empties in a moment. Along the Trinità Maggiore an old man is pouring a ceaseless torrent of abuse upon his hapless wife, who had persuaded him to change a digit in one of his numbers at the last moment, thereby shattering the hopes of a lifetime. She bears it humbly, conscious of the blackness of her guilt. Poor little *quaglio'* !

The people of Naples are, as a rule, quiet and hard-working, says Di Giacomo, and this seems especially true of some of the women. You may catch sight of one driving a donkey-cart full of brown earthenware " mummarelle " that might have come straight from Pompeii, with an expression of calm resignation on her face which recalls those of the Roman matrons in the Museum, plunged in thought

so profound that you may be sure her brain is at work upon the one absorbing problem of *lire* and *soldi* as they affect her family budget, which form the subject of nine-tenths of the conversation you overhear in Naples, or else upon the numbers to be played at next week's Lotto, which is, after all, but another side of the same question. She belongs to the type of young girl of the people I like best: the warm brown skin, the nose slightly tipped, with broad, sensitive, sensuous nostrils, the lips not ill-shaped, but a little too full, the chin rather lacking in firmness, the great, gentle brown eyes with the spark of Vesuvius behind them, and the ample, jet-black hair. I like to think that she is descended from the Greek slaves of earlier days and that she is not called Concetti' or Pasquali', but Filomena, that one Greek name that survives, preserved, perhaps, by the beauty of its meaning, *φιλονμένη* ("the loved one"); and the modern pronunciation keeps the accent.

One I remember in particular sitting outside a small restaurant at Posilipo with her glass in her hand, tossing her head a little as she raised the red wine to her lips, so far more of a *guappa* than the boy who was treating her, a little shop-assistant, I should say, who somehow reminded me of the well-known portrait of Leopardi in his tight-buttoned coat. He would have given his eyes to be able to play the *guappo* as well as she. *Guappo*, by the way, who was a regular character in Neapolitan comedy, means a fine, dashing young fellow. She was a handsome girl, her hair done with that exquisite neatness one finds only where hats are not worn. A thin silver chain confined it for half-way round, just above the neck, while it hung in large, unconfined folds over the ears, as is the fashion among her class. Yet it was the big, showy cameo ring, doubtless the gift of her boy-lover, which it is the ambition of all these girls to own, that she was flashing towards the passers-by, quite unconscious of where her charm and beauty lay.

One could picture her a dozen years hence with her arms akimbo, absolute mistress of her husband and her enormous family, as ready with her hands as with her tongue; for though the Neapolitans are naturally kind to children and never brutal, they will bang them about vigorously when they are out of temper. If only they could unlearn the lesson of ages that animals, not being Christians, are with-



VILLA ROSEBERY

out the pale, there would be as little need for the S.P.C.A. as there is for a Society for the Protection of Children. The Neapolitan woman with her big hips is built for child-bearing, and never seems more in place than when seated outside her home in the street sewing, after her hard indoor labours are done, in the midst of a mighty brood, for all the world like the river-god of the "Corp" 'e Napule".

The Neapolitan is frugal and has few wants. In summer he lives on fruit, in winter on vegetables, and on bread. Macaroni and meat are both expensive luxuries, rarely indulged in by the real poor. They are also kindly, sociable and even sentimental, but any tendency to excessive sentimentality is corrected by a touch of genial satire.

Di Giacomo selects curiosity as their chief characteristic, a curiosity that is almost childlike, going straight to the point with a naïve artlessness which is highly disconcerting to a Northerner from its very innocence. One morning while I was watching a net being hauled in by a group of stalwart fishermen and their hardly less sturdy women-folk on the shore off the Via Caracciolo on a brilliant April day, when the Judas-trees in the Villa were a mass of pink blossom, a respectable old fellow fell into conversation with me, telling me the story of his life, which included twenty years in a fruit-shop in America. He watched me narrowly for a few moments, then said, after a pause, "I see the Signore like his boots large". I admitted the fact, whereupon he mentioned that he had a pair which would just suit me, not quite new. I began to follow the fishermen, who were running along the pavement now, as the bag of the net was almost in sight with a wretched catch in it, as it turned out, and the escorting boat quite close to the shore. He seemed astonished at my interest in such childish trifles when an important business deal was under discussion, but humoured me and followed too. "I will not disturb the Signore, since he wants to be near the net. My house is quite close. I can fetch them and he can try them on here and see if he likes them"—this at mid-day, amid a crowd of onlookers, many of them English or German tourists, in one of the chief promenades of the city, quite close, I may add, to the naval monument to the Neapolitan sailors who fell in the War, a broken column. Somehow, it sent one back to "o solacchianiell'" and the

slipper he put on his customer while he squatted by him on the kerb and mended his boot.

"A mixture of humour and melancholy, they submit to everything, shrugging their shoulders resignedly and murmuring the fatalistic phrase, which contains all their philosophy, 'Non c'è che fa' " ("There's no help for it"), continues Di Giacomo. It is not so much a contrast between grave and gay, but between gentle melancholy, such as you see come over their faces while they are listening to a song, the unsatisfied longing, of which the song seems the living expression, and a wild, reckless, satirical wit. Both these sides are to be found in the poet himself, in "Tutto si scorda", for instance, on the one hand, and in the reckless cynical gaiety of "Tirititiritommolà", or "'E spingole frangese". And this fatalism, their smiling acceptance of their lot, may be in part explained by the climate, which makes poverty so much easier to bear. A smile and a kindly word will carry you a long way with the Neapolitans, especially the women. A gentle, benevolent expression is what is meant by saying that someone has the face of the Madonna, the highest of compliments, and it was a chief cause of the furore aroused by Emma Hamilton.

Even a wet day will not really depress them, and it can rain at Naples. Then appear the umbrellas, vast, and of all the colours of the rainbow, for seemingly no woman is ever too poor to be able to afford one, or at least to have inherited one from a long succession of ancestors, as their appearance often suggests. They clatter along under them in their pattens by the running gutters, where the dogs of varied ancestry, who have learnt from bitter experience that they exist only on sufferance, scavenge timidly from morning till night, shrinking from any approaching foot, which may so easily be lifted in their direction. As one passes the *bassi* on a stuffy, wet scirocco evening, even in the better quarters of the town, neat and tidy, with the beds made and the children hard at work on their lessons, one thinks with horror of the atmosphere that must prevail there at night when the great doors are shut and the whole family asleep in the one room behind them, for there are no windows.

When the rain is over, or at least holding up for an hour or so, the deep purple of the sea flecked with foam lies

angrily reflecting the lowering blue of the sky above; a white sail or two appears in the near distance while a black shower drifts across in the offing, blotting out the islands or the coast and the mountains as it passes. And yet there is the Russian princess who insisted on her husband giving up his villa on the Vomero because she was sick of the eternal "cuvette bleue" of the Bay.

Old superstitions die hard. The charms against the Evil Eye are not as numerous and varied as those described by Neville Rolfe, but the belief still flourishes vigorously, and the horn, the most popular of these charms, is still worn by most prudent Neapolitans. One would have thought that the long finger-nail which is affected by some of the young *guappi* would have proved hardly less effective. The feathers and other decorations on the horses, not quite so elaborate as they were once, are also protections against it. You cannot be too careful.

One evening I was crossing the Bay with a large basket of strawberries when a well-dressed, good-looking young woman came up to me and asked me for one. I was a little surprised, but her husband, I suppose it was, whispered "Sta incint'", whereupon I instantly offered her my basket. "Scelga Lei," said she, so I picked her out the largest I could see, whispering to the man that I would not give her two, or it might be twins. "Grazie, Signore. You are quite right, ha proprio ragione," he answered, much pleased at my forethought, raising his hat and making me a profound bow. On the whole, the best way to get a delicacy which is out of season or hard to come by is to say that it is for your wife who is in an interesting condition and has a "voglia" for it, when the most callous of Neapolitans will at once become interested and inform you that he will make it a matter of conscience to procure it.

Of one thing there can be no doubt. There has been a marked and steady improvement in the moral tone of Naples. It is much less of a paradise inhabited by devils. There is even a change in the expressions of the lower classes. One rarely sees those terribly animal faces that met you at every turn in the poorer quarters of the town even twenty years ago. Education has doubtless had most to do with the change, but the improved conditions of the working classes and the discipline of the War have

probably been the chief cause of the recent sudden stride forward.

The Camorra is now the merest shadow of its former self. The great trial of 1911-12 dealt it a staggering blow. Then came the War, and now Fascismo, with increased confidence in the Government. The Neapolitan once looked to the Camorra to protect him from the oppression of the Government; now he looks to the Government to protect him against the oppression of the Camorra. There could be no greater proof of the progress made. And there has been a corresponding dwindling of the criminal classes.

I do not mean that there is not still plenty of immorality and crime in Naples, though the sights you are invited to witness in the Galleria and elsewhere are kept going only by the foreigner. As soon as he ceases to patronize them, they will disappear. As for crime, one has only to go to the criminal courts at the Vicaria on any afternoon in the week—and the visit is well worth the trouble—to be convinced of the contrary. You may see a trio of the lowest of criminals, with the great matted forelock of the Camorrista, seated chained together on a bench of the court between a pair of enormous carabinieri with fixed bayonets, languidly following, not without admiration, the violent gesticulations and eloquent dialect of the advocate who is defending them on a charge of attempted murder before the judge in his black gold-laced cap. They will be joined by a weak, little old man, bent and grey, also handcuffed, led in by another gigantic carabinieri, and followed by an interested group of his female relatives, all in their best, obviously rather proud of their connexion with so prominent a character.

Then there was a young man belonging to the middle classes, nervous and anxious, also handcuffed, who had as obviously committed the crime with which he was charged in a fit of passion as the first two had deliberately planned theirs. The typical Neapolitan crime of violence is *passionale*, committed in a moment of ungovernable fury when the criminal sees red and strikes without thinking, as in Di Giacomo's "Assunta". Consequently the victims are nearly always other Neapolitans, not foreigners or strangers, though there are, of course, exceptions.

With the weakening of the power of the Camorra there is far less robbery and stealing. A foreigner is everywhere

more likely to be robbed than a native, but on the whole I should say there is certainly less probability of an Englishman being robbed in Naples to-day than in Milan. I even saw a paragraph in one of the Neapolitan papers describing how a schoolmaster had been robbed of his watch on a tram, an announcement that would have struck one as absurd before the War, so common an occurrence was it.

Of course, there are parts of Naples which are less safe than others, just as there are in London. I remember a distinctly athletic man who could not be persuaded to walk down the Embankment to Charing Cross station, not long before the coming of the trams, after the theatre at night. Last year, however, I walked along the Via Foria and the Tribunali to the Porta Capuana and then down to the Rettifilo with a Neapolitan companion close on midnight, and anything more peaceful could hardly be imagined. Outside the Vicaria a man with a telescope was setting forth the mysteries of the stars to a few interested listeners, who were paying him so much a peep, and there were still a few people round the last of the *vongole* stalls to remain open by the Porta Capuana. The only excitement was caused by a handful of rowdy youths outside a wine-cellar, who shot a little chaff after us, and an old woman whose jaded nerves so far got the better of her that she seized a lady friend by the hair which she would herself probably be assisting, well, to dress outside one of the *bassi* in an alley off the Tribunali on the morrow, a monkey-like operation which may still occasionally be seen in the worst quarters.

Another great change is the disappearance from most of the chief shops of the old Oriental custom of bargaining. "General is the custom among tradesmen and artisans of asking a price far higher than they should, so general that a man who asked a fair price would not be believed," wrote the worthy Galanti. "This might certainly be expected to make lying and cheating common. Every occupation may be said to have its own morality, based upon its special interests." A foreigner, especially an Englishman or an American, must expect to be cheated of trifling sums when opportunity offers. But there is something of the same childishness that marks his curiosity about the cunning of a Neapolitan. As a rule you are perfectly well aware when

you are being cheated, but it is done on such a small scale and so innocently that you are only amused, almost grateful for it. But this cheating is not nearly as universal as it was, especially among the younger men who have served in the War and have come under the better influences of its discipline. I never found a young tram-conductor who was not strictly honest in giving change.

Even the cab-drivers have become comparatively reasonable beings, thanks partly, no doubt, to the Taximetre. Before the War one of them once charged an Italian naval officer an exorbitant sum for a short drive. Being in a hurry, he submitted. The next day some of his friends found the cab—for he had taken the number—and made him drive them right up to Posilipo at full gallop, promising him huge sums if he got them there by a certain hour. When they arrived they gave him a *lira*, explaining why. "Get in and I will drive you all back again for the same fare," was his only comment. And the fares on the boats from the quay to the steamers are now fixed.

Everywhere, in fact, one finds a general increase of self-respect. There is now little of that abject servility, deplored by Fucini, which would do anything for a couple of *soldi*. The change appears in all kinds of ways, some of them distinctly amusing. One day when I asked a tram-conductor to put me down as near the Piazza del Mercato as he could, a typical fat Neapolitan small shop-keeper muttered, "Ch' ist vuol' vedè' i costumi nuotr'. Fallo scennere addò' fenisci' o tram e mannelo al diavolo".¹

The conductor, a foolish, simple youth, who would have done anyone's bidding, would undoubtedly have carried out the sentence in all its rigour, had I not made my escape at the railway station.

This growing self-respect is reflected in the appearance and dress of both sexes. The lack even of an ordinary sense of decency which used to horrify older visitors to Naples is a thing of the past, and one is surprised at the neatness of many of the girls who are fanning the charcoal stoves for the washing in the poorest quarters, though old Neapolitans shake their heads over the effects of the greater liberty they have enjoyed since the War. Beggars

¹ "This fellow wants to see our manners and customs. Put him down where the tram stops and send him to the devil."

are certainly fewer, but there is still poverty in abundance. It would not always do to look under the blouses or the scrupulously neat, tightly-buttoned blue coats one passes. No one would pretend that many of the slum areas and *bassi* are desirable habitations, but of the general trend upwards there can be no doubt.

Puozze na vota resuscità . . .
Scetete, scetete, Napule, Na' !

TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Like most cities with a long history which have grown up on no particular plan, Naples is not easy to find one's way about, especially in the older quarters, and the difficulty is not lessened by the fact that the names of the streets in these quarters are not, as a rule, written up, though in the newer regions, where there is little difficulty in getting one's bearings, the roads are always clearly named. Then there is no good map of Naples such as an Englishman would expect to find, nothing but small-scale plans where only the principal thoroughfares and buildings are marked. Indeed, one hopes that the admirable Touring Club Italiano will soon be turning its energies in this direction. Carriages are cheap and there is a good tramway service, though the narrowness and the frequent windings of the streets prevent it from being rapid until it gets well beyond the city towards Pozzuoli or Posilipo or Poggioreale.

Let us take our stand at the Piazza S. Ferdinando, the tramway centre, between the Palazzo Reale and the S. Carlo theatre. In front of us is the Toledo, or Via Roma, the main thoroughfare of Naples, which, with its continuations, runs right out to Capodimonte. To the left branches the Strada di Chiaia, if anything even more crowded, which follows the valley that breaks the Pizzofalcone and is the chief means of communication between the old city and the new quarters beyond the cliff. It continues through the Piazza dei Martiri, along the Via dei Mille and the Via Amedeo, the centre of the fashionable quarter. Round the edge of the cliff run the Strada S. Lucia and the Via Chiatamone, while along the sea-front is the Via Parthenope. These debouch on the Piazza Vittoria at the end of the Villa Nazionale, to the north and south of which run respectively the Riviera di Chiaia and the modern Via Caracciolo. Beyond the Villa is the Grotta, through which is carried the road to Pozzuoli, and along the coast the lovely Strada Nuova di Posilipo, starting from Mergellina.

To the right of the Piazza S. Ferdinando, beyond the S. Carlo, which faces the Galleria Umberto I, is the Piazza del Municipio. From this, to the east, the Strada di Piliero and the Marinella follow the sea-front and skirt the harbour, while

the Strada Nicola Amore leads to the Piazza del Borso, from which the new Corso Umberto I (Rettifilo) runs directly to the railway station. The three old streets, the Trinità Maggiore, Tribunali, leading straight to the Porta Capuana, and the Anticaglia, branch off from the Toledo on the right. Parallel to these, to the north, is the Via Foria, leaving the Toledo by the Museum and running to the Piazza Carlo III, whence the new Corso Garibaldi runs past the Porta Capuana and the railway station, then close to the Piazza del Mercato and out to the sea by the Castel del Carmine. Parallel to it, to the west of the Piazza del Mercato, is the Strada del Duomo, running straight from the Porta S. Gennaro to the sea. The Strada Nuova di Poggioreale, which leads to the cemetery, starts from the Porta Capuana.

SIGHTSEEING

The traveller with only two or three days to spare had better visit Pompeii and the Museum, Pozzuoli and Baïæ, and then get a general idea of Naples from the old quarters and the harbour and a church or two. Let him be sure to see the view either from S. Martino or the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. If he has a fortnight he should be able to see almost everything recommended by Baedeker.

The hours of opening of all but the most important churches vary considerably. Some close at 10 a.m., when others open, while many are only opened on rare occasions. In any case, it is best to visit them in the mornings, for the hours of opening in the afternoons and evenings are very various. All churches, of course, close at midday.

I have grouped a few of the chief places of interest roughly together, according to locality.

Castel Nuovo. Palazzo Reale. Galleria.

Piazza del Mercato. S. Maria del Carmine. Marinella and harbour.

Vicaria. Porta Capuana. S. Giovanni a Carbonara.

Incoranata. S. Anna dei Lombardi. Gesù. Palazzo Gravina. S. Chiara. S. Domenico Maggiore.

Duomo. S. Paolo Maggiore. S. Lorenzo. Anticaglia.

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